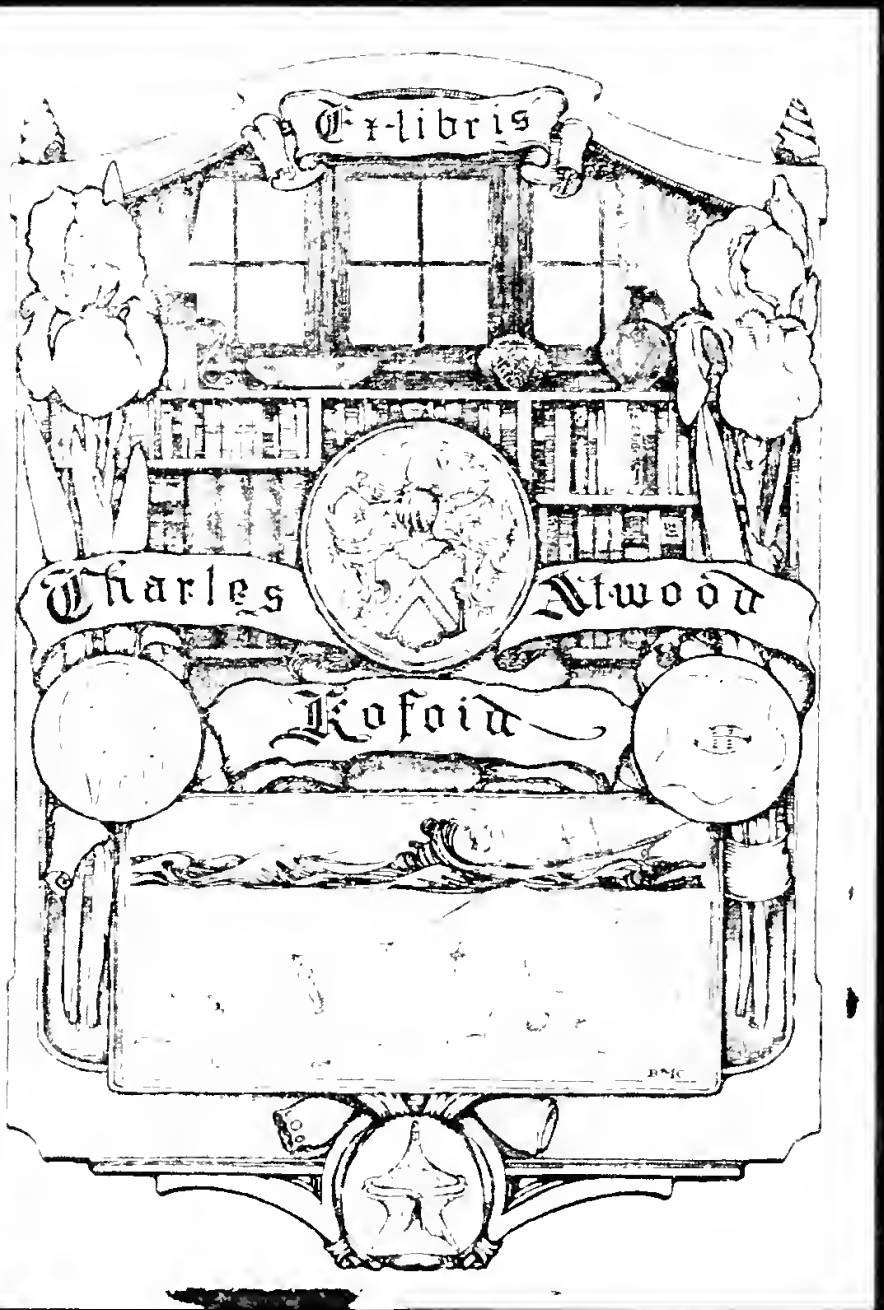
VENICE

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE
&
ST. CLAIR BADDELEY


Ex-libris
Charles Atwood
Kofoid

VENICE


GEORGE ALLEN
PUBLISHER
LONDON
156 CHARING CROSS ROAD
RUSKIN HOUSE

LEONE DI S. MARCO

Frontispiece

VENICE

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF 'WALKS IN ROME,' 'DAYS NEAR ROME, ETC.

AND

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY

SIXTH EDITION (REVISED)

WITH MAP, FIFTEEN WOODCUTS, PLAN OF ST. MARK'S AND VIEW OF GRAND CANAL

LONDON

GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD

1904

Price Three Shillings

C

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

CONTENTS

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS


Rio di S. Girolamo
S. Giobbe
Orto Botanico
Canareggio
Ghetto Nuovo
Ghetto Vecchio
General Railway Station
Canal Grande
P. Manfrin
S. Geremia
S. Marcuola
Isola di S. Chiara
S. Simon Grande
Museo P. Corner
S. Simon Piccolo
S. Andrea
S. Giacomo dall'Orio
S. Nicolo da Tolentino
S. Rocco
Frari
Campo di Marte
Scuola S. Rocco
S. Polo
S. Toma
S. Pantaleone
P. Foscari
Carmini
P. Grassi
Canal di Fusina
S. Sebastiano
S. Stefano
S. Maurizio
Teatro la Fenice
S. Vitale
Ponte
Accademia di Belle Arti
S. Maria Zobenigo
S. Trovaso
P. Corner
S. Maria della Salute
Canal della Giudecca
La Giudecca
Il Redentore

VENICE.


F. Malghera
Oriago
Tre Porta
Mira
Taglia
Venice
Bolo
Fusina
Alberoni
Codevigo
Palestrina
Chioggia
Brondolo
Sacca della Misericordia
Fondamenta Nuove
S. Apostoli
P. Falier
Angelo Custode
S. Giov Crisostomo
Madonna de Miracoli
SS. Giovanni e Paolo
S. Lio
S. Maria Formosa
P. Grimani
S. Giuliano
S. Francesco
Arsenale
Docks
Scuola di S. Giorgio
S. Giorgio da Greci
S. Antonio
S. Zaccaria
Marco
Piazza Marco
S. Marina
S. Giov in Bragora
Rio Arsenale
S. Biagio
Isola S. Pietro
Strada d. Giardini
Canal di S. Pietro
S. Giorgio Maggiore
Isola di S. Giorgio Maggiore
S. Giuseppe di Castello
Giardini Pubblici

VENICE

CHAPTER I

THE APPROACH

'Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.'
—*Old Proverb*, '*Dieci Tavole.*'

'Vustu che mi te insegna a navegar?
Vate a far una barca o una batela;
Co ti l'a fata, butila in mar;
La te condurrà in Venezia bela!'
—*Villotte Veneziane.*

'Dangerous and sweet-charmed Venice.'
—*Rogers*, '*Italy.*'

[The **Station** is about an hour in a gondola from the **Piazza** S. Marco, which is the centre of Venetian life. A gondola with one gondolier costs 1 fr., each piece of luggage 20 c. extra.

Hotels.—*Danieli*, on the Riva degli Schiavoni, the oldest hotel in Venice, has recently become the most luxurious, and has every modern attraction of electric light, lifts, &c. It is the hotel most frequented by royal personages visiting Venice, and thus fulfils the object for which it was originally built by Doge Andrea Dandolo. The painted doors on the first floor are 400 years old, and the ceiling of the principal guest-chamber is attributed to Paolo Veronese. *Grand Hôtel*, a large hotel in the old Palazzo Ferro, is good and comfortable; *Europa*, good; *Italia; Bretagna*, excellent for families, but with no good single rooms; *Pension Suisse* or *Hôtel de Rome*, *Hôtel Monaco*, *Pension Anglaise* or *Hôtel Milano*—all these are in the same situation near the entrance of the Grand Canal, and close to the Piazza S. Marco: the two first are especially comfortable. *Hôtel Métropole* and its dependance *Casa Kirsch* are comfortable, and look out on the lagoon: pension 6 to 8 frs. *Inghilterra*, Riva dei Schiavoni, a small house, pleasant and sunny in winter and spring. *Beaurivage* and *Métropole*, in the same situation. *Vittoria*, on a side canal, good, but overrun by 'Tourists.'

Lodgings may easily be obtained (even for a few days) in good situations and at reasonable prices (*Casa Biondetta*). A residence on the Grand Canal, *Zattere*, or *Riva dei Schiavoni* is always to be preferred. The side

canals are subject to terrible smells, which are often productive of fever amongst strangers, though quite innocuous to natives. Mosquito-curtains (*Zanzanieri*) should be insisted on in summer (July-Sept.).

Restaurants.—*Quadri*, Piazza S. Marco (right), excellent for luncheons if you are in an hotel, for everything, if in lodgings. *Bauer Grünwald* Via 22 Marzo. *S. Moisè*, opposite the church of that name. *Cappello Nero*, near the entrance of the Merceria, on the left. *Panada*, in the Calle delle Specchieri, reached by the opposite street.

Caffè.—*Florian*, of world-wide reputation (left), Piazza S. Marco. *Quadri* (right). But at all see that your change is in Italian money.

Gondolas (the cabs of Venice) cost (with one gondolier and four passengers) 1 fr. the first hour, and ½ fr. for each hour afterwards. For the whole day 5½ frs. Gondolas are painted black, in accordance with a law passed in the XV. c. To remove the cover is *cavàr il felce*. There is a tariff for all excursions.

Parts of the Gondola.—Prow, *prova;* Poop, *poppa; Felce*, the cover of the compartment where one sits; *Ferro*, the metal head- and tail-piece; *Stramazzetti*, cushions; *Puzioli*, arm-rests; *Forcole*, row-locks; *Barcaruolo*, the gondolier; *Traghetto*, ferry. *Cries.—Stai: stali*, to turn right; *Premi*, to turn left.

Steamers (much abused, but really no disfigurement, and a great convenience) ply constantly up and down the Grand Canal and to the Giardini and Lido, with landing-places at all the principal points. *Fares* —for any distance—10 c. Steamers also ply every hour from the Riva dei Schiavoni to S. Giorgio, the Giudecca, and the Fondamenta delle Zattere, and at fixed times to Murano and Chioggia; twice a week or more to Torcello.

Traghetti (Venetian ferryboats) are to be found plying backward and forward at various points on the Grand Canal. The passenger deposits 10 c.

English Church, 731 Campo S. Vio. Services at 8, 10.30, and 5.30. Scottish Presbyterian, 95 Piazza S. Marco.

Physician.—Dr. Alfred Kury, Palazzo Falièr, Canal Grande.

Photographers.—For portraits—*Ant. Sorgato*, 4674 Campiello del Vin, S. Zaccaria, behind Hôtel d'Angleterre. *Contarini*, Via 22 Marzo; *Naya*, 2758 Campo S. Maurizio. For Venetian views, the photographs of G. Batta Brusca, 53 Piazza S. Marco, are the most artistic; Naya has also a good collection. Paolo Salviati, 113 Procuratie Vecchie, is known for his portraits taken in gondolas.

Booksellers.—Zaghis, Via 22 Marzo. *Naya*, 79 Piazza S. Marco. *Ongania*, 74 Piazza S. Marco.

Electricity is conveyed across the lagoons from Monte Reale.

Artist.—A. Daru, Calle del Traghetto, S. Gregorio.

Curiosity Shops, once almost confined to the Ghetto, 'are now to be found everywhere in the city, and most of them are on the Grand Canal, where they heap together marvellous collections, and establish authenticities beyond cavil. "Is it an original?" asked a young lady who was visiting one of their shops, as she paused before an attributive Veronese, or perhaps a Titian. "*Si, signora, originalissimo!*"'—*Howells.* Occasionally one may come upon manufactories of fifteenth century armour.

Antiquities.—At the famous establishment of Della Rovere, formerly Marcato, 2277 S. Fosca, everything Venetian, from the largest *pozzo* to the smallest lamp, may be obtained. Church-builders may do well to look here for their altars and ornaments. Armour of every period is daily turned out.

Venetian Jewellery.—The street near the Ponte di Rialto, left bank. It should be known that almost everything bought in the Piazza S. Marco **costs treble** the price *asked* in the Frezzaria and other less fashionable parts of the town.

Wood Sculpture.—Travellers should visit the Atelier (2795 Canal Grande) of Valentino Besarel.

Guides are unusually ignorant, vulgar, and stupid at Venice, and even imbecile travellers find them an intolerable nuisance.

Mosquitoes only become general after July has commenced, when the swallows leave Venice for the summer.

Churches are generally open from 6 A.M. till 12 or 1, after which visitors must apply to the Sacristan. At the **Frari**, **SS. Giovanni e Paolo,** and the **Salute,** they will be admitted on knocking at the door.

Materials.—The palaces are mostly built of **Istrian** limestone. Red and white **Verona** marbles are frequent for pavements as well as **Trachyte** from Monselice. **Brick** is prevalent, with facings of thin marble slabs riveted to the walls.

Divisions and Terms.—Venice is divided into six districts—**sestieri :** of S. Marco, Castello, Santa Croce, S. Polo, Dorsoduro, and Canareggio. The numbers on the houses apply to the sestiere. *Campo* is a square ; *Calle*, a street between houses ; *Fondamenta*, a quay along a canal ; *Salizzada*, a paven street ; *Rio terra*, a street made by filling up a canal ; *Sottoportico*, an alley ; *Fondaco*, warehouse.]

'This noble citie doth in a manner chalenge this at my hands, that I should describe her also as well as the other cities I saw in my journey, partly because she gave me most louing and kinde entertainment for the sweetest time (I must needes confesse) that euer I spent in my life ; and partly for that she ministered vnto me more variety of remarkable and delicious obiects then mine eyes euer surnayed in any citie before, or euer shall . . . the fairest Lady, yet the richest Paragon, and Queene of Christendome'—*Coryat's 'Crudities,'* 1611.

'Les autres villes ont des admirateurs, Venise a des amoureux.'—*Saint-Victor.*

THE railway from Padua to Venice crosses a flat plain covered with vineyards, whose garlands reach almost to the edge of the lagoons. It is at **Mestre** that all the interest begins. There is 'a breath of Venice in the breeze.' Across the soft grey distance, the towers of Venice are seen on the horizon, repeating themselves in the water. It is 'a veritable sea-bird's nest,' as Theodoric's secretary called it fourteen hundred years ago. Throughout the still expanse, poles rising at intervals mark the 'pathways in the sea.' In the nearer foreground boats with great red and yellow sails are finding their way out into the open water by narrow runlets through the tall reeds.

The traveller now hurries past Mestre ; but until a few years ago it was important, as the place where, wearied with a long journey by diligence or carriage, he embarked for

Venice, while gladdened by the first sight of the promised city.

'Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment, for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy; but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea, for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such a blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named 'St. George of the Seaweed.' As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-coloured line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows; but, at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of *Arqua* rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids (Euganeans), balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon, two or three smooth surges of inferior hills extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north—a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of *Cadore*, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, when the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the bars of clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them, to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of *Murano*, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves, as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets were entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian Sea; where first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces—each with its black boat moored at the portal—each with its image cast down, beneath its feet, upon that green pavement, which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy *Rialto* threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi; that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent; when first, before its moon-like circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, "Ah! Stali!" struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last the boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our

Lady of Salvation, it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed its existence rather to the rod of the enchanter, than the fear of the fugitive; that the water which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless—Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests—had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

'I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

'She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers;
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

'In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear;
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!'

—*Byron*, '*Childe Harold*.'

'Amongst the rest of Italy, this is call'd the Maiden-City, and there is a prophecy "that she should continue a maid until her husband forsake her," meaning the sea, to whom the Pope married her long since, and the sea is observ'd not to love her so deeply as he did, for he begins to shrink, and grow shallower in some places about her; nor doth the Pope also, who was her father that gave her to the sea, affect her so much as he formerly did, especially since the extermination of the Jesuits; so that both husband and father begin to abandon her.'—*Familiar Letters*, 1621.

Venice—*Venezia*—founded *c.* 421, is considered to owe its existence to the panic inspired by the total destruction of Aquileia, Altinum, Concordia, and Padua, by Attila and his

horde of Huns, A.D. 452 ; although the discovery of abundance of stamped bricks, dating from the second century onwards, near the foundations of the fallen Campanile of S. Mark seems to assure us that Roman villas, here and there, must have freely contributed their not unusual stimulus in this direction. It may even have been that the owners of such villas did their best to shelter the refugees from their estates on the mainland. Probably they much resembled the magnificent country-seats spoken of by Cassiodorus, and compared to sea-pearls, above Ravenna, if, indeed, he is not actually thinking of these. 'There they had settled, like sea-birds, on flats, alternately covered and left bare by the tide, building up and keeping together with wattling the soil upon which rested their dwellings.'—*F. C. Hodgson*, '*The Early History of Venice*,' 1901.

The Lombards under Alboin (c. 570) again laid Aquileia in the dust, and drove out the Patriarchs with their treasured relics of the Martyrs, to Grado and Caprula (now Caorle). Altinum suffered the same fate, together with Oderzo and Feltre. Miserable refugees from all of these gathered in groups near the mouth of the Piave, and founded the towns of Equilium and Heraclea. The latter eventually developed into the first metropolis of the Venetian Archipelago. It was doubtless at this period that the island of Rialto became the nucleus of the future Republic, a village of wood that was to change into a city of marble. Its populace were chiefly fugitives from Padua (Patavium). These people appear to have enjoyed a measure of local liberty under the rule of Tribunes elected by themselves ; but in due course they placed themselves under the protection of the Byzantine Emperors. 'The coasts of the Adriatic had long been flourishing and important, and it was essential that the Byzantine Emperors should have a firm footing there, if they wished to keep Italy subject to them.'

'In the northern angle of the Adriatic is a gulf, called *lagune*, in which more than sixty islands of sand, marsh, and seaweed have been formed by a concurrence of natural causes. These islands have become the City of Venice, which has lorded it over Italy, conquered Constantinople, resisted a league of all the kings of Christendom, long carried on the commerce of the world, and bequeathed to nations the model of the most stable government ever framed by man.'—*Daru*, '*Histoire de la République de Venise.*'

'It was for no idle fancy that their colonists fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them ; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation, which afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent, when the whole of the northern world was immersed in gloom,

Their increase and their wealth were the necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings, rocks took the place of sand and marsh, houses sought the sky, being forced, like trees enclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what was denied to them in breadth. Being niggard of every inch of ground, as having been from the outset compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was absolutely necessary for separating one row of houses from another, and affording a narrow way for passengers. Moreover, water was at once street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature; and Venice can only be compared with itself.'—*Goethe.*

'A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had trod,
Gave birth to Venice. Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves;
And where the sands were shifting, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that came
Had to make sure the ground they stood upon,
Rose, like an exhalation from the deep,
A vast metropolis, with glistening spires,
With theatres, basilicas adorned;
A scene of light and glory, a dominion,
That has endured the longest among men.'—*Rogers.*

'The ruler of the Adriatic, who never was infant or stripling, whom God took by the hand and taught to walk by himself the first hour.'—*Landor.*

For nearly 1100 years the probably miscellaneous colony thus formed was governed by a series of Dukes or *Doges*,[1]

[1] The order of the Doges has been—

697— 717. Paolo Anafesto.
717— 726. Marcello Tegaliano.
726— 737. Orso I.
742— 755. Deodato Orso.
756— 756. Galla Gaulus.
759— 764. Dom. Monegario.
764— 787. Maurizio Galbaia.
787— 804. Giovanni Galbaia.
804— 809. Obelario Antenorio.
810— 827. Angelo Partecipazio.
827— 830. Giustiniano Partecipazio.
830— 837. Giovanni Partecipazio I.
837— 864. Pietro Tradonico.
864— 881. Orso I. Partecipazio.
881— 886. Giov. Partecipazio II.
886— 887. Pietro Candiano I.
888— 912. Pietro Tribuno.
912— 932. Orso II. Partecipazio.
932— 939. Pietro Candiano II.
939— 942. Pietro Badoero Partecipazio
942— 959. Candiano III.
959— 976. Candiano IV.
976— 977. Pietro Orseolo I.
978— 979. Vittore Candiano.
979— 991. Tribolo Memmo.
991—1009. Ottone Orseolo.
1026—1030. Pietro Barbolano Centranigo.
1030—1043. Dom. Flabanico.
1043—1071. Dom. Contarini.
1071—1081. Dom. Selvo.
1084—1096. Vitale Falieri.
1096—1102. Vitale Michieli I.
1102—1117. Ordelaffo Falieri.
1117—1130. **Domenico Michieli.**
1130—1148. Pietro Polani.
1148—1156. Dom. Morosini.
1156—1172. Vitale Michieli II.
1172—1178. **Sebastiano Ziani.**
1178—1192. Orio Malipiero.
1192—1205. **Enrico Dandolo.**
1205—1228. Pietro Ziani.
1229—1249. Jacopo Tiepolo.
1249—1252. Marco Morosini.
1252—1268. Riniero Zeno.
1268—1275. Lorenzo Tiepolo.
1275—1280. Giovanni Dandolo.

amongst whom perhaps the best-known names have been those of **Orseolo I.** (978); **Domenico Michaeli** (1130), who took the coast cities of Syria and Jerusalem, and enriched Venice with the spoils of the East; **Sebastiano Ziani** (1178), under whom Frederick Barbarossa humbled himself in the portico of S. Mark's before Pope Alexander III.; **Enrico Dandolo** (1205), who took part in the fourth Crusade and the conquest of Constantinople; **Marino Faliero** (1355), beheaded before the Ducal palace for aspiring to the sovereign power; **Francesco Foscari,** deposed after having been forced to drive his own son into permanent exile; **Sebastiano Venier** (1578), one of the victors of Lepanto; and **Francesco Morosini** (1694), surnamed 'Peloponesiaco,' the conqueror of the Morea.

'We take no note nowadays, and the Doges and magnificent Senators took no note, of the generation of true founders, who must have buried themselves with their piles and stakes, upon the mud banks, to lay a feasible foundation for the place, founding it, as every great human city is

---

1288—1310. Pietro Gradenigo.
1310—1311. Marco Giorgio.
1311—1328. Giovanni Soranzo.
1328—1339. Francesco Dandolo.
1339—1342. Bartolommeo Gradenigo.
1342—1354. **Andrea Dandolo.**
1354—1355. **Marino Faliero.**
1355—1356. Giovanni Gradenigo.
1356—1361. Giovanni Delfino.
1361—1365. Lorenzo Celsi.
1365—1367. Marco Cornaro.
1367—1382. Andrea Contarini.
1382 Michele Morosini.
1382—1400. Antonio Venier.
1400—1413. Michele Steno
1413—1423. Tommaso Mocenigo.
1423—1457. Francesco Foscari.
1457—1462. Pasquale Malipiero.
1462—1471. Cristofero Moro.
1471—1473. Niccolò Tron.
14 3—1474. Niccolò Marcello.
1474—1476. Pietro Mocenigo.
1476—1478. Andrea Vendramin.
1478—1485. Giovanni Mocenigo.
1485—1485. Marco Barberigo.
1486—1501. Agostino Barberigo.
1501—1521. **Leonardo Loredan.**
1521—1523. Antonio Grimani.
1523—1528. Andrea Gritti.
1528—1545. Pietro Lando.
1545—1553. Francesco Donato.
1553—1554. Marco Trevisan.
1554—1556. Francesco Venier.
1556—1559. Lorenzo Priuli.
1559—1567. Girolamo Priuli.
1567—1570. Pietro Loredan.
1570—1577. Alvise Mocenigo I.
1577—1578. **Sebastiano Venier.**
1578—1585. Niccolò da Ponte.
1585—1595. Pasquale Cicogna.
1595—1606. Marino Grimani.
1606—1612. Leonardo Donato.
1612—1615. Marco Memmo.
1615—1618. Giovanni Bembo.
1618. Niccolò Donato.
1618—1623. Antonio Priuli.
1623—1624. Francesco Contarini.
1624—1630. Giovanni Cornaro.
1630—1631. Niccolò Contarini.
1631—1645. Francesco Erizzo.
1645—1655. Francesco Molin.
1655—1656. Carlo Contarini.
1656. Francesco Cornaro.
1656—1658. Bertuccio Valier.
1658—1659. Giovanni Pesaro.
1659—1674. Domenico Contarini II.
1674—1676. Niccolò Sagredo.
1676—1683. Alvise Contarini II.
1683—1688. Marc. Ant. Giustiniani.
1688—1694. Franc. Morosini.
1694—1700. Silvestro Valier.
1700—1709. Alvise Mocenigo II.
1709—1722. Giovanni Cornaro.
1722—1732. Seb. Mocenigo III.
1732—1735. Carlo Ruzzini.
1735—1741. Alvise Pisani.
1741—1752. Pietro Grimani.
1752—1762. Francesco Loredan.
1762. Marco Foscarini.
1768—1779. Alvise Mocenigo III.
1776—1788. Paolo Renier.
1788—1797. Lodovico Manin.

founded, upon human blood and sacrifice. But there stands the city of S. Mark miraculous, a thing for giants to wonder at, and fairies to copy if they could. The wonder leaps upon the traveller all at once, arriving over the broad plains of Italy, through fields of wheat and gardens of olive, through vineyards and swamps of growing rice, across broad rivers and monotonous flats of richest land, by the Euganean mountains dark upon the pale sky of evening, and the low swamps gleaming under the new-risen moon. The means of arrival, indeed, are commonplace enough, but lo! in a moment you step out of the commonplace railway station into the lucid stillness of the Water-City, into poetry and wonderland. The moon rising above shines upon pale palaces dim and splendid, and breaks in silver arrows and broad gleams of whiteness upon the ripple and soft glistening movement of the canal, still, yet alive with a hundred reflections, and a soft pulsation and twinkle of life. The lights glitter above and below, every star and every lamp doubled; and the very path by which you are to travel lives and greets you with soft gleams of liquid motion and soft gurgle of liquid sound. And then comes the measured sweep of the oars, and you are away along the silent splendid road, all darkling, yet alight, the poorest smoky oil-lamp making for itself a hundred twinkling stars in the little facets of the wavelets; ripplets, which gleam far before you, shining and twinkling like so many fairy forerunners preparing your way. Not a sound less harmonious and musical than the soft plash of the water against the marble steps and grey walls, the wave and wash against your boat, the wild cry of the boatmen, as they round with magical precision each sharp corner, or the singing of some wandering boatful of musicians on the Grand Canal, disturbs the quiet. Across the flat Lido from the Adriatic comes a little breath of fresh wind, touching your cheek with a caress; and when, out of a maze of narrow water-lanes, you shoot out into the breadth and glorious moonlight of the Grand Canal, and see the lagoon go widening out, a plain of dazzling silver, into the distance, and great churches and palaces standing up pale against the light, Our Lady of Salvation and S. George the Greater guarding the widening channel, what words can describe the novel, beautiful scene?'—*Blackwood*, DCCV.

The impression produced when we have passed the great railway bridge, which has dissolved the marriage of Venice with the sea, and the train glides into the *Railway Station*, is one never to be forgotten. Instead of the noise of a street, and its rattling carriages, you find, as you descend the portico of the station, the salt waves of the **Grand Canal** lapping against the white marble steps, and a number of gondolas, like a row of floating hearses, drawn up against them. Into one of these you step, take your seat in the *felze*, or little hut; an ancient man with a hooked pole (*ganzo*), who has been pretending to hold the gondola steady, demands, and is paid, his fee, and then, released from the noise and bustle of the terminus, noiselessly, without apparent motion, you glide off into the green water, and presently turn down Rio Marin. All around you stand drab old mansions with marble-framed windows and doors—some square, some pointed (Gothic and Renaissance); with bracket-borne balconies and eaves-cornices, and roofs of

dull red tiles. Recollect that your gondolier is driving his course through the letter S, if your attention is not entirely absorbed by the picturesque objects attracting the eye at every turn—from the delightful old woman washing clothes, to the fair-haired beauty leaning at a window yonder, or the group of gondoliers regaling farther along.

'Let me this gondola boat compare to a slumbrous cradle,
And to a spacious bier liken this cover demure;
Thus on the open canal through life we are swaying and swimming
Onward with never a care, coffin and cradle between.'
—*Monckton Milnes, from Goethe.*

'How light we move, how softly! Ah,
Were life but as the gondola!'—*Clough.*

It is perhaps best, and no mere romantic idea, to enter Venice for the first time by moonlight. Then all the shabby detail, all the ruin and decay, and poor unartistic repairs of the grand old buildings are lost, and the first views of the **Grand Canal** are indeed surpassingly beautiful, and you are carried back to 'the golden days of the Queen of the Adriatic.'

'The south side rises o'er our bark,
A wall impenetrably dark,
The north is seen profusely bright;
The water, is it shade or light?
. . . . . .
In planes of sure division made
By angles sharp of palace walls
The clear light and the shadow falls;
Oh, sight of glory, sight of wonder!
Seen, a pictorial portent, under,
O great Rialto, the vast round
Of thy thrice-solid arch profound!'—*Clough.*

'A city of marble, did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For, truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced and glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her Senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graven at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of the world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if

they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness or tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; nor low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, as neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; —brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters*.'

'A Venise, celui qui est heureux, celui qui a soif des bruits du monde et qui a peur du silence, se sent bientôt envahi par le boiteux ennui; mais, quand on a connu les rigueurs de la vie, on y revient toujours; on se prend peu à peu d'une sorte de tendresse pour chaque place, pour chaque coin, pour chaque Traghetto; la légèreté de ce ciel, la clarté unique de l'atmosphère, cette lumière grise, argentée, les reflets d'acier de la lagune, les miroitements de Venise la Rouge, la douceur du parler vénitien, la confiance paisible des habitants, leur indulgence à toute fantaisie, leur doux commerce, les nuits claires comme les jours et je ne sais quoi qui chante au cœur et dans le ciel et sur les eaux: tout séduit le voyageur, et le charme le prend tout entier, et il va se regarder comme un exil quand il sera loin de la Piazzetta.'—*Charles Yriarte*.

'All the splendour of light and colour, all the Venetian air and the Venetian history, are on the walls and ceilings of the palaces; and all the genius of the masters, all the images and visions they have left upon canvas, seem to tremble in the sunlight and dance upon the waves. That is the perpetual interest of the place—that you live in a certain sort of knowledge as in a rosy cloud. You do not go into the churches and galleries by way of a change from the streets, you go into them because they offer you an exquisite reproduction of the things which surround you.' —*Henry James*.

Except from the wanton spoliation of the Isola di S. Elena (1882), Venice has been less injured of late years than most Italian cities. The houses are too strong to pull down, and there is no room to build more. Still, in 1814 there were 5000 well-heads in Venice; in 1856 only 2000. Now only 17 of the earliest or Italo-Byzantine period remain, and nearly half of these are in the hands of antiquity dealers. Venice is always wishing to sell her birthright of art-treasures, but at last the Government protects her against herself.

It is not a mere following up of the list of sights indicated in these pages which can give the impression of what Venice ought to convey, and is ready to teach, through the wonderful

histories and allegories which are engraved in the sculptures of her walls as in a marble picture-book. Venice, like Orvieto, is full of material for profound thought, and many of her buildings are still like an index to the historical and religious feelings of the periods in which they were built.

'At Venice, as indeed throughout the whole Christian world, the legend was the earliest form of poetry; and if it did not strike root there deeper than elsewhere, it at least adorned the infancy of the republic with an infinite variety of flowers, which retained all their beauty and freshness in the proudest days of its prosperity. Each temple, monastery, religious or national monument, was surrounded from its foundations with its own peculiar legends, which increased with every succeeding century; and, not satisfied with these local traditions, the people took possession of those of Egypt, Asia Minor, and Greece, which became naturalised in the Lagunes in proportion as the relics of saints and martyrs were transported there, in order to preserve them from the outrages of the Infidels, now become masters of those countries in which the earliest Christian Churches had been founded.'—*Rio.*

'I have been between heaven and earth since our arrival at Venice. The heaven of it is ineffable—never had I touched the skirts of so celestial a place. The beauty of the architecture, the silver trails of water up between all that gorgeous colour and carving, the enchanting silence, the music, the gondolas—I mix it all up together and maintain that nothing is like it, nothing equal to it, not a second Venice in the world.'—*Mrs. Barrett Browning*, '*Letters.*'

Venice is still one of the most religious cities in Italy. Prayer never ceases here: the sacrament is constantly exposed in one or other of the churches, and the clergy succeed one another in prayers before it, night as well as day. The visitor will note how many churches are dedicated to Old Testament saints—Giobbe, Zaccaria, Moisè, and Geremia.

In the Venetian palaces still remain a few representatives of the old historic Venetian families—nobili del Gran Consiglio—of whose nobility the Great Council was the basis, whose scions have been immortalised by Titian and Tintoretto, and whose births and marriages were inscribed in the *libro d'Oro*, jealously guarded by the Advocates of State. In many points of civilisation noble Venetians were in advance of others; for instance, a fork, not known in France till 1379, was used by by the Dogaressa Theodora, daughter of the Emperor Constantine Ducas, before the end of the XII. c. But the most part of the Venetian nobility are now poor, though they make any amount of sacrifice to keep up appearances, in their servants and gondoliers, fulfilling the old proverb, 'Pompa di servitù miseria insegna.'

Every Venetian boy is called Giovanni, as every girl is

Maria—names which are supposed to protect them from the power of witches. These, therefore, are the appellations given by the Church, which has a right to choose one of the three names of each child, the others being selected by the *santolo* or godfather. It is a Byzantine custom.

Almost all Venetian women marry young—as the popular song says—

> 'Marídite, marídite, donzela,
> Che dona maridada è sempre bela;
> Marídite finchè la foglia è verde,
> Perchè la zoventù presto se perde.'

> 'If Cupid had not spent all his quiver in Venice.'
> —*Much Ado about Nothing*, i. 1.

Each day passed in the water-city will add to its charm, but from the first all is novel and enchanting: the very cries of the gondoliers have something most wild and picturesque. They are thus explained by Monckton Milnes:—

> 'When along the light ripple the far serenade
> Has accosted the ear of each passionate maid,
> She may open the window that looks on the stream—
> She may smile on her pillow and blend it in dream;
> Half in words, half in music, it pierces the gloom,
> "I am coming—*stalì*—but you know not for whom!
> *Stalì*—not for whom!"
>
> Now the tones become clearer—you hear more and more
> How the water divided returns on the oar—
> Does the prow of the gondola strike on the stair?
> Do the voices and instruments pause and prepare?
> Oh! they faint on the ear as the lamp on the view,
> "I am passing—*premè*—but I stay not for you!
> *Premè*—not for you!"
>
> Then return to your couch, you who stifle a tear—
> Then awake not, fair sleeper—believe he is here;
> For the young and the loving no sorrow endures,
> If to-day be another's, to-morrow is yours;
> May, the next time you listen, your fancy be true,
> "I am coming—*sciàr*—and for you and to you!
> *Sciàr*—and to you!"[1]

To English eyes the sailors and *facchini* with their large ear-rings are almost as curious as the young dandies in the Giardino in summer with their fans and parasols!

[1] From the verb *stalir*, to go to the right; *premer*, to go to the left; and *sciar* or *sia* (*arrestarsi*) to stop the boat (by turning the flat part of the oar against the current).

Travellers will do well to select an hotel fairly near to the Piazza S. Marco, which is in itself filled with interest and delight, and is the centre of everything. Here they may devote every extra moment to revisiting the most glorious church in the world, and hence they will gradually learn to make their way through the narrow streets which wind labyrinthine-like over the closely packed group of islets. The best way will be to make a tour of Venice first in a gondola, and then, when partially familiar with the position of things, to follow up explorations on foot, for every square, every house even, of the city may be visited by land as well as by water, as the seventy-two islands on which the town is built are connected by from 350 to 400 bridges over the canals or *rii*. The peregrination, however, is not nearly so difficult as might be supposed.

None of the distances to desired churches or palaces is really great, and the names of the various streets and alleys are clearly indicated ; moreover, the tourist is safe, and sure of a courteous answer, if he asks for the direction about which he is in doubt. Armed with **a compass and the plan** at the beginning of this book, he may at once make his first experiences, and after two or three trials, he will find himself learning his Venice remarkably well—that is to say, if he desires to become more intimately acquainted with her than the delightful dream-like gondola can make him.

The *Calle*, as the narrow streets are called—the only streets in Europe free from mud and dust—are, in their way, as full of interest as the canals. Many of their names have been recently changed, but the old names are always full of meaning ; thus the *Calle della Malvasia* is so named from a favourite wine, Malvoisie, while the *Calle del Magazen* refers to the *magazeni*, where that wine was stored.

' Jusqu'aux ruelles, aux moindres places, il n'y a rien qui ne fasse plaisir. Du palais Lorédan, où je suis, on tourne, pour aller à Saint-Marc, par des *calle* biscornues et charmantes, tapissées de boutiques, de mercceries, d'étalages de melons, de légumes et d'oranges, peuplées de costumes voyants, de figures narquoises ou sensuelles, d'une foule bruissante et changeante. Ces ruelles sont si étroites, si bizarrement étriquées entre leurs murs irréguliers, qu'on n'aperçoit sur sa tête qu'une bande dentelée du ciel. On arrive sur quelque *piazzetta*, quelque *campo* désert, tout blanc sous un ciel blanc de lumière. Dalles, murailles, enceinte, pavé, tout y est pierre ; alentour sont des maisons fermées, et leurs files forment un triangle ou un carré bosselé par le besoin de s'étendre et le hasard de la bâtisse ; une citerne délicatement ouvragée fait le centre, et des lions sculptés, des figurines nues jouent sur la margelle. Dans un coin est quelque église baroque—un portail chargé de statues, tout bruni par l'humidité de l'air salé et par la brûlure antique du soleil ; un jet de

clarté oblique tranche l'édifice en deux pans, et la moitié des figures semblent s'agiter sur les frontons ou sortir des niches pendant que les autres reposent dans la transparence bleuâtre de l'ombre.—On avance, et, dans un long boyau qu'un petit pont traverse, on voit des gondoles sillonner d'argent le marbre bigarré de l'eau ; tout au bout de l'enfilade, un petillement d'or marque sur le flot le ruissellement du soleil qui, du haut d'un toit, fait danser des éclairs sur le blanc tigré de l'onde.'—*Taine.*

For a passing stranger it may be well to divide the sight-seeing at Venice into eight divisions :—

1. **The Piazza of S. Marco and its surroundings.**
2. **The Grand Canal.**
3. **The South-Eastern quarter**—from S. Zaccaria to the Public Gardens.
4. **The North-Eastern quarter**—from S. Moisè to S. Giobbe.
5. **Western Venice**—from S. Trovaso to S. Andrea.
6. **The Giudecca, the Armenian Convent,** and the **Lido.**
7. **Chioggia.**
8. **Murano and Torcello.**

In the arrangement of Venetian sight-seeing it should be remembered that few of the churches are open after twelve o'clock, and the Academy closes at three. The mornings, therefore, should be given to sights in the town, the afternoons to general explorations.

'Did you know the rare beauty of the Virgin City, you would quickly make love to her.'

'Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish.'

'Renowned Venice, the admiredst citie in the world, a citie that all Europe is bound unto.'

'This daintie citie of Venice . . . her magnificent buildings, her marvaillous situation, her dainty, smooth, neat streets, whereon you may walk most days in the yeer in a silk-stockin and sattin-slippers without soiling them.—*Howell*, '*Familiar Letters.*'

Few occupations in spare time are more absorbing than to sit upon the creamy marble parapet of some quay in the shade, at a point of vantage, and to look up and down a canal of the better sort, and be able to see both over and under bridges that cut with their curves old houses washed with delightful reds and time-stained greys, and rope-moulded angles. On a farther bridge women will perhaps be meeting and gesturing, heavy barges will be working their way along, and a gondola or two, urging with soft swish of the water and rhythm of row-lock to get past ; while swifts are screaming across the azure streak of sky above us, and swallows are skimming the canal at our feet.

CHAPTER II

ST. MARK'S AND THE SURROUNDINGS

LET us suppose that we issue out of our hotel into the narrow *Calle* that is sure to run to its side door. What a narrow strip of sky follows us! At the end of that a lamp juts out in the old style, and we find ourselves at once in front of the over-ornate Church of S. Moisè to be reached by a bridge (typical of all the many hundreds in Venice). An evil odour assails us, but it is gone, and we pass on. In another few moments, passing up the *Via 22 di Marzo*, we are in a blaze of light from brilliant little shops, forming a veritable bazaar. An arcade rises before us, through which we obtain our first glimpse, it may be—our earliest recognition, of the *Ducal Palace*. There, to be sure, it is—at least part of its familiar arcading. Lo, a long white hoarding, and then *St. Mark's*—but no Campanile! and we emerge into the **Piazza** itself. A description by Ruskin may be applied to many other streets which lead to the great piazza.

'It is a paved alley, some seven feet wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Overhead an inextricable confusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves

his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon-balls, the Madonna has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow-candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrano a Soldi 28–32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

'A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and glancing, as we pass, through the square door of marble, deeply moulded in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the entrance into S. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, and then by the modernising of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of foreigners. We will push past through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of S. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

'And well may they fall back, for beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away;—a multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stone, jasper and porphyry, and deep green serpentine spotted

with flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, "their bluest veins to kiss"—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the S. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones o Venice.*'

Glorious indeed is this Piazza and the succession of buildings which surrounds it.

'The Piazza is quite unrivalled. I shall never forget the first view, when we issued into it from a dark lane on a glorious day of Italian sunshine. It seemed as if, at one glance, the whole of Venetian history was unrolled before us. It was not beauty, nor magnificence alone, nor grotesqueness. It was a sort of sublime quaintness,—the work of a mighty child, with all the strange and lively fancies, and yet with none of the weakness or innocence of a child. The clock-tower, with its two gigantic figures, the sea opposite with the ventures of Antonio, and the two granite columns from Tyre, surmounted by the winged lion, his wings and tail standing out in the clear blue sky, and by S. Theodore, the earliest patron-saint, with his right-handed shield and left-handed sword, standing on the amphibious crocodile; the long array of the ancient library, procuratory, and Ducal Palace, carved as if with a fantastic network, fretted with innumerable pinnacles, and shining through innumerable windows; the three red flagstaffs of the three subject kingdoms of Candia, Cyprus, and Morea; the red porphyry stone on which a banished man stood for two days in the presence of the people; the two marble columns from St. Jean d'Acre; the supposed statues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton; the pigeons which are to Venice what the bears are to Berne, feeding by hundreds on the chequered pavement; the tall towers of the Campanile, and, above all, the gorgeous Church of S. Mark, with its six domes, its bright front, its four horses of Lysippus, its porphyry columns and brazen gates and winged lions—every one of these objects tends to make up the whole. One feels that every one of them would be missed; that one does miss the three flags at the top of the flagstaffs. Every one of them has a story of its own, and tells of the strange, great, fantastic fortunes of the proud young State.'—*A. P. Stanley.*

The scene is most animated toward evening, when Venice is 'in piazza.'

The Place of S. Mark is the heart of Venice, and from this beats new life in every direction through an intricate system of streets and canals,

that bring it back again to the same centre. . . . Of all the open spaces in the city, that before the Church of S. Mark alone bears the name of piazza, and the rest are called merely *campi*, or fields. But if the company of the noblest architecture can give honour, the Piazza S. Marco merits its distinction, not in Venice only, but in the whole world. I never, during three years, passed through it in my daily walks, without feeling as freshly as at first the greatness of its beauty. The church, which the mighty bell tower and the lofty height of the palace lines make to look low, is in no wise humbled by the contrast, but it is like a queen enthroned amid upright reverence. The religious sentiment is deeply appealed to, I think, in the interior of S. Mark's; but if its interior is heaven's, its exterior, like a good man's daily life, is earth's; and it is this winning loveliness of earth that first attracts you to it, and when you emerge from its portals, you emerge upon spaces of such sunny length and breadth, set round with such exquisite architecture, that it makes you glad to be living in this world.

'Whatever could please, the Venetian seems to have brought within and made part of his Piazza, that it might remain for ever the city's supreme grace; and so, though there are public gardens and several pleasant walks in the city, the great resort in summer and winter, by day and by night, is the Piazza S. Marco. Beginning with the warm days of early May, and continuing till the *villeggiatura* (the period spent at the country seat) interrupts it late in September, all Venice goes by a single impulse of *dolce far niente*, and sits gossiping at the doors of the innumerable caffès on the Riva degli Schiavoni, and in the different squares in every part of the city. But of course the most brilliant scene of this kind is in S. Mark's Place, which has a night-time glory indescribable, won from the light of uncounted lamps upon its architectural groups.'—*Howell's 'Venetian Life.'*

'Qui ne verrait avec attendrissement cette place de S. Marc, où les innombrables pigeons, mêlés aux promeneurs, témoignent de la douceur italienne? Elle fut, cette place, le premier salon de la terre, salon du genre humain, où tous les peuples ont causé, où l'Asie parla à l'Europe par la voix de Marco Polo, où, dans des âges, difficiles, antérieurs à la presse, l'humanité put tranquillement communiquer avec elle-même, où le globe eut alors son cerveau, son *sensorium*, la première conscience da soi.'—*Michelet.*

On the north or left side of the square run the **Procuratie Vecchie**, of which the lower portion was built by *Pietro Lombardi* in 1496, and the upper by *Bartolommeo Buono da Bergamo*, 1517. Then comes the tower called *Torre dell' Orologio*, built 1496–98, conspicuous from its dial of blue and gold, and surmounted by bronze figures which strike the hours upon a bell. The arch beneath leads into the busy streets of the **Merceria**, whither the married ladies of Venice used to go every Ascension Day to study a puppet which was made to change its fashions after those of Paris. On Ascension and for many days after, the Magi come forth in procession and salute the Virgin and Child on this tower when the clock strikes twelve. A little beyond the arch a white stone in the pavement marks the spot where the standard-bearer of Bajamonte Tiepolo was killed in June 10, 1310 (San Vito), by a heavy stone

thrown from a window. The stone was intended for Tiepolo himself, who was heading a democratic conspiracy to assassinate Doge Pietro Gradenigo and dissolve the Grand Council. A banner, hung from the window whence Giustina Rossi threw the stone, long celebrated her act, and in 1841 her bust was placed near the Sotto Portico del Cappello. Bajamonte retreated with his fierce bravos to beyond the Rialto, then of wood, which he burned behind him, together with the corn-magazines.

On the opposite side of the Piazza are the *Biblioteca* and the **Procuratie Nuove**, built from designs of *Scamozzi* (1552-1616). The latter are converted into a palace. The **Palazzo Nuovo** connects the two Procuratie, and occupies the site of the Church of S. Geminiano, which was built by Sansovino, and where he was buried. The **Libreria Vecchia** is continued down the west side of the **Piazzetta**, which opens from the piazza opposite the Torre dell' Orologio. It is the finest building of the sixteenth century in Venice, is the masterpiece of Jacopo Fatti, called **Sansovino**, erected in 1536, and is mentioned by Aretino as 'superiore all' invidia.'

'The Library of S. Mark remains the crowning triumph of Venetian art. It is impossible to contemplate its noble double row of open arches without echoing the judgment of Palladio, that nothing more sumptuous or beautiful had been invented since the age of ancient Rome.'—*Symonds*, '*Renaissance in Italy*.'

The foundation of it was the collection of Petrarch, who was sent several times on embassies to Venice, and died in his house at Arqua, 1374, and made 'S. Mark the heir of his library.' It was afterwards greatly enriched by Cardinal Bessarion and others.

'If we look through the history of *Venetian literature*, which Francesco Sansovino has appended to his well-known work, we shall find in the fourteenth century almost nothing but history, and special works on theology, jurisprudence, and medicine; and in the fifteenth century, until we come to *Ermolao Barbaro* and *Aldo Manucci*, humanistic culture is most scantily represented. Similarily we find comparatively few traces of the passion, elsewhere so strong, for collecting books and manuscripts; and the valuable texts which formed part of *Petrarch's* legacies were so badly preserved that soon all traces of them were lost. The share of Venice in the poetical creations of the country was long insignificant, until at the beginning of the sixteenth century her deficiencies were made good. Even the *Art of the Renaissance* was imported into the city from without, and it was not before the end of the fifteenth century that she learned to move in this field with independent freedom.'—*Burckhardt*.

The **great hall** is very ornate, and contains paintings by *Paul Veronese*, and two great works of *Tintoret*—'The body of

S. Mark stolen from the Saracens,' and 'S. Mark rescuing a Sailor.' Between the windows are a row of philosophers, which Ruskin describes as the finest thing of the kind in Italy or in Europe. Amongst the five works of *Bonifazio* in the palace, the 'Flight of Quails' and the 'Queen of Sheba before Solomon' deserve especial notice.

'La Piazzetta, observatoire du lion gardien de la République, et point de départ des expéditions maritimes destinées à faire respecter au loin sa foi et son pavillon. C'était là que se faisaient les adieux et que se donnaient les bénédictions réciproques avant l'embarquement des équipages ; car les galères expéditionnaires étaient mouillées en face du lieu qui servait de théâtre à toutes ces manifestations, et l'on peut dire que ce petit espace, résumé entre le palais ducal, la bibliothéque et la mer, est, après le forum des Romains, celui qui a été consacré par les plus grands souvenirs.'—*Rio*, '*Epilogue à l'Art Chrétien*.'

Adjoining the palace, facing the lagoon, is the **Zecca**, built as a mint by Sansovino in 1536, and which gave its name to the Zecchino or Sequin, the favourite coin of the Republic.[1]

'In the Zecca Sansovino exhibits his San-Micheli manner ; a very poor imitation it is. The rustication of the pillars is done in a much less happy way than by San-Micheli, who only recessed the joints of the courses. The canopies over the first floor windows are confusing in their too great projection, and weak in their modillion supports. Sansovino never seems to have realised the importance of a dominating cornice. It is only by lapses like these that one can be led to believe that the architect of the Zecca was the architect of the Library of S. Mark, for their general character is totally different ; and it is still more difficult to believe that these were begun in the same year.'—*W. J. Anderson.*

In the entrance corridor are gigantic statues by *Gir. Campagna* and *Tiziano Aspetti.* The pictures here include a remarkable Madonna by *Benedetto Diana*, and two groups by *Tintoret* of the 'Provveditori della Zecca.'

'I don't know when I have envied anybody more than I did the other day the directors and clerks of the Zecca. There they sit, at inky deal desks, counting out rolls of money, and curiously weighing the irregular and battered coinage of which Venice boasts ; and just over their heads, occupying the place which in a London counting-house would be occupied by the commercial almanack, a glorious Bonifazio—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba ; and in a less honourable corner, three *old* directors of the Zecca, very mercantile-looking men indeed, counting money also, like

[1] The first gold piece struck here was the *ducato* of 1284, which was of the same value as the *zecchino* of the sixteenth century. There was no money of the Doges before the time of Sebastiano Ziani (1177); before that time the coins bore the name of emperors of Germany. The most celebrated artificers of Venetian coins were Aless. Leopardi and Vittor Camelio in the fifteenth, and Andrea Spinelli in the sixteenth century.

the living ones, only a little *more* living, painted by Tintoret, not to speak of the scattered Palma Vecchios, and a lovely Benedetto Diana, which no one ever looks at. I wonder when the European mind will again awake to the great fact that a noble picture was not painted to be *hung*, but to be *seen*.—*Ruskin to Rogers*.

The National Library was removed hither from the Ducal Palace, 1900.

At the end of the Piazzetta, toward the lagoon, stand two famous granite **pillars**,[1] brought from one of the islands of the Archipelago in 1127. One is surmounted by the **Lion of S. Mark** (restored 1293).

'The lion is made of many pieces held together by iron cramps. The pieces were made at different periods, the greater number dating from the time when Doge Ziani erected the columns (1176). The eye-balls are probably of rock-crystal. The wings are restorations, and were probably originally divided into feathers. The lion was gilded. "It is looking into the distance, and its claws grasp the book: it seems to send a roar of defiance to the East."'—*See* '*The Builder*,' *July* 19, 1884.

On the other column is a statue of **S. Theodore** (San Todero) —'martir et cavalier di Dio'—standing on a crocodile (by *Pietro Guilombardo*, 1329)—the Byzantine saint who was patron of the Republic before the body of S. Mark was brought from Egypt in 827. Doge Sebastino Ziani (1172–78), having promised any 'onesta grazia' to the man who should safely lift the columns to their places, it was claimed by Nicolò il Barattiere, who demanded that he should be permitted to establish public gambling tables between these pillars. The promise could not be revoked; but to render it of no effect, public executions (previously carried out near San Giovanni in Bragora), were also ordained to be done here so as to make it a place of ill-omen. The great Carmagnola was executed here in 1432.

'No one questioned his guilt, though it may safely be said that every avenue of innocence was carefully closed. So ran the final sentence: "That this Francesco Carmagnola, traitor to our realm, to-day after nine of the clock be taken, gagged, his hands tied behind him, between the two columns on the Piazzetta, and there be beheaded; and now at once, three of the College, that is to say, a chief, an inquisitor, and a public notary, are to go and acquaint the said Court of this our sentence." He was then led out in custody of the Governor of the State-prisons (which then lay between the Palace and the water-side). His head fell at the third blow, and it was said that the blood-stains were not washed entirely away from the spot until a month after.' (1432).—*St. C. B.*

[1] There were originally three columns, but one fell into the sea as it was being landed, and could never be recovered. *Fra Marco e Todaro* is a Venetian proverb expressing perplexity.

'On this stone are laide for the space of three days and three nights the heads of all such as, being enemies or traitors to the State, or some notorious offenders, haue been apprehended out of the citie, and beheaded by those that haue been bountifully hired by the Senate for the same purpose. In that place do their heads remain so long, though the smell of them doth breede a uery offensive and contagious annoyance. For it hath beene an ancient custome of the Venetians whensoeuer any notorious malefactor hath for any enormous crime escaped out of the city for his security to propose a great reward to him that shall bring his head to that stone. Yea, I haue heard that there haue beene twenty thousand duckats giuen to a man for bringing a traytor's head to that place.'—*Coryat's 'Crudities,'* 1611.

At the inner entrance of the Piazzetta, between the Ducal Palace and the church, are the richly sculptured **Pillars of S. Jean d'Acre**, once part of a gateway of S. Sabbas at Acre, a church which the republics of Genoa and Venice were supposed to hold in common, but in which they came to hand-to-hand fights. When the Venetians under Lorenzo Tiepolo had driven out the Genoese in 1256, they sent the two pillars home in proof of their triumph: a decree of the Senate still exists which decided where they were to be placed.

Near these, at the corner of the church, is a low pillar of red porphyry, which is also said to have come from Acre. It is called **Pietra del Bando**, and the laws of the Republic are said to have been promulgated from hence. At the corner nearest the Ducal Palace are four quaint figures also in red porphyry, which are supposed to represent four emperors who shared the Byzantine throne contemporaneously in the eleventh century, 1068–70—Romano IV., Michele Ducas, and his brothers Andronico and Constantino—as their images appear thus on coins of the period. But a different origin has often been ascribed to the pillar.

'There is a thing to be seene in that place which is uery worthy your observation. The pourtraitures of foure noble gentlemen of Albania that were brothers are made in porphyrie stone with their fawchions by their sides, each couple consulting priuately together by themselues, of whom this notable history following is reported. These notable brothers came from Albania together in a ship laden with great store of riches. After their arriual at Venice, which was the place whereunto they were bound, two of them went on shore, and left the other two in the ship. They two that were landed entred into a consultation and conspiracy how they might dispatch their other brothers which remayned in the ship, to the end they might gaine all the riches to themselues. Whereupon they bought themselues some drugges to that purpose, and determined at a banquet to present the same to their other brothers in a potion or otherwise. Likewise on the other side those two brothers that were left in the shippe whispered secretly amongst themselues how they might make away with their brothers that were landed, that they might get all the wealth to

themselues. And thereupon procured means accordingly. At last this was the final issue of those consultations. They that had beene at land presented to their other brothers certaine poysoned drugges at a banquet to the end to kill them, which those brothers did eate and dyed therewith, but not incontinently. For before they dyed, they ministered a certain poysoned march-pane or some such other thing at the uery same banquet to their brothers that had been at land; both which poysons when they had thoroughly wrought their effects vpon both couples, all four dyed shortly after. Wherevpon the Signiory of Venice seized vpon all their goods as their own, which was the first treasure that euer Venice posse sed, and the first occasion of inriching the estate; and in memoriall of that vncharitable and vnbrotherly conspiracy, hath erected the pourtraitures of them in porphyrie as I said before in two seuerall couples consulting together. I confesse I neuer read this history, but many gentlemen of uery good account in Venice, both Englishmen and others, reported it vnto me for an absolute truth. And Sir Henry Wotton himself, our King's most honourable, learned, and thrise-worthy Ambassador in Venice, counselled me take speciall observation of those two couples of men as being a thing most worthy to be considered.' — *Coryat's 'Crudities,'* 1611.

The **wall of the church** on this side (which, be it noted, is not any of it of first-class masonry) was the part most attacked by the 'restorations' of 1878–83. A light which burns here nightlybefore a Byzantine Madonna high on the wall commemorates the remorse of the Council of Ten for the unjust condemnation of Giovanni Grassi (1611), pardoned ten years after his execution. He swore that the senators who condemned him would all die within the year, and they all obliged him. The lamps were lighted afterwards whenever an execution took place, and the condemned, before mounting the scaffold, turned round to the picture, and repeated the *Salve Regina.* The popular tradition of Venice asserts that the two little lamps which constantly burn on this, the south-west side of the church, commemorate the 'Morte Innocente,' or *buon' anima del fornaretto,* of a baker's boy who (1507) was tried, condemned, and executed for murder—though innocent—because he had picked up the sheath of a dagger with which a murder had been committed in a neighbouring calle, and it had been found in his possession.

The great **Campanile** (323 feet) was begun by Doge Pietro Tribuno in 888, but not finished till 1511, and fell, owing to gross neglect and criminal misusage, on the morning of July 14, 1902, at 9.52 A.M. The bells, excepting 'La Marangona,' were broken to fragments. So great was the consternation under the arcades at the noise and trembling that more than a dozen abandoned umbrellas and parasols were afterwards picked up. It was entered by a small door on the west, whence a winding and easy footpath led to the summit. The

angel placed at the top in 1517 was nearly sixteen feet high. The view was incomparable, and was one of the first points visited in Venice. It was the best means of understanding the intricate plan of the wonderful water-city, which from hence was seen like a map, with all its towers and churches and distant attendant islands, while beyond it the chain of Alps girded in the horizon with a glistening band of snowy peaks. Hence the Church of S. Marco, with its six domes, appeared to be, what it is—the chapel of the Ducal Palace. A peculiarity in the view was that the small canals were not visible, but only the closely-packed houses and the great canal.

At the foot of the Campanile was the **Loggetta** (*'sotto il Campanile'*) built by *Sansovino* in 1540 as a meeting-place for the Venetian nobles. It was richly adorned with reliefs, and had very graceful bronze statues of Minerva, Apollo, Mercury, and a God of Peace, by *Sansovino,* some of which escaped destruction.

'This place is indeed but little, yet of that singular and incomparable beauty, being all made of Corinthian worke, that I neuer saw the like before for the quantity thereof.'—*Coryat's 'Crudities,'* 1611.

'Although yielding on the whole to Michelagnolo, yet **Sansovino** was the superior in certain points. In his draperies, his children, and the expression which he gave to his women, Jacopo never had an equal. The draperies by his hand are, indeed, most delicately beautiful; finely-folded, they preserve to perfection the distinction between the nude and draped portions of the form. His children are soft, flexible figures, with none of the muscular development proper only to adults: the little round legs and arms are truly of flesh, and in no wise different to those of Nature herself. The faces of his women are sweet and lovely.'—*Vasari.*

Alas! this exquisite little structure was demolished by the falling débris, though the figure of Minerva has fairly escaped. If the rebuilding is indeed carried out by Luca Beltrami, we may feel assured of the fidelity of the reproduction of the masterpiece; albeit the real value of the Campanile was not its relation to the Piazza, but to Venice.

In front of the church rise from richly decorated bronze sockets, by *Alessandro Leopardo*, the tall **flagstaffs** which bore the banners of the Republic. Here, in the Piazza, we may always see flocks of pigeons, sacred birds in Venice, as in Constantinople and Mecca, which are so tame that they never move out of your way, but run before you as you walk, and perch on the sill of your open window. Pigeon-pie is not unknown in Venice. It is said that they have been kept here ever since Enrico Dandolo, the crusader, received valuable information by means of carrier-pigeons as he was besieging

Candia ; but probably they are only descendants of birds set free during the festival of Palm Sunday, and which it would have been thought sacrilegious to kill after they had taken sanctuary with S. Mark. They were formerly maintained by a provision of the Republic, but now flourish upon the bequest of a pious lady, and the ceaseless alms of grain and peas which they receive from strangers.

'Ces pigeons remontent aux anciens temps de Venise. Alors il était d'usage, le jour des Rameaux, de lâcher d'au-dessus de la porte principale de Saint-Marc un grand nombre d'oiseaux avec de petits rouleaux de papier attachés à la patte, qui les forçaient à tomber ; le peuple, malgré leurs efforts pour se soutenir quelque temps en l'air, se les disputait aussitôt avec violence. Il arriva que quelques-uns de ces pigeons se délivèrent de leurs entraves, et *traînant la ficelle* cherchèrent un asile sur les toits de Saint-Marc. Ils s'y multiplièrent rapidement ; et tel fut l'intérêt qu'inspirèrent ces refugiés que, d'après le vœu général, un décret fut rendu portant qu'ils seraient non-seulement respectés, mais nourris aux frais de l'État.'—*Valery.*

The distinctive wonders of the Piazza S. Marco are thus popularly enumerated in the Venetian dialect :—

'In Piazza San Marco ghe xè tre standardi,
Ghe xè quatro cavai che par che i svola,
Ghe xè un relogio che 'l par una tore,
Ghe xè do mori che bate le ore.'

'It is a great Piazza, anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom is a palace, more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth, in the high prime and fulness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries—so light, they might be the work of fairy hands ; so strong, that centuries have battered them in vain—wind round and round this palace, and enfold it with a cathedral, gorgeous in the wild luxuriant fancies of the East. At no great distance from its porch, a lofty tower, standing by itself, and rearing its proud head above, into the sky, looks out upon the Adriatic Sea. Near to the margin of the stream are two ill-omened pillars of red granite ; one having on its top a figure with a sword and shield ; the other, a winged lion. Not far from these, again, a second tower, richest of the rich in all its decorations, even here, where all is rich, sustains aloft a great orb, gleaming with gold and deepest blue ; the twelve signs painted on it, and a mimic sun revolving in its course around them ; while above, two bronze giants hammer out the hours upon a sounding bell. An oblong square of lofty houses of the whitest stone, surrounded by a light and beautiful arcade, forms part of this enchanted scene ; and, here and there, gay masts for flags rise, tapering from the pavement of the unsubstantial ground.—*Dickens.*

As we are now standing under the shadow of S. Mark's, we may give a few moments to its origin and story.

'"And so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus." If, as the shores of Asia lessened upon his sight, the spirit of prophecy had entered

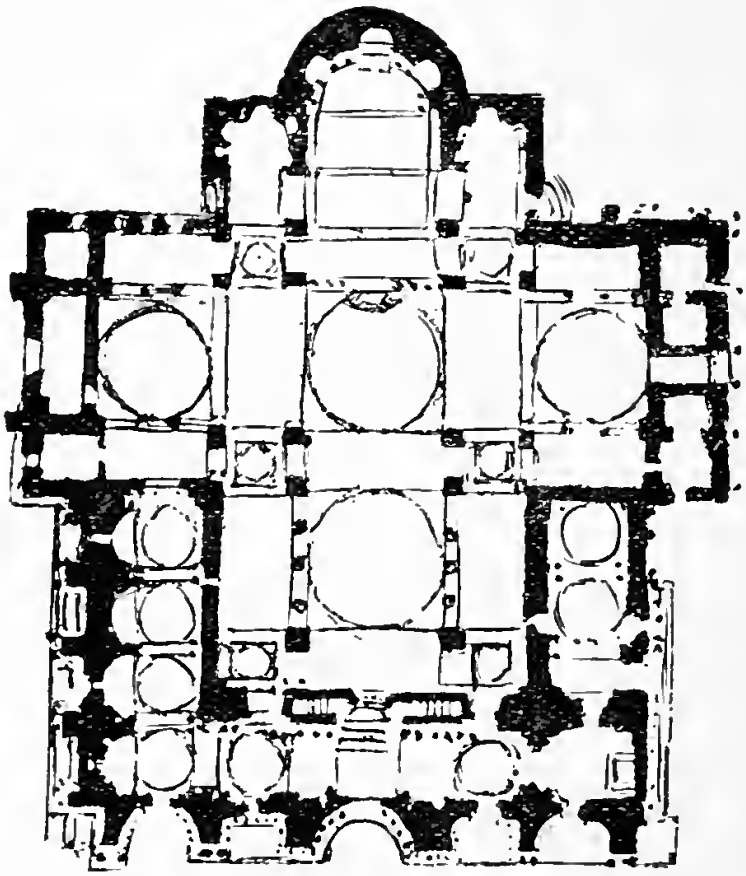
into the heart of the weak disciple who had turned back when his hand was on the plough, and who had been judged by the chiefest of Christ's captains unworthy henceforward to go forth with him to the work, how wonderful would he have thought it that by the Lion symbol in future ages he was to be represented among men! how woful that the war-cry of his name should so often reanimate the rage of the soldier on those very plains where he himself had failed in the courage of the Christian, and so often dye with fruitless blood that very Cypriot sea, over whose waves, in repentance and shame, he was following the Son of Consolation!

'That the Venetians possessed themselves of his body in the ninth century there appears no sufficient reason to doubt, nor that it was principally in consequence of their having done so that they chose him for their patron saint. There exists, however, a tradition that before he went into Egypt he had founded the church at Aquileia, and was thus, in some sort, the first bishop of the Venetian isles and people.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

The translation of the body of S. Mark to Venice is said to have been caused by the rapacity of the Sultan of Alexandria, who plundered the church where the saint was enshrined in that city to adorn his own palace. Two Venetian sea-captains who were then at Alexandria implored to be allowed to remove the relics of the saint to a place of safety, and at last the priests, fearful of further desecration, consented. 'They placed the corpse in a large basket covered with herbs and swine's flesh, which the Mussulmans hold in horror, and the bearers were directed to cry *Khawzir* (pork) to all who should ask questions or approach to search. In this manner they reached the vessel. The body was enveloped in the sails, and suspended to the mainmast till the moment of departure, for it was necessary to conceal this precious booty from those who might come to clear the vessel in the roads. At last the Venetians quitted the shore full of joy. They were hardly in the open sea when a great storm arose. We are assured that S. Mark then appeared to the captain and warned him to strike all his sails immediately, lest the ship, driven before the wind, should be wrecked upon hidden rocks. They owed their safety to this miracle.' From the time of the arrival of the relics, and their being placed here, S. Mark's, though only the chapel of the Ducal Palace, has driven into the most obscure shade the real cathedral of Venice, the seat of the early Patriarchate of S. Pietro in Castello. Since 1807 S. Mark's has been recognised as the cathedral.

The first church erected at Venice by the Partecipazi in honour of S. Mark was half-destroyed by fire in an outbreak against the Doge in 976. Its restoration was immediately commenced by Orseolo I. with architects from Byzantium, and the church was consecrated in 978. Since that time nearly

every Doge has added to the richness of its decorations. Originally, therefore, let us always bear in mind, S. Mark's was a simple **Basilica**, to which an atrio-narthex and transepts were in course added, so as to give it the form of a cross. The **façade** rises in two sections, the lower forming a projecting **portico** of five doubly-recessed round arches, through each of



Ground plan, S. Marco.

which the church may be entered. The main body of the church is of the eleventh century, the gothic additions of the fourteenth, and the restored mosaics of the seventeenth.

In the arches above the doorways are five mosaics, beginning from the right, viz. :

The Translation of the Relics of S. Mark from Alexandria, 1650. *Pietro Vecchio.*

Landing of the Relics. *Pietro Vecchio.*

The Last Judgment, 1836. *L. Guerena.*

The Magistrates of Venice venerating the Relics of S. Mark, 1728. *Sebastiano Rizzi.*

The Enshrining of the Relics, and the façade of the church, a work of the early part of the thirteenth century.

Over the central door of the portico stand the four famous **Bronze** (once gilt) **Horses,** brought from Constantinople by the Venetians after the fourth Crusade, snatched, as it were, as portion of their share of the plunder derived from the insensate destruction committed by the crusaders there (1204).

'A glorious team of horses—I should like to hear the opinion of a good judge of horse flesh. What seemed strange to me was, that closely viewed they appear heavy, while from the piazza below they look light as deer.'—*Goethe.*

'Of pure Greek copper, these noble monuments had been removed from Chios, where they are said to have been executed for the Byzantine Emperor Theodosios in the fifth century; and at the conquest of Constantinople in 1204 they were claimed by the Venetians as prizes of war. They are unique as an example of (the team of ?) an ancient bronze Quadriga, and won the admiration of Petrarch, when at Venice in the middle of the fourteenth century.'—*W. C. Hazlitt,* '*The Venetian Republic.*'

'In this temple porch,
Old as he was, so near his hundredth year,
And blind—his eyes put out—did Dandolo
Stand forth, displaying on his crown the cross.
There did he stand, erect, invincible,
Though wan his cheeks, and wet with many tears,
For in his prayers he had been weeping much;
And now the pilgrim and the people wept
With admiration, saying in their hearts,
"Surely those aged limbs have need of rest!"
There did he stand, with his old armour on,
Ere, gonfalon in hand, that streamed aloft
As conscious of its glorious destiny,
So soon to float o'er mosque and minaret,
He sailed away, five hundred gallant ships,
Their lofty sides hung with emblazoned shields
Following his track to fame. He went to die:
But of his trophies four arrived ere long,
Snatched from destruction—the four steeds divine,
That strike the ground, resounding with their feet,
And from their nostrils snort ethereal flame
Over that very porch.'—*Rogers.*

On entering the **Vestibule,** we see, in front of the central doorway, a lozenge of red and white marble. This marks the spot where the celebrated reconciliation took place between the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III., July 23, 1177. The chroniclers narrate that as the Emperor

knelt at the feet of the Pope, he exclaimed, 'Non tibi sed Petro,' and that Alexander answered proudly, 'Et mihi et Petro.'

'The Emperor, with the Doge and senators, and with his own Teutonic nobles, advanced to the portal of S. Mark, where stood the Pope in his pontifical attire. Frederick no sooner beheld the successor of S. Peter, than he threw off his imperial mantle, prostrated himself, and kissed the feet of the Pontiff. Alexander, not without tears, raised him up, and gave him the kiss of peace. Then swelled out the *Te Deum;* and the Emperor, holding the hand of the Pope, was led into the choir, and received the Papal benediction.'—*Milman*, '*Hist. of Latin Christianity*.'

All around are columns of precious marbles. The **marbles** in S. Mark's make the Roman archæologist enchanted. Nowhere, except at Ravenna, can he see such a magnificent display of the rare Cipollino Rosso, or red Carystian; breccia Corallina, Africano (Bigio and Verde), Granito Nero-bianco, porphyry, and verde-antico. Its innumerable columns are splendid quotations from the architecture of Greece and Rome —the treasures of Asia and Egypt. Above these occur equally precious mosaics. That over the principal door of S. Mark is by the brothers *Zuccati* in 1545, from designs of Titian. The representation of the Crucifixion, opposite, is also by the *Zuccati*.[1] The earlier mosaics are of the eleventh century, and many of these are of great interest. We may especially notice, on the left, as a figure seldom represented in art, that of Phocas, the sainted gardener of Sinope in Pontus (A.D. 303), who, being much given to hospitality, courteously received and lodged the executioners sent to put him to death. They received his kindness not knowing, but in the morning, when he revealed himself to them, were compelled to behead him, and they buried him in a grave he had dug for himself amongst his flowers.

In niches at the north end of the vestibule are buried the Doges Vitale Faliero (1096), Marino Morosini (1252), and Bartolommeo Gradenigo (1342); together with the Dogaressa Felice Michiel, wife of Vitale Michiel (1111).

'The custom of burying illustrious persons in Roman or early Christian sarcophagi prevailed until the fourteenth century. **Vitale Faliero,** for instance, lies in the atrium of S. Mark's, to the right of the great portal, in a sarcophagus with shapeless octagonal columns. Had Venice had any fitter resting-place for this Doge, in whose reign occurred the miraculous discovery of the body of S. Mark and the visit of the Emperor Henry IV.,

[1] The Zuccati mosaicists, sons and nephews of that Sebastiano Zuccato who was at one time the master of Titian, were accused by their rivals, the Bianchini, of filling in many parts of their mosaics with the brush. They underwent a long trial, from which they came out triumphant, partly through the intervention of Titian.

she would not thus have buried him in a tomb made up of old fragments. In a similar sarcophagus on the other side of the great portal lies the wife of **Vitale Michele,** who ruled the Republic at the time of the first Crusade, in which Venice co-operated but coldly, dreading that it would interfere with her commerce with the East; the fleet she sent to Syria was employed in fighting with the Pisans off Smyrna for possession of the bodies of SS. Teodoro and Niccolò, and in plundering the richly-laden Genoese ships on their homeward voyage. Another Doge, **Marino Morosini,** whose short and uneventful reign is summed up by Maestro Martino da Canale in the words, "fu sì grazioso ch' egli usò sua vita in pace, ne nullo osò assalire di guerra," also lies buried in the atrium of S. Mark's in an old Christian sarcophagus, sculptured with rude figures of Christ and the Apostles, angels bearing censers, and ornate crosses.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors.*'[1]

On the extreme (S.) right is the entrance of the **Zeno Chapel,** built 1505–15, by Cardinal Giambattista Zeno, and containing his grand bronze tomb, decreed by the Republic and executed by *Antonio Lombardo* and *Alessandro Leopardo.* The **altar** has a beautiful figure of the *Madonna della Scarpa* between SS. Peter and John Baptist. The **mosaics** which tell the story of S. Mark are of the twelfth century.

A door to the right of the principal entrance leads to the **Baptistery,**[2] or Chapel of S. Giovanni Battista—San Zuane in the soft Venetian vernacular. Here in the pavement is the great stone—'enorme mozzetto di granito'—brought by Domenico Michiel from Tyre (1126) where it had stood before the gates since Jesus, weary with travelling, is said to have rested upon or preached from it. Against the wall is the tomb of **Andrea Dandolo** (1354), the last Doge buried in S. Mark's, for whom Petrarch, who was his friend, composed an epitaph. In another tomb, by the door of the **Zeno Chapel,** rests Doge Soranzo (1328). The stone over the altar is from Mount Tabor.

'We are in a low vaulted room: vaulted, not with arches, but with small cupolas starred with gold, and chequered with gloomy figures: in the centre is a bronze font charged with rich bas-reliefs, a small figure of the **Baptist** standing above it in a single ray of light that glances across the narrow room, dying as it falls from a window high in the wall, and the first thing that it strikes, and the only thing that it strikes brightly, is a tomb. We hardly know if it be a tomb indeed; for it is like a narrow couch set beside the window, low-roofed and curtained, so that it might seem, but that it is some height above the pavement, to have been drawn

[1] Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, banished by Richard II., died at Venice, Sept. 22, 1399, and was buried in the vestibule of S. Mark, whence his descendants moved his body to England in 1533.

[2] Artists are only allowed to work in the Baptistery from nine to five, or in the church itself from two to five. They must be furnished with a *permesso* from the Belle Arti, obtainable at the Accademia. A card of request has to be left with the porter, and the *permesso* called for on the following day. A *permesso* from the Accademia is equally required for drawing in the other principal buildings of Venice.

towards the window, that the sleeper might be awakened early;—only there are two angels who have drawn the curtains back, and are looking down upon him. Let us look also, and thank that gentle light that rests upon his forehead for ever and dies away upon his breast.

'The face is of a man in middle life, but there are two deep furrows right across the forehead, dividing it like the foundations of a tower; the height of it above is bound by the fillet of his ducal cap. The rest of the features are singularly small and delicate, the lips sharp, perhaps the sharpness of death being added to that of the natural lines; but there is a sweet smile upon them, and a deep serenity upon the whole countenance. The roof of the canopy above has been blue, filled with stars; beneath, in the centre of the tomb on which the figure rests, is a seated figure of the Virgin, and the border of it all around is of flowers and soft leaves, growing rich and deep, as if in a field in summer.

'It is the Doge **Andrea Dandolo,** a man early great among the great of Venice, and early lost. She chose him for her king in his thirty-sixth year; he died ten years later, leaving behind him that history to which we owe half of what we know of her former fortunes.

'Look round the room in which he lies. The floor of it is in rich mosaic, encompassed by a low seat of red marble, and its walls are of alabaster, but worn and shattered, and darkly stained with age, almost a ruin—in places the slabs of marble have fallen away altogether, and the rugged brickwork is seen through the rents, but all beautiful; the ravaging fissures fretting their way among the islands and channelled zones of the alabaster, and the time-stains on its translucent masses darkened into fields of rich golden brown, like the colour of seaweed when the sun strikes on it through deep sea. The light fades away into the recess of the chamber towards the altar, and the eye can hardly trace the lines of the bas-relief behind it of the baptism of Christ: but on the vaulting of the roof the figures are distinct, and there are seen upon it two great circles, one surrounded by the "principalities and powers in heavenly places," of which Milton has expressed the ancient division in the single massy line,

"Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,"

and around the other, the Apostles; Christ the centre of both: and upon the walls, again and again repeated, the gaunt figure of the Baptist, in every circumstance of his life and death; and the streams of the Jordan running down between their cloven rocks; the axe laid to the root of a fruitless tree that springs upon their shore.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

From a door on the left of the Baptistery we enter the Church itself, if we do not do so by one of the three doors from the vestibule.

'The church is lost in a deep twilight, to which the eye must be accustomed for some moments before the form of the building can be traced; and then there opens before us a vast cave, hewn out into the form of a cross, and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like large stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far-away casement wanders into the darkness, and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours along the floor. What else there is of light is from torches, or silver lamps, burning ceaselessly in the recesses of the chapels; the roof sheeted with gold, and

the polished walls covered with alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames; and the glories round the heads of the sculptured saints flash out upon us as we pass them, and sink again into the gloom. Under foot and over head, a continual succession of crowded imagery, one picture passing into another, as in a dream; forms beautiful and terrible mixed together; dragons and serpents, and ravening beasts of prey, and graceful birds that in the midst of them drink from running fountains and feed from vases of crystal; the passions and the pleasures of human life symbolised together, and the mystery of its redemption; for the mazes of interwoven lines and changeful pictures lead always at last to the Cross, lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone; sometimes with the serpent of eternity wrapped round it, sometimes with doves beneath its arms and sweet herbage growing forth from its feet; but conspicuous most of all on the great rood that crosses the church before the altar, raised in bright blazonry against the shadow of the apse. And although in the recesses of the aisles and chapels, when the mist of the incense hangs heavily, we may see continually a figure traced in faint lines upon their marble, a woman standing with her eyes raised to heaven, and the inscription above her, "Mother of God," she is not here the presiding deity. It is the Cross that is first seen, and always, burning in the centre of the temple; and every dome and hollow of its roof has the figure of Christ in the utmost height of it, raised in power or returning in judgment.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'[1]

It is the general impression, not the detail, fascinating as that is, of S. Mark's, which makes it so transcendent. The dim effects of shadow amid which golden gleams here and there illuminate some precious fragment of marble wall, or the peacock hues of a portion of the undulating and uneven pavement, make those who have any artistic feeling care relatively little for the technical details of architecture and sculpture. The glory of the church depends even more upon its pavement than upon the mosaics on its walls. The pavement has come to its present condition owing to the unsubstantial work in the supports beneath it. On the left is the beautiful little **octagonal chapel** or shrine of the **Holy Cross**. The Byzantine picture of the Madonna, greatly venerated by the people, was brought from Constantinople in 1206. The **screen** of the choir is Greek, surmounted by statues by *Jacobello* and *Pierpaolo delle Massegne* (1394), and between these the bronze **crucifix** of *Iacopo di Marco Benato* (1394). The choir is richly adorned with intarsia work, above which are six bronze reliefs telling the story of S. Mark, by *Jacopo Sansovino* (1546).

The altar-front is only of silver-gilt, but, on certain church festivals, the glorious **Pala d' Oro**, enamelled on plates of solid gold, is exhibited behind the high altar. On these occasions candles are lighted in front of the altar, in the exquisite candelabra of Doge Cristoforo Moro.

[1] The restored portions of the Baptistery are invariably destructive of its effect: in the church the pavement of the left aisle is a commonplace renewal.

The Pala d' Oro itself was originally ordered from Constantinople by Doge Pietro Orseolo I. in the tenth century. The work then sent over was three times renewed, lastly by Giammaria Boninsegna for Andrea Dandolo in 1345, when the upper part of the Pala, which was certainly brought to Venice after the conquest of Constantinople in 1205, was probably united to the lower.

The **High Altar** itself—before which Caterina Cornaro was formally adopted by the Doge as the daughter of the Republic—covers the substitutes for the relics of S. Mark. The original relics were destroyed in 976 by fire, but a legend has made them good.

'After the repairs undertaken by the Doge Orseolo, the place in which the body of the Holy Evangelist rested had been altogether forgotten; so that the Doge Vital Falier was entirely ignorant of the place of the venerable deposit. This was no light affliction, not only to the pious Doge, but to all the citizens and people; so that at last, moved by confidence in the Divine mercy, they determined to implore, with prayer and fasting, the manifestation of so great a treasure, which did not now depend upon any human effort. A general fast being therefore proclaimed, and a solemn procession appointed for the 25th day of June, while the people assembled in the church interceded with God in fervent prayer for the desired boon, they beheld, with as much amazement as joy, a slight shaking in the marbles of a pillar (near the place where the altar of the cross is now), which presently falling to the earth, exposed to the view of the rejoicing people the chest of bronze in which the body of the Evangelist was laid.'—*Corner.*

Cappella di S. Clemente to the **R.**, contains a good sixteenth-century relief.

Near the high altar on the **L.** is a small **bronze door** by *J. Sansovino*, with reliefs of marvellous beauty, amongst which that representing the Entombment deserves attention. The portraits of Titian, Aretino, and other contemporaries of the artist are introduced. This leads to the **Sacristy** (once the chapter-house), adorned with sixteenth century mosaics, and intarsia work by *Antonio* and *Paolo da Mantova*, and *Fra Vincenzo da Verona*, 1523.

Beneath the Choir is a low, oblong, labyrinthine **Crypt** (open from 12 to 2), with nave and aisles supported by fifty pillars of Greek marble, with fretted capitals and Greek crosses. Here, behind the altar, is the marble sarcophagus which originally contained the body of S. Mark, moved to the altar above in 1835.[1] The crypt was more or less flooded from the sixteenth century until 1868.

[1] Many are the curious customs which attend S. Mark's Day, especially that of the *boccolo* or rosebud, when every one gives a *boccolo* to the one he loves best, and great are the heart-burnings of young Venetian women when the day passes away and they have received no rosebud.

The **Cappella di S. Isidoro** was built by Doge Andrea Dandolo to receive the body of S. Isidore, which had been stolen from Chios by the Doge Domenico Michiel in 1125, but concealed for two centuries for fear it should be reclaimed. The figure of the saint is represented upon his tomb. The mosaics tell the story of his life and the finding of his body.

From the **S. Transept** is the entrance to the **Treasury** (shown on Mondays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2), which contains a very interesting collection of Byzantine work. The **Episcopal Throne** is said to have been given by the Emperor Heraclius to the Patriarch of Grado. It bears the symbols of the Evangelists surrounded with six wings of seraphs. The reliquary of the True Cross was given in 1120 to S. Sophia of Constantinople by Irene, wife of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus.

Having visited the church to form a general impression of its glories, the traveller should return with the single intention of studying the marbles and mosaics, and observing how completely they are, as it were, an epitome and history of the Christian faith.

'A large **atrium or portico** is attached to the sides of the church, a space which was especially reserved for unbaptized persons and new converts. It was thought right that, before their baptism, these persons should be led to contemplate the great facts of the Old Testament history; the history of the Fall of Man, and of the lives of the Patriarchs up to the period of the Covenant by Moses: the order of the subjects in this series being very nearly the same as in many Northern churches, but significantly closing with the Fall of the Manna, in order to mark to the catechumen the insufficiency of the Mosaic covenant for salvation—"Our fathers did eat Manna in the wilderness, and are dead"—and to turn his thoughts to the true Bread of which that Manna was a type.

'Then, when after his baptism he was permitted to enter the church, over its main entrance he saw, on looking back, a mosaic of Christ enthroned, with the Virgin on one side and S. Mark on the other, in attitudes of adoration. Christ is represented as holding a book open upon His knee, on which is written: "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." On the red marble moulding which surrounds the mosaic is written: "I am the Gate of Life; let those who are Mine enter by Me." Above, on the red marble fillet which forms the cornice of the west end of the church, is written, with reference to the figure of Christ below: "Who He was, and from whom He came, and at what price He redeemed thee, and why He made thee, and gave thee all things, do thou consider."

'Now observe, this was not to be seen and read only by the catechumen when he entered the church; every one who at any time entered was supposed to look back and to read this writing; their daily entrance into the church was thus made a daily memorial of their first entrance into the spiritual Church; and we shall find that the rest of the book which was open for them upon its walls continually led them in the same manner to

regard the visible temple as in every part a type of the invisible Church of God.

'Therefore the mosaic of the **first dome,** which is over the head of the spectator as soon as he has entered by the great door (that door being the type of baptism), represents the effusion of the Holy Spirit, as the first consequence and seal of the entrance into the Church of God. In the centre of the cupola is the Dove, enthroned in the Greek manner, as the Lamb is enthroned, when the Divinity of the Second and Third persons is to be insisted upon together with their peculiar offices. From the central symbol of the Holy Spirit twelve streams of fire descend upon the heads of the twelve Apostles, who are represented standing around the dome; and below them, between the windows which are pierced in its walls, are represented, by groups of two figures for each separate people, the various nations who heard the Apostles speak at Pentecost, every man in his own tongue. Finally, on the vaults, at the four angles which support the cupola, are pictured four angels, each bearing a tablet upon the end of a rod in his hand; on each of the tablets of the first three angels is inscribed the word "Holy"; on that of the fourth is written "Lord"; and the beginning of the hymn being thus put into the mouths of the four angels, the words of it are continued round the border of the dome, uniting praise to God for the gift of the Spirit, with welcome to the redeemed soul received into His Church:

"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth:
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory:
Hosanna in the Highest:
Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord."

And observe in this writing that the convert is required to regard the outpouring of the Holy Spirit especially as a work of *sanctification.* It is the *holiness* of God manifested in the giving of His Spirit to sanctify those who had become His children, which the four angels celebrate in their ceaseless praise; and it is on account of this holiness that the heaven and earth are said to be full of His glory.

'After, then, hearing praise rendered to God by the angels for the salvation of the newly entered soul, it was thought fittest that the worshippers should be led to contemplate, in the most comprehensive forms possible, the past evidence and the future hopes of Christianity, as summed up in the three facts without assurance of which all faith is vain: namely, that Christ died, that He rose again, and that he ascended into heaven, there to prepare a place for His elect. On the vault between the first and second cupolas are represented the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, with the usual series of intermediate scenes—the treason of Judas, the judgment of Pilate, the crowning with thorns, the descent into Hades, the visit of the women to the sepulchre, and the apparition to Mary Magdalene. The **second cupola** itself, which is the central and principal one of the church, is entirely occupied by the subject of the Ascension. At the highest point of it Christ is represented as rising into the blue heaven, borne up by four angels, and throned upon a rainbow, the type of reconciliation. Beneath Him, the twelve Apostles are seen upon the Mount of Olives, with the Madonna, and, in the midst of them, the two men in white apparel who appeared at the moment of the Ascension, above whom, as uttered by them, are inscribed the words, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This Christ, the Son of God, as He is taken from you, shall so come, the arbiter of the earth, trusted to do judgment and justice."

'Beneath the circle of the Apostles, between the windows of the cupola, are represented the Christian virtues, as sequent upon the crucifixion of the flesh, and the spiritual ascension together with Christ. Beneath them, on the vaults which support the angels of the cupola, are placed the four Evangelists, because on their evidence our assurance of the fact of the Ascension rests; and finally beneath our feet, as symbols of the sweetness and fulness of the Gospel which they declared, are represented the four rivers of Paradise, Pison, Gihon, Tigris, and Euphrates.

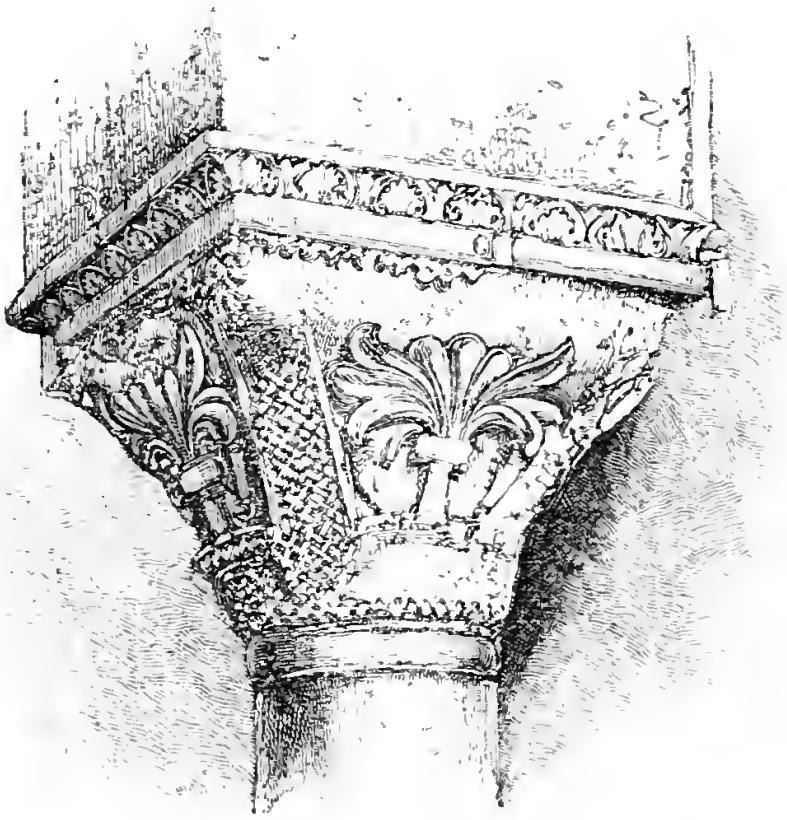
'The **third cupola,** that over the altar, represents the witness of the Old Testament to Christ; showing Him enthroned in its centre, and surrounded by the patriarchs and prophets. But this dome was little seen by the people; their contemplation was intended to be chiefly drawn to that of the centre of the church, and thus the mind of the worshippers was at once fixed on the main groundwork and hope of Christianity,—"Christ is risen" and "Christ shall come." If he had time to explore the minor lateral chapels and cupolas, he would find in them the whole series of New Testament history, the events of the Life of Christ, and the apostolic miracles in their order, and finally the scenery of the Book of Revelation; but if he only entered, as often the common people do at this hour, snatching a few moments before beginning the labour of the day to offer up an ejaculatory prayer, and advanced but from the main entrance as far as the altar screen, all the splendour of the glittering nave and variegated dome, if they smote upon his heart, as they might often, in strange contrast with his reed cabin among the shallows of the lagoon, smote upon it only that they might proclaim the two great messages,—"Christ is risen" and "Christ shall come." Daily, as the white cupolas rose like wreaths of sea-foam in the dawn, while the shadowy campanile and frowning palace were still withdrawn into the night, they rose with the Easter Voice of Triumph, —"Christ is risen"; and daily, as they looked down upon the tumult of the people, deepening and eddying in the wide square that opened from their feet to the sea, they uttered above them the sentence of warning—"Christ shall come."

'And this thought may dispose the reader to look with some change of temper upon the gorgeous building and wild blazonry of that shrine of S. Mark's. He now perceives that it was in the hearts of the old Venetian people far more than a place of worship. It was at once a type of the Redeemed Church of God, and a scroll for the written Word of God. It was to be to them both an image of the Bride, all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold, and the actual Table of the Law and the Testimony, written within and without. And whether honoured as the Church or as the Bible, was it not fitting that neither the gold nor the crystal should be spared in the adornment of it; that, as the symbol of the Bride, the building of the wall thereof should be of jasper, and the foundations of it garnished with all manner of precious stones; and that, as the channel of the Word, the triumphant utterance of the Psalmist should be true of it,—"I have rejoiced in the way of Thy testimonies, as much as in all riches"?'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

Travellers will find it wearisome, almost impossible, to examine all the **mosaics** of S. Mark's. But among the collateral series is one of special interest upon the soffit of the arch which overhangs the western triforium.

'This series of compositions from the early history of the Virgin is derived from the Protevangelion or apocryphal Gospel of S. Thomas,

little known in the Latin Church. In her Marriage, she is represented as a little girl of twelve years old. In the Annunciation, she is in the act of drawing water at a fountain in front of the house, and the angel addresses her floating in the air. In the compartment which follows, she receives from the hand of the High Priest, at the doors of the Temple, a vase containing the purple with which it had fallen to her lot to dye the new veil of the sanctuary—six virgins, of the house of David, are in attendance on her. In the Salutation, she is represented as of full stature, being then, according to the Protevangelion, fourteen years old;—to the right, in the



Lily Capital, S. Marco.

same composition, Joseph—to whom she had been entrusted, not so much as a husband as a guardian of her virginity—vindicates himself by the "water of trial" from the suspicion of having "privately married" her. In the seventh of the series, the angel appears to Joseph, revealing the mystery of her conception; and in the eighth is represented the journey to Bethlehem before our Saviour was born. This series is continued on the adjacent wall, but by modern artists, the earlier compositions having perished. These eight mosaics have much merit, and are evidently a good deal later than those of the cupolas, the porch, Murano and Torcello.'—*Lord Lindsay, 'Christian Art.'*

The **Piazzetta dei Leoni,** on the north side of the church, is named from two red marble lions erected by Doge Alvise

Mocenigo in the eighteenth century. Here are the Palace of the Patriarchs, and the desecrated *Church of S. Basso*, built in 1670, now a printing office.

From S. Mark's the traveller must turn to the Palace by its S. side, of which until 1807 it was only the chapel (Cappella Ducale). The courtyard of the Palace is always open; its chambers may be visited on week-days from 9 to 4; entrance, 1 fr. 20 c. The tickets given have four divisions, which are cut off at the different parts of the Palace.

A **Palazzo Ducale** was first built in 820 by Doge Angelo Partecipazio, the first ruler of the Venetian colonists. This was a Byzantine palace, and we know from contemporary writers that it was of great magnificence, though it cannot be said to have arisen in a desirable period of Art. Probably it somewhat resembled the 'Fondaco dei Turchi.' It received great additions during the twelfth century, especially from the Doge Sebastiano Ziani, who 'enlarged it in every direction.' In the fourteenth century the great saloon was built, with many other important additions; but the palace of Ziani still remained, though contrasting ill with the splendours of the later building, and so strong was the feeling that it ought to be rebuilt, that, to save the vast expense, and fearing their own weakness, the Senate passed a decree forbidding any one to speak of rebuilding the old palace under a penalty of a thousand ducats. But in 1419 a fire occurred which destroyed part of the old buildings; a decree for rebuilding the palace was passed under Doge Mocenigo in 1422, and the work was carried out under his successor, Doge Foscari.

'The first hammer-stroke upon the old palace of Ziani was the first act of the period properly called the "Renaissance." It was the knell of the architecture of Venice—and of Venice herself.

'A year had not elapsed since the great Doge Mocenigo; his patriotism, always sincere, had been in this instance mistaken; in his zeal for the honour of future Venice, he had forgotten what was due to the Venice of long ago. A thousand palaces might be built upon her burdened islands, but none of them could take the place or recall the memory of that which was first built upon her unfrequented shore. It fell; and, as if it had been the talisman of her fortunes, the city never flourished again.'—*Ruskin.*

In 1574 another great fire destroyed the upper rooms of the sea-façade and almost the whole of the interior of the palace, and it was debated in the Great Council whether the ruin should not be destroyed and an entirely new palace built; but it was saved by the advice of an architect named Giovanni Rusconi, and the completion of the repairs necessitated at this time brought the edifice into its present form. The architects employed were three members of the family of Bon, Boni, or

Buoni, of Cadore, and to them the two principal colonnades are due.

In most buildings the basement story is the heaviest, and each succeeding story increases in lightness: in the Ducal Palace this is reversed, making it unique amongst buildings. The outer walls rest upon the sturdy pillars of open colonnades, which have a more stumpy appearance than was intended, owing to the raising of the pavement in the piazza. They had, however, no bases, but are carried on a continuous stylobate. The chief decorations of the palace were lavished upon the capitals of these thirty-six pillars, each of which has its own story to tell, and it was felt that the peculiar prominence and importance given to its angles rendered it necessary that they should be enriched and softened by sculpture, which is most interesting, and often beautiful. In 1886 it was found that many of these elaborate capitals had become cloven by the iron rods employed in their superstructure, and the entire side of the palace was in imminent danger of collapse. In consequence, the injured ones had to be removed, and careful fac-similes have replaced them, which only practised eyes can detect. The throned figure of Venice above bears a scroll inscribed: 'Fortis, justa, trono furias, mare sub pede, pono.'[1] One of the corners of the palace joined the irregular buildings connected with S. Mark's, and is not generally seen. There remained therefore only three angles to be decorated. The first main sculpture may be called 'the Fig-tree angle,' and its subject is 'The Fall of Man.'

'That statue of Eve is done with that singularity of cunning, that it is reported the Duke of Mantua hath offered to give the weight of it in gold for the image, yet he cannot have it.'—*Coryat's 'Crudities,'* 1611.

The second is 'the Vine-angle,' and represents 'The Drunkenness of Noah.' The third sculpture is 'the Judgment angle,' and portrays 'The Judgment of Solomon.'

'In both the subjects of the Fall and the Drunkenness, the tree forms the chiefly decorative portion of the sculpture. Its trunk, in both cases, is the true outer angle of the palace—boldly cut separate from the stone-work behind, and branching out above the figures so as to encompass each side of the angle for several feet with its deep foliage. Nothing can be more masterly or superb than the sweep of this foliage on the Fig-tree angle; the broad leaves lapping round the budding fruit, and sheltering from sight, beneath their shadows, birds of the most graceful form and delicate plumage. The branches are, however, so strong, and the masses of stone hewn into leafage so large, that, notwithstanding the depths of the under-cutting, the work remains nearly uninjured; not so at the

[1] 'Strong and just, I put the furies beneath my throne, and the sea beneath my foot."

(opposite) Vine-angle, where the natural delicacy of the vine-leaf and tendril having tempted the sculptor to greater effort, he has passed the proper limits of his art, and cut the upper stems so delicately that half of them have been broken away by the casualties to which the situation of the sculpture necessarily exposes it.'—*Ruskin.*

The Doge's Palace was not merely the residence of the chief of the state. It was, like our Palace of Westminster, the place where all the **Councils of State** were held.

'In the early times of Venice, the Doges possessed supreme power, unfettered by councils. But defects being perceived in this form of government, a Grand Council was established by consent of the people, consisting of four hundred and eighty men of high birth.

'The Grand Council soon limited the Doge's prerogatives, and appointed a Council of Forty to administer criminal justice. A Council of Sixty assisted the Doge in administering domestic and foreign affairs, and the famous Council of Ten held authority over the other councils, and privately investigated and punished all state crimes.

'The Doge was bound to have no private correspondence with foreign states, to acquire no property beyond the Venetian dominions, to interfere in no judicial process, and to permit no citizen to use tokens of subjection in saluting him.

'It was a serious matter to be Doge of Venice. Five of the first fifty Doges abdicated; five were banished, with their eyes put out; nine were deposed: five were massacred; and two fell in battle.'—*Story of Italy.*

The Palace is entered from the Piazzetta by the beautiful gate called **Portà della Carta,**[1] which is inscribed with the name of its architect, *Bartolommeo Bon* (1440–43). The statues of Courage, Prudence, Hope, and Charity, with Justice throned above between the Lions, are also by the *Bon* or *Buoni* family. A beautiful sculpture which formerly existed here, representing Doge Francesco Foscari kneeling before the Lion of S. Mark, was destroyed by the mob in 1797.

Opposite the gate, passing through five bays of corridors, rises the famous **Scala dei Giganti,** built by *Antonio Rizzo* in 1485. It derives its name from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune wrought by *Jacopo Sansovino* in 1554. The reliefs are by *Aless. Vittoria.* Coryat (1608) 'thought there had not been so rich a staires in Christendome,' and it is, in truth, the finest open-air staircase in the world. At the head of the stairs the Doges[2] were crowned, with the words: 'Accipe coronam ducalem ducatus Venetorum.' Here also a tradition, followed by Byron, places the execution of Doge Marino Faliero, though the staircase is of later date.

[1] From being the place where the secretaries wrote.

[2] 'Rex in purpura, Senator in Curia, in urbe Captivus.' The Doge's cap was called 'Corno.'

Marino Faliero, formerly Podestà of Treviso, was chosen Doge in 1354, being then an old man. Of very choleric temper, resentment at the slight punishment inflicted by the Council of Forty upon Ser Michele Steno, who had written some scurrilous abuse of him upon his wooden chair, and the desire of punishing them, was his first incentive to seize the supreme power. A conspiracy was engaged in, by which all the principal citizens, called together by the great bell on April 15, 1355, were to be cut to pieces, and Faliero proclaimed sovereign. It was exposed through the warning given to his master by Beltram, a servant of one of those who were doomed. The Council of Ten was hastily summoned; the minor conspirators were first executed; then the Doge, stripped of his insignia of office, was beheaded in the closed palace, and one of the Council, taking the bloody sword to the space between the columns where public executions were usually held, brandished it, saying—'The terrible doom hath fallen on the traitor.'

In the court, raised upon three steps, are two magnificent well-heads (*putealì*) of bronze, one by *Niccolò de' Conti*, Director of the Foundries of the Republic (1556), the other by *Alfonso Alberghetti* (1559).

On the left of the loggia, reached by the Giant's Staircase, is the **Scala d' Oro**, so called from the richness of its decorations, built by Jacopo Sansovino (1556–77).

Beyond this are the **Tre Stanze degli Avvogadori**, the lawyers who kept the famous *Libro d' Oro*, which was the peerage of the Venetian aristocracy. In one of the chambers of these rooms is a Pietà by *Giov. Bellini* (1472).

On ascending the Scala d' Oro we enter a suite of rooms which are a perfect gallery of sixteenth century art at Venice; many of the pictures have, however, been grievously repainted.

'As the oldest Venetian painting has immortalised itself in the Church of S. Mark, so the latest, that of the followers of Titian, has perpetuated itself in the Ducal Palace.'—*Burckhardt.*

Paolo Veronese is nowhere better seen than in the Ducal Palace. Here also we first become acquainted with *Jacopo Tintoretto* ('the little dyer') (1512–94), whom we must know intimately before we leave Venice. There is probably no great master upon whose excellence so great a difference of opinion has existed. His portraits, which often possess 'La gran bella presenza, e 'l gran bel tratto' of the Venetian song, have always been admired, but before his other vast pictures were illuminated and explained by the writings of Ruskin, there were few who saw more than their huge uncouthness, coarseness, and blackness. Now the deep meaning and careful intention with which they were painted has been revealed to us. Yet even now most of those who look upon them, and all those who look upon them hastily, will see only their dark side.

'Along with much that was grand, there was in Tintoret a certain coarseness and barbarism of feeling; even his artistic morality often wavered, so that he was capable of descending to the most unconscientious daubing. He fails in the higher sense of law, which the artist must impose on himself, especially in experiments and innovations. In his enormous works, which in square feet of painted surface amount perhaps to ten times as much as the fruits of Titian's century of life, one begins to surmise that he undertook such things like a contractor, and executed them very much as an improvisor.'—*Burckhardt.*

'What Shakespeare was to the national history of England in his great series of historic dramas, his contemporary Tintoret was to the history of Venice. It was perhaps from an unconscious sense that her annals were really closed that the Republic began to write her history and her exploits in the series of paintings which covers the walls of the Ducal Palace.'—*J. R. Green, 'Stray Studies.'*

The **Atrio Quadrato**, which is entered from the Scala d' Oro, has a ceiling by *Tintoretto.* On the right is

The **Sala delle Quattro Porte**, built by Palladio in 1575. It has a ceiling designed by *Palladio* and *Sansovino*, and carried out by *Aless. Vittoria.*

'Le Vittoria en fait un ensemble sculpté où se meuvent un monde de statues grandes comme nature qui viennent s'agencer dans les enroulements, autour des caissons, en cariatides, en cartouches, en frises; se détachant en blanc sur le fond d'or et tenant une telle place dans cette salle que les peintures du Contarini, celles du Titien, de Carletto Cagliari, et de Vicentino cèdent la place au sculpteur qui devait évidemment occuper une situation plus modeste.'—*Yriarte.*

Tintoretto. Zeus giving Venice her dominion.

The (restored) frescoes of cities are by *Tintoret.* Note especially Padua and Brescia. The principal pictures are:

Wall of Entrance:

Giov. Contarini. The Capture of Verona by the Venetians in 1439.
Titian. Antonio Grimani at the feet of Faith.
Contarini. Marino Grimani kneeling before the Virgin.

Wall of Exit:

Carletto Cagliari. The Ambassadors of Nuremberg.
Andrea Vicentino. Henry III. of France arriving at the Lido, and his reception by the Doge Mocenigo.
C. Cagliari. The Reception of the Persian Ambassadors by Doge Cicogna, 1585.

The door opposite that by which we entered leads to the **Anticollegio**, containing :

Tintoretto. Ariadne and Bacchus.
Tintoretto. Minerva and Mars.
P. Veronese. The Rape of Europa.

'La merveille de ce sanctuaire de l'art est *l'Enlèvement d'Europe.* La belle jeune fille est assise, comme sur un trône d'argent, sur le dos du taureau divin, dont le poitrail de neige va s'enfoncer dans la mer bleue qui tâche d'atteindre de ses lames amoureuses la plante des pieds qu'Europe relève par une enfantine peur de se mouiller, détail ingénieux des Métamorphoses que le peintre n'a eu garde d'oublier. Les compagnes d'Europe, ne sachant pas qu'un dieu se cache sous la noble forme de ce bel animal si doux et si familier, s'empressent sur la rive et lui jettent des guirlandes de fleurs, sans se douter qu'Europe, ainsi enlevée, va nommer un continent et devenir la maîtresse de Zeus aux noirs sourcils et à la chevelure ambroisienne. Quelles belles épaules blanches ! quelles nuques blondes aux nattes enroulées ! quels bras ronds et charmants ! quel sourire d'éternelle jeunesse dans cette toile merveilleuse, où Paul Véronèse semble avoir dit son dernier mot ! Ciel, nuages arbres, fleurs, terrains, mer, carnation, draperies, tout paraît trempé dans la lumière d'un Elysée inconnu.'—*Gautier.*

Leandro Bassano. The Return of Jacob to Canaan.
Tintoretto. The Workshop of Vulcan.
Tintoretto. Mercury with the Graces.
P. Veronese. Venice throned (on the ceiling).

From the Anticollegio a staircase leads to the famous **Piombi**, the 'Prisons under the Leads' (not shown), of the suffering in which Jacopo Casanova, who was imprisoned there in 1755, has left such a dramatic description. Describing his imprisonment in the Piombi, Silvio Pellico says :

'Words cannot tell to what a degree the air of the den [*covile*] I occupied was inflamed. Looking due south, under a roof of lead and with a window looking on the roof of S. Mark, wholly lead, the reflection of which was terrible, I was suffocating. I had never conceived the idea of so oppressive a heat. To this suffering were added the mosquitoes, with which I was covered—the bed, the table, the chair, the walls, were all covered with them. . . . Then, suffering from such a scourge, and hopeless of obtaining a change of prison, some temptation to suicide came over me, and at times I feared I should go mad.'—'*Le Mie Prigioni*,' p. 89.

'The *Piombi*, prisons destined for state prisoners, are no other than the garrets of the Ducal Palace ; and it is from the large plates of lead with which this palace is roofed that they take their name.'—*Casanova.*

'But let us to the roof,
And, when thou hast surveyed the sea, the land,
Visit the narrow cells that cluster there,
As in a place of tombs. There burning suns,
Day after day, beat unrelentingly ;

Turning all things to dust, and scorching up
The brain, till Reason fled, and the wild yell
And wilder laugh burst out on every side,
Answering each other as in mockery !

Few houses of the size were better filled ;
Though many came and left it in an hour.
" Most nights," so said the good old Niccolò
(For three-and-thirty years his uncle kept
The water-gate below, but seldom spoke,
Though much was on his mind), " most nights arrived
The prison-boat, that boat with many oars,
And bore away as to the Lower World,
Disburdening in the Canal Orfano,
That drowning-place, where never net was thrown,
Summer or winter, death the penalty ;
And where a secret, once deposited,
Lay till the waters should give up their dead." '—*Rogers.*

The chimney-piece of the Anticollegio and a beautiful door are by *Scamozzi*. Through the latter we reach

The **Sala del Collegio**, in which foreign ambassadors were received by the Doge.

' The roof is entirely by **Paul Veronese**, and the traveller who really loves painting ought to get leave to come to this room whenever he chooses, and should pass the sunny summer mornings there again and again. . . . He will no otherwise enter so deeply into the heart of Venice.'—*Ruskin.*

' La salle se divise en deux parties : l'une surélevée de quelques marches, avec un trône adossé au mur, orné de boiseries à mi-hauteur, avec des stalles pour les conseillers ; l'autre, vide et de plain-pied avec le sol de l'étage, comme si on devait y stationner. A droite et à gauche du trône, comme dans un prétoire, siègent les autres magistrats ; les *Petits Sages* se tiennent debout et découverts. Encore que la majesté du Collège, qui est le bras qui exécute ce que le Grand Conseil a décidé, comporte le luxe et le décorum, on a mis un soin particulier à orner le lieu de ses séances, parce qu'on y reçoit les ambassadeurs. Sur le paroi, au-dessus de la tête du doge et des conseillers, le Véronèse a peint le Christ dans sa gloire ; la ville de Venise et Sainte Justine sont à genoux : l'artiste a personifié la Reine de l'Adriatique dans une grand et belle jeune femme drapée d'une étoffe blanche, une des plus nobles figures que le peintre ait créés. Le Tintoret, à son tour, a peint le mariage de Sainte Catherine, avec les doges F. Dona, N. da Ponte, Mocenigo et Gritti dans l'attitude de la prière. Soit que sa proportion y prête, soit que l'objet spécial auquel elle était destinée comportât plus de soin et de recherche, cette salle du collège est celle de tout le Palais Ducal qui a le plus d'unité et où on a déployé le plus de goût dans la décoration. Quoique soumise, depuis plus de quatre siècles, à des restaurations inévitables, elle a conservé son caractère, et l'imagination peut asseoir sur ces bancs de chêne les vénérables chefs de la Quarantie, les conseillers et les Sages Grands, tandis que les jeunes patriciens vaquent aux soins des affaires ou écoutent, debout et recueillis, l'avis des grands hommes d'état et des expérimentés diplomates.'—*Yriarte.*

'Nous retrouvons ici Tintoret et Paul Véronèse, l'un roux et violent, l'autre azuré et calme; le premier fait pour les grands pans de muraille, le second pour les plafonds immenses.'—*Gautier.*

The best pictures, beginning at the farther side on the right, are:

C. Cagliari. Doge Alvise Mocenigo adoring the Saviour.

P. Veronese (over the throne). A votive allegorical picture representing the triumph of Venice after the victory of Lepanto, 1571. Portraits are introduced of Doge Sebastiano Venier, the hero of the battle of Lepanto, and of Agostino Barbarigo, who perished there.

Tintoretto. Doge Andrea Gritti adoring the Virgin and Child. An arch of cherubim above them.

'It was no doubt the passage of the Psalmist—*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*—which was so often repeated by the Venetians in the Crusades, which suggested to the Doges and naval commanders the idea of being represented in a kneeling attitude before the infant Christ or the Holy Virgin, in the pictures destined to transmit their names or the recollection of their exploits to future generations. This mode of pious commemoration, which offers the touching contrast of a humble attitude with great dignity or glory, continued in use during the whole of the sixteenth century, in spite of the paganism so universally triumphant elsewhere. After Giovanni Bellini and Catena, came the celebrated artists who adorned the second period of the Venetian school, and who also paid the tribute of their pencil to this interesting subject. It is on this account that pictures representing the Madonna seated, with a Doge or a general kneeling before her, are so frequently to be met with in private collections, in the churches, and above all in the Ducal Palace, in which these allegorical compositions, intended to express the close alliance between Religion and the State, seem to have been purposely multiplied.'—*Rio.*

The **chimney-piece** is by *Girolamo Campagna*, the ceiling designed by *Antonio da Ponte* and painted by *Paul Veronese.*

The **Sala del Senato**, where the Senators met every Wednesday and Saturday in that assembly which Pope Pius IV. spoke of as 'a Council of Kings,' is also called the *Sala dei Pregadi*, because originally, before these days were fixed for their meetings, messengers were sent to their houses to *prepare* each member to attend at the Ducal Palace. This hall contains (turning to the left from the main entrance):

Palma Giovane (over door). The two Doges Priuli in prayer, with their patron saints—Venice is seen in the background.

Tintoretto. Doge Pietro Loredan praying to the Virgin.

Palma Giovane. The League of Cambray—Venice setting her lion at her enemies—Europa and her bull.

Palma Giovane. Doge Pasquale Cicogna kneeling before the Saviour.

Palma Giovane. Doge Francesco Venier before Venice.

Tintoretto (over the throne). The Deposition of Christ, with saints and Doges kneeling.

'One of the most interesting mythic pictures in Venice, two Doges being represented beside the body of Christ.'—*Ruskin.*

Tintoretto (in the centre of the ceiling). Venice as Queen of the Sea. Fine individual figures.

'Notable for the sweep of its vast green surges, and for the daring character of its entire conception.'—*Ruskin.*

'The blue sea-depths are cleft open, and strange ocean-shapes wave their homage, and yet more unearthly forms dart up with tribute of coral and pearls to the feet of the sea-queen as she sits in the silken state of the time with the divine halo around her. But if from this picture in the roof the eye falls suddenly on the fresco which fills the close of the room, we can hardly help reading the deeper comment of Tintoret on the glory of the State. The **Sala del Consiglio** [1] is the very heart of Venice. In the double row of plain seats running round it sat her nobles; on the raised daïs at the end, surrounded by the graver senators, sat her Duke. One long fresco occupies the whole wall above the ducal seat; in the background, the blue waters of the Lagoon with the towers and domes of Venice rising from them; around, a framework of six kneeling saints; in front, two kneeling Doges, in full ducal robes with a black curtain of clouds between them. The clouds roll back to reveal a mighty glory, and in the heart of it the livid figure of a dead Christ taken from the cross. Not one eye of all the nobles gathered in council could have lifted itself from the figure of the Doge without falling on the figure of the dead Christ. May not this be the old man's protest against a pride in which all true nobleness and effort had ceased to live, and which was hurrying to so shameful a fall?'—*J. R. Green*, '*Stray Studies.*'

'Venice is sitting enthroned above the globe—a creature born with an imperial attitude.'—*George Eliot*, 1860.

The **Chapel**, an oratory where the Doge and Council daily heard mass said by the ducal chaplain, has an altar by *Scamozzi*, and a statue of the Madonna by *Sansovino.*

At the foot of the staircase leading down from the Chapel to the Doge's private apartments is a fresco of S. Christopher, of great interest, as being the **only known fresco of Titian.** It is supposed to have been painted in honour of the arrival of the French (Sept. 13, 1523) [2] at the village of S. Cristoforo, near Milan. This was the political event of the year, and much to the satisfaction of Titian's patron, Doge Andrea Gritti, concerning whom Richard Pace wrote from Venice to Wolsey in May 1523, 'He is maydde to be a perfect Frenchman, and for thys consideration the French ambassador resident here made grete festes and triumphs when he was chosen.' The

[1] The Sala del Senato was also called 'del Consiglio,' but not 'del Consiglio Maggiore.

[2] '1523, Sept. 13. Vennero [i Francesi] a San Cristoforo a un miglio persso a Milano tra Porta Ticinese e Porta Romana.'—*Guicciardini* vol. iii. 404.

satisfaction of the Doge and the political allusion were better concealed than if S. Louis or S. Denis had been represented. This fresco is only shown by special permission of the *Conservatorio*. It is one of the grandest pictures in Venice—the head of S. Christopher most carefully executed, and of the noblest Venetian type. The Child is a mundane infant, afraid of falling, and very inferior.

Returning by the Sala del Senato and the Sala delle Quattro Porte, we reach the **Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci**, containing, with other pictures:

Leandro Bassano. Pope Alexander III. meeting Doge Sebastiano Ziani on his return from his victory over Frederick Barbarossa.
Aliense. The Visit of the Magi.
Marco Vecelli. The Treaty between Charles V. and Clement VII.
Paolo Veronese (on the ceiling). The Old Man with the Young Wife.

The **Sala della Bussola** was the Antechamber of the Council of Ten. In the time of the Republic '*chiamar a la Bussola*' meant to drag a man before the State Inquisition. Here is the inner opening of the famous **Bocca di Leone**—the Lion's Mouth—through which secret denunciations were handed in. On the walls are pictures by *Aliense* of the surrender of Bergamo and Brescia to the Venetians.

Hence we enter the **Sala dei Capi**—that is, of the three Presidents of the Council of Ten. The fine fifteenth century chimney-piece is by *Pietro da Salò;* the ceiling by *Paolo Veronese.* The pictures in the adjoining room include a Madonna and Saints by *Vincenzo Catena*, and a Pietà by *Giov. Bellini.*

From the **Sala della Bussola** (second ticket) we descend a flight of stairs to the **second floor.** Here is the **Library** (open from 9 to 4), founded in 1374 by Petrarch, who bequeathed all his collection to Venice. A very small portion, however, of this donation reached its destination, as is abundantly proved by the number of his MSS. at the Vatican, Laurentian, Ambrosian, and other libraries. The greatest amongst many benefactors (Grimani, Contarini, &c.) was Cardinal Bessarion (1472). Over the door is a portrait by *Bassano* of Fra Paolo Sarpi (1552-1623).

The greatest treasure of the Library is the famous **Grimani Breviary**, perhaps the most beautiful illuminated work in existence. Its miniatures are exquisite works of Memling, Gerard Horenbout, Antonello da Messina, Alessandro Vittoria, Ugo d'Anversa, and Livien de Gand. It is only shown on Wednesdays at 3 P.M.

From the Antechamber of the Library we enter the **Sala**

del Maggior Consiglio, an immense room (175½ feet long, 84½ broad, 51½ high), where Caterina Cornaro was betrothed (by proxy) to James, King of Cyprus, in 1468, and where Henri III. of France was received at a great banquet, July 20, 1574. It was decorated with frescoes by *Guariento* (1365), which were destroyed by fire in 1577, and replaced by pictures of the later Venetian school. One of these frescoes has lately been rediscovered.

'The greater allegorical pictures of the Ducal Palace remain. Those of Paul Veronese are celebrated as compositions of the highest poetry. Their subjects are surely poetical, but the works themselves are full of such heads and such gestures as were common at Venice, of such satins and velvets as were peculiarly studied in that portrait and pageant-painting school. Tintoret's Paradise is a multitudinous confusion of hurried figures, which none but that furious "fulmine di pennello" could assemble. Palma's Last Judgment is another immense composition, but more intelligibly detailed. These artists seem fond of introducing their friends into such pictures. In one part of this work you see Palma's mistress in heaven, in another the fickle lover sends her to hell. The paintings of the great council-chamber form a continued epic on the triumph which the Republic pretends to claim over Frederick Barbarossa. In one picture the suppliant Pope is discovered by the Doge; in another, the Venetians defeat the Imperial galleys; in a third, young Otho, their prisoner, bears to his father the demands of the conqueror; in a fourth, the Emperor is prostrate at S. Mark's. Most of this, I believe, is a romance, but a romance more pardonable in a Venetian painting than in some grave histories which admit it without any warrant.'—*Forsyth.*

The greatest of the Venetian masters were employed upon the decorations of the ceiling.

'Of the three large ceiling pictures, those of *Tintoretto* and *Palma Giovane* are far surpassed by that of **Paolo Veronese:** Venice crowned by Fame. First, the view from below, and the architectural perspective, are far more carefully treated; also Paolo has confined the allegorical and historical part to the upper group, where his cloud-life is brought quite harmoniously into connection with the architecture in lines and colour; on the lower balustrade one sees only beautiful women; farther below, riders keeping watch, and a populace, spectators of the heavenly ceremony; most wisely, two great pieces of sky are left free, a breathing space which Tintoretto never allows his beholder; and, in fine, Paolo has given himself up to the full enjoyment of his own cheerful sense of beauty, the feeling of which inevitably affects the beholder.'—*Burckhardt.*

The whole of the entrance wall was till lately occupied by one vast subject—the picture which Thomas Coryat (1608) found so 'curious and delectable to behold.' It is now removed for cleaning.

Tintoretto. *Paradiso.*

'At first this Paradise of Tintoret is so strange that no wonder the lovely world outside, the beautiful courtyard, the flying birds, and drifting

Venetians, seem more like heaven to those who are basking in their sweetness. But it is well worth while, by degrees, with some pain and self-denial, to climb in spirit to that strange crowded place towards which old Tintoret's mighty soul was bent. Is it the heaven towards which his great heart yearned? He has painted surprise and rapture in the face of a soul just born into this vast circling vortex; with its sudden pools and gleams of peace. Mary Mother above is turning to her Son, with outstretched arms, and pointing to the crowds with tender motherhood. In the great eventful turmoil a man sits absorbed in a book, reading unmoved. Angels, with noble wings, take stately flights, cross and re-cross the darkened canvas. A far-away procession passes in radiance. . . .'—*Miss Thackeray.*

'I believe this is, on the whole, Tintoret's *chef-d'-œuvre;* though it is so vast that no one takes the trouble to read it, and therefore less wonderful pictures are preferred to it. . . . In the **Paradise** of Tintoret, the angel is seen in the distance driving Adam and Eve out of the garden. Not, for Tintoret, the leading to the gate with consolation and counsel. His strange ardour of conception is seen here as everywhere. Full speed they fly, the angel and the human creatures; the angel, wrapt in an orb of light, floats on, stooped forward in his fierce flight, and does not touch the ground; the chastised creatures rush before him in abandoned terror. All this might have been invented by another, though in other hands it would assuredly have been offensive; but one circumstance which completes the story, could have been thought of by none but Tintoret. The angel casts a *shadow* before him towards Adam and Eve.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters.*'

'The only picture, not historical, of which I carry away a distinct image is that of "The Glory of Paradise," by Tintoretto: there is something fine in the vast multitude from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.'—*A. P. Stanley.*

The walls are surmounted by a noble series of pictures illustrating the history of Venice, and though greatly blackened and often injured by the coarsest repainting, they may be studied with profit. They are, beginning from the left:—

1. *Carlo and Gabriele Cagliari.* Pope Alexander III. taking refuge from Frederick I., 1177, in the Convent of La Carità, where he was found by Doge Ziani.
2. *Carlo and Gabriele Cagliari.* The Embassy from the Pope and the Republic to Frederick II. at Pavia.
3. *Leandro Bassano* (above the window). The Doge receiving a lighted taper from the Pope.
4. **Jacopo Tintoretto.** Two Ambassadors implore Frederick I. at Pavia to restore peace to the Church. He replies that unless the Venetians deliver up the Pope, he 'will plant his eagles on the portals of S. Mark.'
5. *Francesco Bassano.* The Pope presents the Doge with a consecrated sword.
6. *Fiammingo* (above the window). The Doge receives the parting benediction of the Pope.
7. *Dom. Tintoretto.* The legendary battle of Pirano, in which the Imperialists are said to have been totally defeated by the

Venetians, and Otho, son of Frederic II., to have been taken prisoner.

8. *Andrea Vicentino* (over a door). Otho is presented by Doge Ziani to the Pope.
9. *Palma Giovane.* Otho is released by the Pope.
10. *F. Zucchero.* The Emperor makes his submission to the Pope.
11. *Girolama Gamberato* (over a door). The Doge lands at Ancona with the Pope and the Emperor after the Peace.
12. *Giulio del Moro.* The Pope (Alexander III.) presents consecrated banners to Doge Ziani in the Church of S. J. Lateran.

To continue the pictures chronologically we must now return to the *Paradiso*, when we shall find on the left :—

13. *Le Clerc.* The Alliance concluded in S. Mark's, 1201, between the Venetians and the Crusaders.
14. *Andrea Vicentino.* The siege of Zara (1202), under Doge Andrea Dandolo and the Crusaders.
15. *Domenico Tintoretto* (over the window). The surrender of Zara.
16. *Andrea Vicentino.* Alexius Comnenus implores the help of the Venetians in behalf of his father Isaac.
17. *Palma Giovane.* The Venetians and French, led by the blind Doge Dandolo, take Constantinople in 1203.
18. *Domenico Tintoretto.* The Crusaders and Venetians take Constantinople for the second time (when the bronze horses were carried off), in 1204.
19. *Andrea Vicentino.* Baldwin of Flanders elected Emperor of the East by the Crusaders in Santa Sophia.
20. *Aliense.* The Coronation of Baldwin of Flanders by Enrico Dandolo.
21. *Paolo Veronese.* The Return of Doge Contarini after his Victory over the Genoese at Chioggia.

Above these pictures are the portraits of 72 Doges, beginning from A.D. 809. The space which should have the portrait of **Marino Faliero** is covered with black, and has the inscription: 'Hic est locus Marini Falethri decapitati pro criminibus.'—(April, 1355.)

' Le patricien appartient à la République ; dès l'âge de vingt-cinq ans, il lui doit son intelligence, l'illustration de son nom, ses facultés spéciales comme légiste, comme diplomate, comme soldat.'—*Yriarte.*

From this Hall we enter the **Sala dello Scrutinio**, occupying the rest of the façade towards the Piazzetta. Here the 41 nobles were elected, by whom the Doge was afterwards chosen. Opposite the entrance is a representation of the Triumphal Arch erected by the Senate in 1694 to Doge Francesco Morosini, surnamed **'Peloponnesiaco,'** after his conquest of the Morea. The walls are covered with historical pictures. On the entrance wall is a Last Judgment by *Palma Giovane.* The Conquest of Zara is by Tintoretto.

Opposite the entrance of the Library (third ticket) is that of the **Archæological Museum.** A passage, lined with indifferent sculpture, leads to the **Stanza degli Scarlatti**, once the bedroom of the Doge, with a grand chimney-piece erected for Doge Agostino Barbarigo (1480–1501), and supposed to be the work of Pietro Lombardo.

The **Sala dello Scudo** is the room where the shield of arms of a Doge was placed upon his election. The walls are hung with maps of the discoveries made by Venetian navigators. Here is the map of the world—*Mappamondo*—of Fra Mauro, one of the most precious memorials of mediæval geography, executed between 1457 and 1459.

The **Stanza degli Scudieri**, now called *Sala de' Rilievi*, is filled with poor sculpture, but also contains the lower portion of a seated figure, supposed by Waldstein to form part of the pediment of the Parthenon.

The **Sala d' Udienza del Doge** (which also opens from the Sala dello Scudo) is now occupied by a collection of ancient busts.

Let into the wall of a passage leading to what were the private rooms of the Doge, only shown with an order, is a memorial of the monument—formerly in the vestibule of S. Marco—of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, banished for life by Richard II. for his quarrel with Bolingbroke, Earl of Hereford, afterwards King Henry IV. He died, September 22, 1399, at Venice, whence his descendants removed his remains to England in 1533. His sepulchral stone, covered with allegorical sculpture, was sent to England in 1840.

> 'Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
> For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
> Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
> Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
> And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
> To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
> His body to that pleasant country's earth,
> And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
> Under whose colours he had fought so long.'
>
> *Shakespeare*, '*Richard II.*,' Act iv. Sc. 1.

From the loggia (fourth ticket) we can reach the passage to the still used prisons by the *Bridge of Sighs*, Ponte dei Sospiri.

That 'pathetic swindle,' the **Ponte dei Sospiri**, only dates from the end of the sixteenth century, since which there has only been a single instance (that of Antonio Foscarini) of political imprisonment. It led from the criminal courts in the palace to the criminal prisons on the other side of the Rio Canal.

'The Rio façade of the Ducal Palace (seen from the Bridge of Sighs), though very sparing in colour, is yet, as an example of finished masonry in a vast building, one of the finest things, not only in Venice, but in the world. It differs from every other work of the Byzantine Renaissance, in being on a very large scale; and it still retains one pure gothic character, which adds a little to its nobleness, that of perpetual variety. There is hardly one window of it, or one panel, that is like another; and this continued change so increases its apparent size by confusing the eye, that though presenting no bold features or striking masses of any kind, there are few things in Italy more impressive than the vision of it overhead, as the gondola glides from beneath the Bridge of Sighs.'—'*Stones of Venice.*' iii. 25.

From the entrance to the same passage we may also descend to the **Pozzi**, a series of horrible prisons used for political offenders. The criminal cells were protected from damp by a thick wooden casing (as was done with the interesting imperial prisons recently discovered in the Forum), but there were stone dens on or below the level of the canal, which often overflowed them. Cells are of course shown as those of Foscari and his son, Novello di Carrara, and others, with equally doubtful authenticity. The low door is pointed out where some offenders were secretly strangled, others beheaded; and the blocked-up door by which bodies were conveyed away, those of the rich to the Cimiterio dei Giustiziati, those of the poor to be sunk in the Canale dei Orfani. The window is shown by which the condemned made their confession. In one of the prisons are inscriptions left by prisoners upon the walls, of which the most celebrated is :—

"Di chi mi fido guardami Iddio;
Di chi non mi fido guarderò io."

'I descended from the cheerful day into two ranges, one below another, of dismal, awful, horrible stone cells. They were quite dark. Each had a loophole in its massive wall, where, in the old time, every day a torch was placed, to light the prisoners within, for half-an-hour. The captives, by the glimmering of these brief rays, had cut and scratched inscriptions in the blackened vaults. I saw them. For their labour with the rusty nail's point had outlived their agony and them through many generations.

'One cell I saw, in which no man remained for more than four-and-twenty hours, being marked for dead before he entered it. Hard by another, and a dismal one, whereto, at midnight, the confessor came—a monk, brown-robed and hooded—ghastly in the day and free bright air, but in the midnight of the murky prison, Hope's extinguisher and Murder's herald. I had my foot upon the spot where, at the same dread hour, the shriven prisoner was strangled; and struck my hand upon the guilty door —low-browed and stealthy—through which the lumpish sack was carried out into a boat and rowed away, and drowned where it was death to cast a net.

'Around this dungeon stronghold, and above some parts of it, licking the rough walls without, and smearing them with damp and slime within;

stuffing dank weeds and refuse into chinks and crevices, as if the very stones and bars had mouths to stop; furnishing a smooth road for the removal of the bodies of the secret victims of the State—a road so ready that it went along with them, and ran before them, like a cruel officer—flowed the water.'—*Dickens.*

'Besides the *piombi* and the *camerotti*, the State Inquisitors possessed nineteen horrible prisons underground in the same Ducal Palace. These resemble tombs; but they are called the *pozzi*, because there is always two feet of water, which penetrates by the same grating through which they receive a little light. This grating is only a foot square. Unless the wretch condemned to live in these loathsome vaults prefers a foot-bath of salt water, he is obliged to remain all day seated on a trestle which does duty for table and bed.'—*Casanova.*

'Horrible dark damp cells, that would make the saddest life in the free light and air seem bright and desirable.'—*George Eliot*, 1860.

It needs scarcely be noted that the 'Piombi' were never the prison of Carmagnola or of his time; but belong to a subsequent date. The foundations of the older prisons lie between the Palace and the riva. The following names were applied by prisoners to characterise the different cells: 'Volcano,' 'Leonessa,' 'Schiavona,' 'Fresca zoa' ('fresh jewel'); and similar epithets are to be heard in the modern prison of the city today.

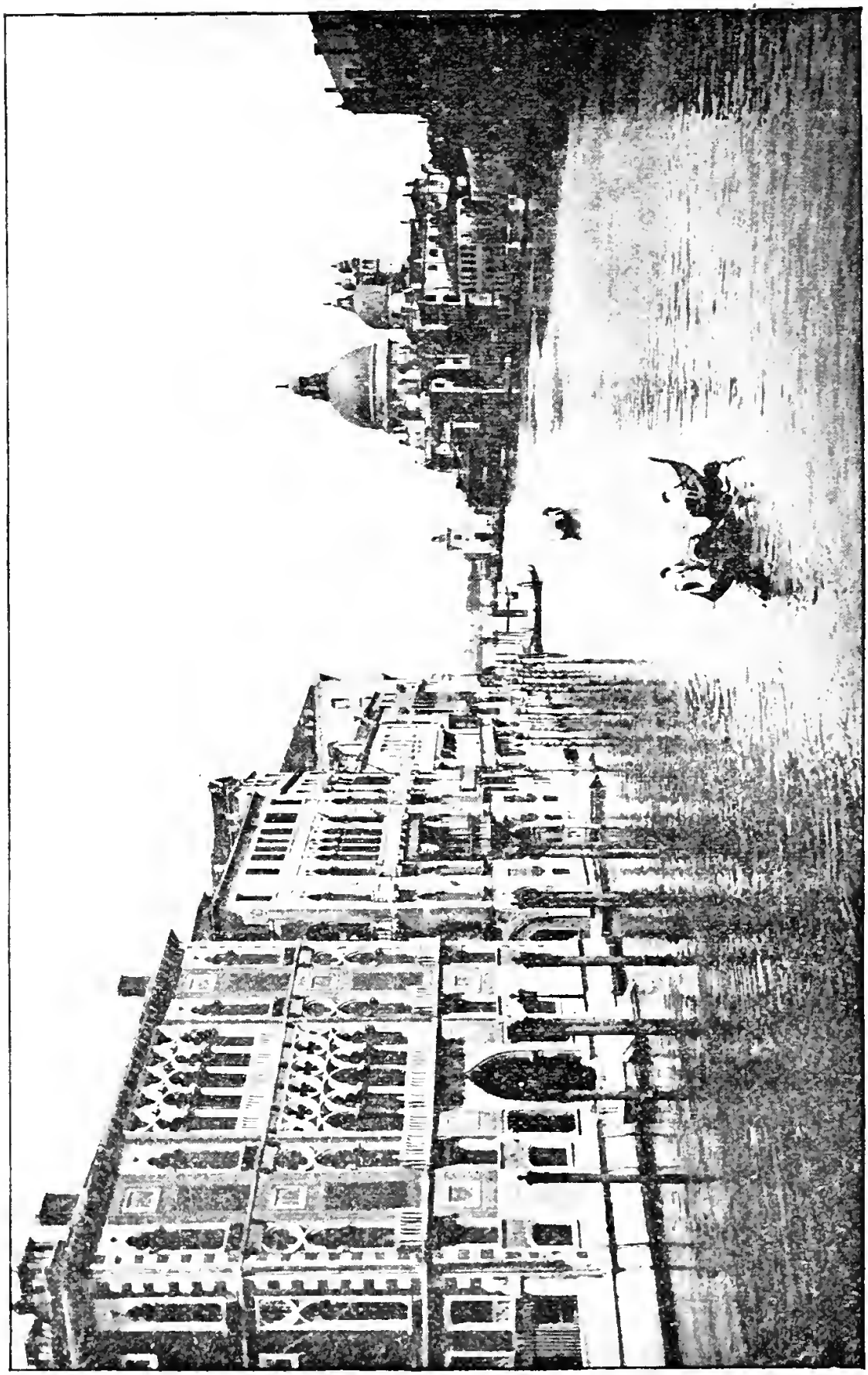
'The **Council of Ten,** which had a hand in everything, which disposed without appeal of life and death, of financial affairs and military appointments, which included the Inquisitors among its number, and which overthrew the **Foscari,** as it had overthrown so many powerful men before,—this Council was yearly chosen afresh from the whole governing body, the **Gran Consilio,** and consequently was the most direct expression of its will. It is not probable that serious intrigues occurred at these elections, as the short duration of the office and the accountability which followed rendered it an object of no great desire. But violent and mysterious as the proceedings of this and other authorities might be, the genuine Venetian conoted rather than fled their sentence, not only because the Republic had long arms, and if it could not catch him, might punish his family, but because in most cases it acted from national motives, and not from a thirst for blood. No State has ever exercised a greater moral influence over its subjects, whether abroad or at home. Every Venetian away from home was a born spy for his Government. It was a matter of course that the Venetian Cardinals at Rome sent home news of the transactions of secret Papal Consistories. Cardinal **D. Grimani** had the dispatches intercepted in the neighbourhood of Rome (1500) which Ascanio Sforza was sending to his brother Ludovico il Moro, and forwarded them to Venice: his father at that time exposed to a serious accusation, claimed public credit for this service of his son before the Gran Consilio.'—*Burckhardt.*

CHAPTER III

THE GRAND CANAL

HAVING visited the group of buildings around S. Mark's, the traveller cannot do better than engage a gondolier at the Piazzetta and bid him row leisurely up and down the **Grand Canal** (which the Venetians call *Canalazzo*), in order to gain a general impression of the palaces, to be more minutely studied afterwards. It has been called the finest curved street in the world and has a breadth varying from 30 to 70 yards, and a length of nearly two miles, resembling an S turned the wrong way, and it lies N.W.–S.E. dividing the city. Many of the buildings also of the Grand Canal, unlike the rest of Venice, can in most cases only be seen from the water. Those who visit its palaces on foot must make constant use of the *traghetti*,[1] (ferries) which, shaded by their little pergolas, 'send out the perfume of vine flowers along the canal,' and the bridges, great and small. The public gondolas cross as ferryboats, and here, in the shade, the most picturesque groups may often be seen, of *facchini* gossiping with the gondoliers, or market-women from Mestre waiting with their baskets overflowing with fruits and greenery. Here a peculiar class of beggars are always stationed, pretending to pull your gondola to the shore, and really doing you no service whatever, called by the Venetians *gransieri*, or crab-catchers. Here we may observe that the type from the lagoons, especially the masculine type, is now that which Carlo Gozzi describes as 'bianco, biondo, e grassotto,' rather than the dark, bronzed, and grave figures of Giorgione. Gravity certainly is washed out of the Venetian character, and, in the places where dry land affords a meeting-ground, nothing can exceed the energy, excitement, and vivacity displayed—almost like that of Naples; and even where a shrine is marked by its red lamp on its little landing-place, you seldom

[1] The guilds of the Traghetti or ferrymen still survive, a relic of the old Venetian Republic. A sick brother still receives a daily pittance during illness, and the *gastaldo*, or chief officer, and four brethren of his Traghetto, always attend his funeral.



The Grand Canal.

see one silent figure kneeling, but two or three votaries pressing forward to the Madonna at once, as if they had a secret to confide to her. It is an ever-changing diorama.

'You will see Venice—glide as though in dreams
Midmost a hollowed opal: for her sky,
Mirrored upon the ocean pavement, seems
At dawn and eve to build in vacancy
A wondrous bubble-dome of wizardry,
Suspended where the light, all ways alike
Circumfluent, upon her sphere may strike.

There Titian, Tintoret, and Giambellin,
And that strong master of a myriad hues,
The Veronese, like flowers with odours keen,
Shall smite your brain with splendours: they confuse
The soul that wandering in their world must lose
Count of our littleness, and cry that then
The gods we dream of walked the earth like men.'

J. A. Symonds.

As **S. Maria della Salute** is the most prominent object, we will begin by noting the principal objects on the left, marking those on the right as we return.

Entering the Grand Canal, the first building on the left is the **Dogana,** of 1676.

'The statue of **Fortune,** forming the weathercock, standing on the world, is alike characteristic of the conceits of the time and of the hopes and principles of the last days of Venice.'—*Ruskin.*

Then comes the **Seminario Patriarchale** (entered from the Campo della Salute), built by *Baldassare Longhena* (1670). Its oratory contains the graves of several Venetian patriarchs, and the tomb of the architect Jacopo **Sansovino,** with a terra-cotta bust by *Alessandro Vittoria:* in the sacristy are statues of SS. Cecilia and Caterina by *Tullio Lombardo.*

The **Cloisters** contain a number of sculptures and inscriptions from suppressed convents and churches, many of them of historic interest. We may notice—

The Inscription from the tomb erected in S. Marina by the Doge and Senate to the brave Captain Taddeo Volpe da Imola, 1534. Above hang the keys of Padua, which hung in S. Marina over the tomb of Doge Michael Steno, in whose reign (1405) Padua fell into the hands of Venice.

Bust of Lorenzo Bragadin, by *Girolamo Campagna.*

Bust of the physician G. B. Peranda, by *Aless. Vittoria,* 1586.

Tomb of Antonio Corner, 16th century.

Front of the sarcophagus of Vitale and his wife Paolina, 9th century.

Inscription from the tomb of the popular Doge Niccolò da Ponte, by *Vincenzo Scamozzi* (1585), to overlook which the Procuratore Marc Antonio Barbaro ('Le Patricien à Venise') was appointed by the Senate. This was removed from the Church of La Carità.

Tomb of Doge Francesco Dandolo, with a relief of the Death of the Virgin, 1339.

'It might have been thought that the ashes of the great Doge Francesco Dandolo were honourable enough to have been permitted to rest undisturbed in the chapter-house of the Frari, where they were first laid. But, as if there was not room enough, nor waste houses enough in the whole desolate city, to receive a few convent papers, the monks, wanting an "archivio," have separated the tomb into three pieces: the canopy, a simple arch sustained on brackets, still remains on the blank walls of the desecrated chamber; the sarcophagus has been transported to a kind of museum of antiquities, established in what was once the cloister of Santa Maria della Salute; and the painting which filled the lunette behind it is hung far out of sight, at one end of the sacristy of the same church. The sarcophagus is completely charged with bas-reliefs; and its two extremities are the types of S. Mark and S. John; in front, a noble sculpture of the Death of the Virgin; at the angles, angels holding vases. The whole space is occupied by the sculpture; there are no spiral shafts or panelled divisions; only a basic plinth below, and crowning plinth above, the sculpture being raised from a deep concave field between the two; but, in order to give piquancy and picturesqueness to the mass of figures, two small trees are introduced at the head and foot of the Madonna's couch, an oak and a stone pine.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

Gravestone of Fra Fulgenzio Micanzio, the friend and companion of Fra Paolo Sarpi, 1664.

Inscription from the tomb of the painters Francesco and Jacobello del Fiore, 1433.

Tomb of Carlo Ridolfi, author of 'The Lives of Venetian Painters,' 1668.

The **Museo Statuario** contains :

Statue of Tommaso Rangoni of Ravenna, by *Aless. Vittoria*, brought from S. Giuliano.

Kneeling figure of Doge Agostino Barbarigo, in whose reign Rimini, Faenza, and Cyprus were added to the domains of the Republic. This figure, attributed to *Bartolommeo da Rovezzano*, was brought from the magnificent tomb of the brothers Barbarigo at La Carità. Opposite the figure of Barbarigo knelt the (lost?) statue of his brother Doge Marco, who preceded him, and who died (1486) of a broken heart from his ill-treatment.

Part of the portal of the house of Bajamonte Tiepolo, destroyed by decree of the Senate in 1314.

S. Andrea, a bas-relief of 1362, with admirable drapery.

Bacchic altar, brought hither from Burano, originally perhaps from Altino.

A noble sixteenth century staircase by *Longhena* leads to the *Pinacoteca Manfredini.* It contains :

**Boltraffio* (*?*) The Holy Family, with a violin-player, and the arms of the Sforza.
Titian. Portrait of Pietro Aretino.

The *Library* is rich in Venetian history, and possesses a MS. 'Decamerone' of 1449. Above the door of the Refectory is a fresco of Paolo Veronese (1551), brought from Soranza.

Grand marble steps form the approach from the canal to the *Church of* **Santa Maria della Salute,** which commemorates the deliverance of Venice from the Plague of 1630–31, in which 46,490 persons were carried off in sixteen months within the city, whilst the number of those who died in the lagoons amounted to 94,235.

'Santa Maria della Salute was built by Baldassare Longhena in 1632, according to a decree of the Senate, as a votive offering to the Virgin for having stayed the plague which devastated the city in 1630. Considering the age in which it was erected, it is singularly pure, and it is well adapted to its site, showing its principal façade to the Grand Canal, while its two domes and two bell-towers group most pleasingly in every point of view from which Venice can be entered on that side. Externally it is open to the criticism of being rather too overloaded with decoration; but there is very little of even this that is unmeaning, or put there merely for the sake of ornament. Internally the great dome is only 65 feet in diameter, but it is surrounded by an aisle, or rather by eight side-chapels opening into it through the eight great pier arches; making the whole floor of this, which is practically the nave of the church, 107 feet in diameter.'—*Fergusson.*

'Is it possible, said Browning, that wise men disapprove of these quaint buttresses? To me they seem to rise out of the sea like gigantic shells.'—*Mrs. Bronson's Recollections.*

The pillars of this church were brought from the noble amphitheatre of Pola. Before the high-altar is a grand bronze candelabrum by *Andrea Bresciano.* The vault of the **choir** is by **Titian**; a picture of Venice imploring deliverance from pestilence, by *Fiammingo.*

The **Ante-Sacristy** contains, amongst other pictures :

Titian. S. Mark, a grand figure, with the shadow of a cloud fallen across him. On the left are SS. Cosmo and Damiano; on the right, S. Roch and S. Sebastian, with an arrow lying at his feet.
**Marco Basaiti.* S. Sebastian, in a beautiful landscape of Umbrian scenery.
Opposite there is a Pietà, a relief (15th century), by *Antonio Dentone.*

The **Sacristy** contains :

Entrance Wall. Girolamo da Treviso. S. Roch with SS. Sebastian and Jerome.
Sassoferrato. Two beautiful Madonnas.
Salviati. The Last Supper, and Saul and David.
Right. **Tintoretto. Marriage at Cana**—from the Refectory of the Crociferi; one of the few pictures of the artist signed with his name.

'An immense picture, some twenty-five feet long by fifteen high, and said by Lazari to be one of the few which Tintoret signed with his name. I am not surprised at his having done so in this case. Evidently the work has been a favourite with him, and he has taken as much pains as it was ever necessary for his colossal strength to take with anything. The subject is not one which admits of much singularity or energy in composition. It has always been a favourite one with Veronese, because it gave dramatic interest to figures in gay costumes and of cheerful countenances; but one is surprised to find Tintoret, whose tone of mind was always grave, and who did not like to make a picture out of brocades and diadems, throwing his whole strength into the conception of a marriage feast; but so it is, and there are assuredly no female heads in any of his pictures in Venice elaborated so far as those which here form the central light. Neither is it often that the works of this mighty master conform themselves to any of the rules acted upon by ordinary painters; but in this instance the popular laws have been observed, and an academy student would be delighted to see with what severity the principal light is arranged in a central mass, which is divided and made more brilliant by a vigorous piece of shadow thrust into the midst of it, and which dies away in lesser fragments and sparkling towards the extremities of the picture. This mass of light is as interesting by its composition as by its intensity. The cicerone who escorts the stranger round the sacristy in the course of five minutes, which allows him some forty seconds for the contemplation of a picture which the study of six months would not entirely fathom, directs his attention very carefully to the "bell' effetto di prospettivo," the whole merit of the picture being, in the eyes of the intelligent public, that there is a long table in it, one end of which looks farther off than the other; but there is more in the "bell' effetto di prospettivo" than the observance of the common law of optics. The table is set in a spacious chamber, of which the windows at the end let in the light from the horizon, and those in the side wall the intense blue of an Eastern sky. The spectator looks all along the table, at the farther end of which are seated Christ and the Madonna, the marriage guests on each side of it—on one side men, on the other women; the men are set with their backs to the light, which, passing over their heads and glancing slightly on the tablecloth, falls in full length along the line of young Venetian women, who thus fill the whole centre of the picture with one broad sunbeam, made up of fair faces and golden hair.[1] Close to the spectator a woman has risen in amazement, and stretches across the table to show the wine in her cup to those opposite;

[1] To give the golden tint (handed down in Venetian pictures) to their hair, the city beauties used to steep their hair in a special preparation and then dry it in the sun. For this purpose they sat for hours in their balconies, with broad-brimmed perforated hats, without crowns, shading their complexions, and their hair falling over them.

her dark red dress intercepts and enhances the mass of gathered light. It is rather curious, considering the subject of the picture, that one cannot distinguish either the bride or bridegroom; but the fourth figure from the Madonna in the line of women, who wears a white head-dress of lace and rich chains of pearls in her hair, may well be accepted for the former, and I think that between her and the woman on the Madonna's left hand the unity of the line of women is intercepted by a male figure. The tone of the whole picture is sober and majestic in the highest degree; the dresses are all broad masses of colour, and the only parts of the picture which lay claim to the expression of wealth or splendour are the head-dresses of the women. In this respect the conception of the scene differs widely from that of Veronese, and approaches more nearly to the probable truth. Still the marriage is not an unimportant one; an immense crowd, filling the background, forming a superbly rich mosaic of colour against the distant sky. Taken as a whole, the picture is perhaps the most perfect example which human art has produced of the utmost possible force and sharpness of shadow united with richness of local colour. This picture unites colour as rich as Titian's with light and shade as forcible as Rembrandt's, and far more decisive.—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' iii.

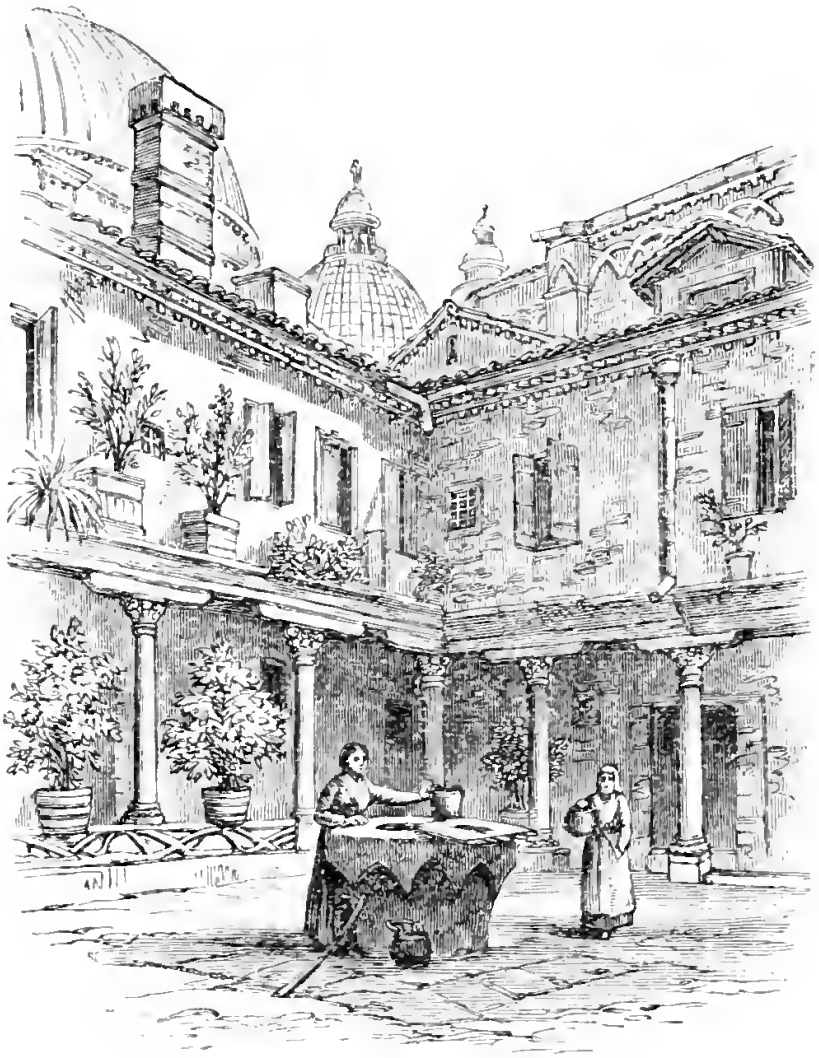
Palma Giovane. Samson.
The altar-piece of the Virgin and Child is by *Il Padovanino.*

The **Little Sacristy** contains a fourteenth-century relief of the Coronation of the Virgin. On the **festa** of the Salute, two pontoon-bridges, for coming and going, are thrown across the canal in front of the church.

Festa.—'From the very earliest morning the tramp of feet begins beneath one's window, and sleep is impossible. It is best to rise and go with the crowd. On the day of the Salute there are two bridges (pontoons) thrown across the Grand Canal. The gondoliers of those ferries where the bridges cross receive three lire apiece in compensation for the work they lose. The cloaked and mufflered throng looks dim and ghostly in the doubtful morning light, as it streams across the bridges. All around the open space by the church stalls are set up, and a small fair goes actively forward with the sale of hot fish, coffee, statuettes of the Saints in plaster, rosaries, "portraits" of Madonna, pamphlets of her miracles; but above all, Gallani, a mixture the Venetians delight in at this season. It is made of flour, lard, and white of egg, raised to a froth, like whipped cream, by the yeast that is beaten up in it. They serve it to you in little conical cups of pastry. At 10.30 the great function takes place. The procession of all the parishes musters in the Piazza S. Marco. The priests of each parish wear different coloured stoles to distinguish them from one another; and the procession as it moves slowly over the bridge resembles some huge serpent with bands of various hues upon his skin.'—*H. Brown*, '*Life on the Lagoons.*'

Close to S. Maria, on the right, is the fine gothic *Church of* **S. Gregorio** of 1342, now used as a magazine. A rich gothic doorway in the low wall beyond admits to the courtyard of the **Abbazia** *di S. Gregorio* (founded in 1342 by monks of S. Ilario,

successors of those who had fled from the persecution of Ezzelino in 1247), now let in tenements, but indescribably picturesque, with its cloister five bays square, carried on columns with exquisite capitals, its ancient well of red marble,



In the Abazzia di S. Gregorio.

and the masses of flowers which adorn its windows and parapets. Combined with the grand dome of S. Maria in the background, or with its porch opening on the glistening canal and the old palaces on the opposite shore, it is a glorious subject for an artist, and an easel is generally there.

'The loveliest cortile I know in Venice.'—*Ruskin.*

The entrance from the Grand Canal is in itself a gem, consisting of four 'cordonate' with rosettes in panels for ornament around the door, with S. Gregory in the tympanum above it; and flanking it on either side, is a trefoil-headed window. Within, all the former arches with their traceries have been jumbled together and used up to form the present plinth-footing of the ambulatory.

Beyond S. Maria, as the canal opens, we see a vista of palaces.

'The very first point to be observed is that **in Venice Architecture was never essentially constructional in the sense in which it was in our own land**. The **pointed Arch** is rarely used except in churches, and in its place traceries (increased in size and scale to do their work), are often made to carry the entire weight of walling above them, as is the case in the second stage of the **Ducal Palace**. And it is remarkable that when the arch was used, from a very early date it was the **Ogee-Arch**, and not the Arch formed by two simple curves; indeed, it may be said almost that the pure pointed Arch was never used, save where it would have been quite impossible with any other contrivance to bridge the necessary gap, or provide sufficiently for the weight to be supported. How striking a contrast this is to the way in which in England men worked with, and exhibited the pointed arch, evidently because they loved it,—using it not only as a sturdy servant to do heavy work, but as a friend of whose friendship they were ever anxious to boast. I do not complain of the **flatness** and lack of breaks or indentations in the masses of their great buildings, because this, no doubt, arose in part from the value of every foot of ground so hardly won from the sea, and the difficulty of throwing out buttresses into the narrow depths of the canals out of which they rise. And the same conditions which enforced this flatness are grateful because they involved the charming **balconies** which are so peculiarly Venetian.'—*G. Street.*

'The charm which Venice still possesses, and which for the last fifty years has made it the favourite haunt of all the painters of picturesque subjects, is owing to the effect of the gothic palaces mingled with those of the Renaissance.

'The effect is produced in two different ways. The renaissance palaces are not more picturesque in themselves than the club-houses of Pall Mall; but they become delightful by the contrast of their severity and refinement with the rich and rude confusion of the sea-life beneath them, and of their white and solid masonry with the green waves. Remove from beneath them the orange sails of the fishing-boats, the black gliding of the gondolas, the cumbered decks and rough crews of the barges of traffic, and the fretfulness of the green water along their foundations, and the renaissance palaces possess no more interest than those of London or Paris. But the gothic palaces are picturesque in themselves, and wield over us an independent power. Sea and sky and every other accessory might be taken away from them, and still they would be beautiful and strange.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

'While other Italian cities have each some ten or twelve prominent structures on which their claim to architectural fame is based, Venice numbers her specimens by hundreds; and the residence of the simple

citizen is often as artistic as the palace of the proudest noble. No other city possesses such a school of Architectural Art as applied to domestic purposes; and if we must look for types from which to originate a style suitable to our modern wants, it is among the Venetian examples of the early part of the sixteenth century that we should probably find what is best suited to our purposes.'—*Fergusson.*

Passing the beautiful Lombard front of the **Palazzo Dario** of 1450, inlaid with circular disks of precious coloured marbles, we reach the mosaic manufactory of Salviati. We now pass the **Palazzo Loredan.** Don Carlos (Charles VII.) of Spain inhabits the palace, where his arms appear over the door, and the *palli* are painted red and yellow, the Spanish colours.

The other side of the Palazzo Loredan looks upon the Campo S. Vito (S. Vio in Venetian), named from a church built in 912 by the families Magno and Vido, and repaired in the fourteenth century with marbles taken from the destroyed houses of Bajamonte Tiepolo (1310), who was outlawed.

'The church was once the honoured resting-place of the Beata Contessa Tagliapietra, a noble maid, whose pretty story might have served the pencil of Carpaccio. She lived with her father on the other side of the Grand Canal, and from the very first she showed great piety, and a passion for the service of the Church. In season and out of season, the child would steal away to the shrine of S. Vito, and remain for hours in ecstasy and prayer. Her father thought such conduct ill-becoming in a gentle maid; but finding remonstrance of no avail, he sent down orders to the gondoliers at the *traghetto* below his windows to refuse his daughter passage. When the child came down to the *traghetto* one day, and found she could not cross, without a moment's hesitation she set foot upon the water, and so, to the amazement of all, she won her way to her favourite shrine, and achieved her place in the hierarchy of heaven.'—*Horatio F. Brown*, '*Life on the Lagoons.*'

Next comes the Lombard *Palazzo Manzoni* of c 1465. Here, passing under the hideous iron bridge, we arrive at the steps of the *Campo della Carità*—the Field of Charity—belonging to the ancient convent of La Carità, which dates from the thirteenth century, and where the proud Alexander III. took refuge during his exile. In the conventual church Doge Niccolò da Ponte was buried in 1585: part of his tomb by Scamozzi is now in the cloister of the Seminario Patriarchale. The conventual buildings are now occupied by—

The **Accademia** (notice the fine brick cornice of intersecting arches along the side) (open daily on week days from 9 to 3, on payment of 1 fr. per head; on Sundays from 10 to 2, free).[1]

[1] The Academy may be reached on foot in ten minutes from the Piazza S. Marco, by St. Moisè, S. Maria Zobenigo, and the Campo S. Stefano, on the left of which is the enrance to the bridge. The bridge itself was, till recently, almost the only modern thing in Venice, and is utterly disgraceful to it.

To left of the porch is a relief representing S. Leonard, patron of prisoners, standing with fetters in his hand, and a liberated slave kneeling on either side. To right, S. Christopher, above a Madonna in a painted niche.

The *Pinacoteca* is reached by a double staircase leading to a great hall, at the end of which the famous Assumption is seen through an archway. On the left we enter the—

1st Hall, *Sala dei Maestri Antichi*, which has a most beautiful fifteenth-century ceiling of 1496—carved, painted, and gilded—representing Christ and the Evangelists. In this and in the other rooms only the most remarkable paintings are noticed; those of the greatest importance are, as elsewhere, indicated by an asterisk.[1]

Sala I. (*dei Maestri Antichi*)—

1. *Jacobello del Fiore*, c. 1421. Paradise. On the left is the Dominican Antonio Correr, Bishop of Ceneda. From the Cathedral of Ceneda.
3. *Michele Giambono*, c. 1441. Christ with SS. John the Evangelist, Benedict, Michael, and Louis of Tolosa. Signed. From the Scuola di Cristo alla Giudecca.
9. *Lorenzo Veneziano*, 1339–1379. Ancona, with the Annunciation and Saints.
10. *Lorenzo Veneziano.* Ancona. Annunciation with Saints. From S. Antonio di Castello.
12. *Jacopo Moranzone*, c. 1440. The Assumption, with Angels and Saints, Benedetto and Elena and Elizabetta. From S. Elena in Isola.
18. *Simone da Cusighe*, 1394. La Madonna della Misericordia.
21. Altar-piece. The centre, representing the Coronation of the Virgin, is by *Stefano*, the Vicar of S. Agnes (1380); the smaller panels by *Semitecolo.* It is inscribed: 'MCCCLXXX—STEFAN. PLEBANVS SANCTAE AGNETIS PINXIT.'[2]

'Symmetrically, orderly, gay. In the heart of it, nobly grave.'—*Ruskin.*

24. *Michele di Matteo Lambertini*, 1440–1469. Ancona in tempera. The Crucifixion and Saints, In the predella the Discovery of the True Cross by S. Elena.
27. **Bartolomeo Vivarini.** Madonna throned, with SS. Peter Martyr, Vincent Ferrar, Anthony, and Thomas—a very beautiful picture, the Madonna evidently astonished at the Child. From the island church of the Certosa.

'A noble picture; not of any supreme genius, but completely containing the essence of Venetian art.'—*Ruskin.*

[1] Three great masters are *only* seen to perfection at Venice—Carpaccio, Bellini, and Tintoret.

[2] Nothing is known of the Vicar but that he was a Venetian painter, 'and a very cheery, lovable man he must have been,' says Ruskin.

28. *Andrea da Murano*, c. 1500—a pupil of Bart. Vivarini. Ancona. S. Roch between S. Sebastian and Peter Martyr. Signed. From S. Pietro Martire at Murano.
33. *Antonio Vivarini*, 1440. Paradise. Beneath the throne of the Virgin is a group of angels with the instruments of the Passion. The nearer figures are marvellous in expression. Signed.

Sala II. (*dell' Assunta*)—

36. *Gio. Batt. Cima da Conegliano*, c. 1460–1518. The Virgin and Child throned, with SS. Sebastian, George, Nicholas, Antonio Abbate, Catherine, and Lucy. A very lovely landscape in the background. Over-restored. From the Church of La Carità.
37. *Paolo Veronese.* The Virgin with SS. Joseph, John Baptist, Justina, Francis, and Jerome. From S. Zaccharia. There is a replica of this picture in the Capitol at Rome.

'Certes, les amateurs de la vérité vraie ne retrouveront pas ici l'humble intérieur du pauvre charpentier. Cette colonne en brocatelle rose de Vérone, cet opulent rideau ramagé, dont les plis à riche cassure forment le fond du tableau, annoncent une habitation princière; mais la sainte famille est plutôt une apothéose que la représentation exacte du pauvre ménage de Joseph. La présence de ce S. François portant une palme, de ce prêtre en camail et de cette sainte sur la nuque de laquelle s'enroule, comme une corne d'Ammon, une brillante torsade de cheveux d'or à la mode vénitienne, l'estrade quasi royale où trône la Mère divine, présentant son bambin à l'adoration, le prouvent surabondamment.'—*T. Gautier.*

38. **Giovanni Bellini**, 1428–1516. **The Virgin and six Saints.** A most beautiful picture, painted for a chapel at S. Giobbe, which was especially arranged to bring all its beauties into relief. It is the crowning work of this great master, which established his fame, and led to his employment by the State.

'Alone worth a modern exhibition building, hired fiddlers and all. The third best John Bellini in Venice, and probably in the world.'—*Ruskin.*

'Finely thought out is the concentration of light on the Virgin, seated with the Babe on her knee, looking forward as if struck by some external event, yet full of calm benevolence; varied the movements of the three angels playing instruments at her feet; kindly, in their meditative submission, the passive S. Francis, the praying Job, the attentive Baptist, the wounded S. Sebastian, the eager SS. Dominic and Louis; a broad system of shadows, tempered to suit the gloom of the chapel for which the picture was intended, completes the attraction.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

39. *Marco Basaiti*, 1510. The calling of the Sons of Zebedee. From the Certosa. Beautiful, though inferior to the same subject at Vienna.

'In this picture the *naïve* simplicity of the attitudes, the expression of humility in the countenances of the two brothers, and their strictly apostolical character, cannot fail to excite our admiration.'—*Rio.*

40. **Titian** (Tiziano Vecellio), 1477–1576. **The Assumption.** A most important picture of the master, brought from the Church of the Frari. Signed *Ticianus.*

'Fra Marco Germano, head of the convent [of the Frari], who ordered this picture at his own expense, and fitted it when completed into a fine framework of marble for the high-altar, had many criticisms to make during the frequent visits he paid to the painter at this work. Titian was troubled, indeed, by all the ignorant brethren coming and going, *molestato dalle frequenti visite loro*, and by *il poco loro intendimento*, their small understanding of the necessities of art. They were all of opinion that the Apostles in the foreground were too large, *di troppo smisurate grandezze*, and though he took no small trouble to persuade them that the figures must be in proportion to the vastness of the space and the position which the picture was to occupy, yet nevertheless the monks continued to grumble and shake their heads. But when the Emperor's envoy offered a large sum if they would give it up in order that he might send it to his master, the *frati* began to think it better to hold by their bargain. "The fathers in chapter," says Ridolfi, "decided, after the opinion of the most prudent, not to give up the picture to any one, recognising finally that art was not their profession, and that the use of the breviary did not convey a knowledge of painting." '—*Oliphant*, '*The Makers of Venice.*'

'The Madonna is a powerful figure, borne rapidly upwards as if divinely impelled. Head, figure, attitude, drapery, and colour are all beautiful. Fascinating groups of infant angels surround her; beneath stand the Apostles, looking up with solemn gestures.'—*Kugler.*

41. **Tintoretto** (Jacopo Robusti), 1512–1594. **The Death of Abel,** from the Scuola di S. Marco.

'One of the most wonderful works in the whole gallery.'—*Ruskin.*

42. **Tintoretto.** S. Mark delivering a Slave condemned to Death. A work of genius, but not a pleasing picture. Signed.

'Ce tableau a pour sujet le saint patron de Venise venant à l'aide d'un pauvre esclave qu'un maitre barbare faisait tourmenter et géhenner à cause de l'obstinée dévotion que ce pauvre diable avait à ce saint. L'esclave est étendu à terre sur une croix entourée de bourreaux affairés, qui font de vains efforts pour l'attacher au bois infâme. Les clous rebroussent, les maillets se rompent, les haches volent en éclats ; plus miséricordieux que les hommes, les instruments de supplice s'émoussent aux mains des tortionnaires : les curieux se regardent et chuchotent étonnés, le juge se penche du haut du tribunal poir voir pourquoi l'on n'exécute pas ses ordres, tandis que S. Marc, dans un des raccourcis les plus violemment strapassés que la peinture ait jamais risqués, pique une tête du ciel et fait un plongeon sur la terre, sans nuages, sans ailes, sans chérubims, sans aucun des moyens aérostatiques employés ordinairement dans les tableaux de sainteté, et vient délivrer celui qui a eu foi en lui. Cette figure vigoureuse, athlétiquement muselée, de proportion colossale, fendant l'air comme le rocher lancé par une catapulte, produit l'effet le plus singulier. Le dessin a une telle puissance de jet, que le saint massif se soutient à l'œil et ne tombe pas ; c'est un vrai tour de force.' —*T. Gautier.*

43. **Tintoretto. Adam and Eve.** The lovely Eve offers the unwilling Adam the apple. In the distance, on the right, the guilty pair are driven out of Paradise, pursued by an angel of light—wrapt in fire. A splendid example of the master. From the Scuola della Trinità.
44. **Vittore Carpaccio**, 1510. **The Presentation of Christ** in the Temple. The lovely smiling Babe is perhaps the most exquisite Infant Saviour of painting. Below are three angels with musical instruments. A picture to study in its marvellous beauty, truthfulness, and detail, even to the lovely little pictures on the edge of the robe of S. Simeon. The artist was stimulated to his utmost efforts, because the masterpiece of Bellini, whom he never approached so closely as in this picture, was placed in the same church of S. Giobbe from which this was taken.
45. *Paolo Veronese* (over the door). Venice throned, with Hercules and Ceres.

Sala III. Of different Italian schools—

47. *Piero della Francesca*, 1398–1484. A man supposed to be Girolamo Malatesta, son-in-law of Federigo d'Urbino, kneeling before his patron, S. Jerome. Signed. A poor example of this interesting master.
48. *Gentile da Fabriano*, 1370–1428. Madonna on a gold ground—much repainted. Above is a delicate Annunciation in chiaroscuro.
54. *Beata Caterina Vigri* (a nun of Bologna), 1413–1463. S. Ursula with four holy woe-begone Virgins. Signed.
56. *Garofalo* (*Benvenuto Tisi*), 1481–1559. Madonna between S. John and S. Augustine, S. Peter, and S. Paul. Signed. Much restored. From the Parish Church of Ariano.
57. *Bernardino da Siena.* Coronation of the Virgin, between S. Peter and S. Paul. Signed.

Sala IV. *Dei Disegni.*

Numerous sketches of *Leonardo da Vinci* and *Raffaelle* here are of great beauty and importance.

Sala V. (*dei Belliniani*)—

68. *Marco Basaiti.* S. George, with a beautiful mountain background. From the Fabriceria di S. Pietro in Castello.
69. **Marco Basaiti.** The Agony in the Garden. In two groups SS. Francis, Louis, Dominic, and Mark are seen. A lovely example of the master; the sunset sky exquisite. From S. Giobbe.

'The still pathos of nature is remarkable in this picture, where the fading light and leafless trees seem to point to a new morrow and a new summer. Here the disciples sleep full in the foreground, in the form of a pyramid, of which one, full length on his back, forms the base.

Christ is on an elevation behind, where the painter seems instinctively to have felt the anomaly of placing him, and therefore gives him another form of prominence by the force of the figure against the twilight sky. This is a devotional picture, with saints on each side. The lamp is a quaint device to show its destination upon an altar.'—*Eastlake*, '*Hist. of our Lord.*'

70. *Andrea Previtali* of Bergamo (a pupil of Gio. Bellini), 1470–1558. Madonna and Saints.
Unn. *Marco Bello.* Madonna and Child with S. John—a very lovely picture, though somewhat feeble in drawing.
Unn. *Marco Basaiti*, 1520. S. George—most beautiful, though injured. From S. Pietro in Castello.
76. *Marco Marziale*, 1506. The Supper at Emmaus—a very curious example of a rare and harsh Germanized master, who followed Carpaccio.
78. *Bartolomeo Montagna* of Vicenza, c. 1480–1523. Christ between SS. Roch and Sebastian. A striking picture—S. Sebastian in deepest adoration. From the Church of S. Rocco at Vicenza.
79. *Francesco Bissolo* of Treviso, c. 1492–1530. The Saviour gives the crown of thorns to S. Catherine. Above is God the Father, and around are SS. Peter, Paul, James the Less, Mary Magdalen, and the Archangel Raffael with Tobias. From S. Pietro Martire at Murano.

'A calm religious spirit pervades this picture, and gives it a special charm.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

80. *Bartolomeo Montagna.* Madonna and Saints. From S. Rocco at Vicenza.
81. *Andrea Busati.* S. Mark throned between S. Andrew and S. Francis. Signed.
82. *Benedetto Diana* (a pupil of Giov. Bellini). The Virgin throned, with SS. Jerome, Benedict, Mary Magdalen, and Justina. Signed. From S. Luca at Padua.
83. *Benedetto Diana.* Madonna and Child between SS. Jerome and Francis.
84. *Benedetto Diana.* Madonna and Saints.
85. *Girolamo Pennachi* of Treviso, c. 1500. Christ amongst the Doctors. Formerly ascribed to Giovanni da Udine.

'Christ is represented seated on a throne and disputing with the Jewish doctors, who are eagerly arguing or searching their books. In front of the composition stand S. Jerome, S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, and S. Gregory, who, with looks fixed on the youthful Saviour, appear to be reverently listening to and recording his words. This is a wholly poetical and ideal treatment of a familiar passage in the life of Christ.'—*Jameson's* '*Sacred Art.*'

85. *Benedetto Diana.* Madonna and Child throned, with SS. John Baptist, Louis, and Anna—a picture full of solemn grandeur.
89. *Vittore Carpaccio*, 1515. The Martyrs of Mount Ararat. From S. Antonio di Castello. Signed, Carpathius, MDXV.

90. *Vittore Carpaccio*, 1515. The Meeting of S. Anna and S. Joachim. On the right S. Louis of France, on the left S. Ursula. Signed. From S. Francesco at Treviso.

'And Anna went forth to meet her husband, and Joachim came from the pasture with his herds, and they met at the golden gate; and Anna ran and embraced her husband, and hung upon his neck, saying, "Now know I that the Lord hath blessed me. I who was a widow am no longer a widow: I who was barren shall become a joyful mother."'—*Legend of S. Joachim.*

91. *Vittore Carpaccio.* A Procession of Pilgrims. The scene is the destroyed Church of S. Antonio in Castello.
92. *Francesco Bissolo.* Madonna and Child.
93. *Francesco Bissolo.* The Presentation in the Temple.
94. *Francesco Bissolo.* Madonna and Saints James and Giobbe.
95. **Titian.** The Visitation of S. Elizabeth. SS. Joseph and Zacharias are present. Head of the former Saint is a substitute for the original. A Friulian cottage is in the background. Called the first picture of the artist. From the monastery of S. Andrea.
96. *Pier Maria Pennachi* of Treviso, 1464–1528. The Transfiguration.
97. *Giovanni Mansueti*, 1500. S. Sebastian, Gregory the Great, Liberale, Francis, and Roch. From S. Francesco at Treviso.
98. *Donato Veneziano.* The Crucifixion—full of fine colour; Jerusalem, with a mosque, is seen in the background.
99. *Vincenzo Catena.* Christ bound.
100. *Lazzaro Sebastiani*, c. 1500. The Nativity—a very simple and beautiful picture. SS. Eustace, James, Nicholas, and Mark.
103. *Carlo Crivelli.* SS. Jerome and Gregory—side compartments to the famous Madonna of the Brera Gallery.
104. **Lazzaro Sebastiani.** S. Francis seated in a tree with a book, S. Buonaventura and another monk beneath. It represents Franciscan Genealogy.
108. **Marco Basaiti.** The Dead Christ watched by angels. A picture full of intense repose, pathos, and tenderness. From the convent of S. Maria dei Miracoli.

Sala VI. (*del Callot*), containing mostly indifferent pictures. We may notice—

139. *J. Callot.* The Fair of Impruneta (still held near Florence)—a curious picture, with innumerable figures.

Sala VII. (*dei Friulani*), containing the original model for the Hercules and Lycas of Canova.

151. *Martino da Udine*, 1468–1547. The Annunciation—a good example of a feeble master.
154. *Girolamo da Santa Croce*, XVI. S. John the Evangelist writing.
156. *Giovanni da Udine.* Madonna and Child, with S. Joseph, Mary Magdalen, and another saint—Venetian women.

166. **Rocco Marconi** of Treviso, XV. to XVI. The Descent from the Cross—full of grandeur and touching expression. This master recalls the Spanish artist Juan de Juanes. The landscape is full of marvellous detail: observe the two white rabbits. From the Church of the Servi.

170. *Girolamo da Santa Croce.* S. Prosdecimo, Bishop. Splendid in colour. From the Church of Torresino at Padua.

Sala VIII. Flemish, and unimportant, except—

191. *Ugo van der Goes*, d. 1482. Portrait of Lorenz Fraimont—an interesting and highly-finished work, formerly attributed to Holbein. From the Galleria Manfrin.

192. *Antonio Moro*, b. 1512. Female portrait.

Sala IX. (*di Paolo Veronese*). The pictures here are too crowded, and they are hung on walls of a colour which is ruinous to their effect.

203. **Paolo Veronese**, 1528–1588. **The Supper in the House of Levi,** painted for the Refectory of SS. Giovanni and Paolo. Many of the figures, especially that of the master of the feast, are full of the noblest Venetian character. The picture bears the date of 1562. From S. Jacopo alla Giudecca.

On the 8th of July 1573, Maestro Paolo Cagliari, of Verona, then residing in the parish of S. Samuele, was summoned before the Sacred Tribunal in the Cappella di S. Teodoro, to be examined as to his irreverence in painting 'buffoons, drunkards, Germans, dwarfs, and similar indecencies,' at supper with our Lord. Veronese defended himself on the authority of Michelangelo, who, 'in the Papal Chapel at Rome painted our Lord Jesus Christ, his Mother, S. John, and S. Peter, and all the court of heaven, from the Virgin Mary downwards, naked, and in various attitudes, with little reverence.' Paul Veronese was ordered to correct and amend the picture within three months at his own expense; but the sentence was a matter of form, and was never enforced.

205. *Paolo Veronese.* The Martyrdom of S. Cristina. The scene is the Lake of Bolsena. From S. Antonio di Torcello.

206. *Paolo Veronese.* S. Cristina in prison visited by angels.

207. **Paolo Veronese.** La Madonna della Misericordia. From S. Pietro Martire at Murano.

208. *Paolo Veronese.* The Temptation of S. Cristina to adore pagan idols. From S. Antonio di Torcello.

209. *Paolo Veronese.* The Flagellation of S. Cristina.

210. *Tintoretto.* Three Donors at the feet of the Madonna and Child, by whom are SS. Mark, Sebastian, and Theodore. Glorious in colour.

212. *Paolo Veronese.* The Battle of Lepanto. A shadow falls upon the ships of the enemy, while, in presage of victory, the sun lights up that of the Venetian admiral. Venice, in the clouds, implores the help of the Virgin.

213. **Tintoretto. The Crucifixion**—an important picture.

217. **Tintoretto. The Deposition**—sublime in colour and treatment.
220. *Alessandro Varotari* (Il Padovanino), 1623. The Marriage of Cana.
221. *Tintoretto.* The Virgin, with SS. Marina, Cecilia, Theodore, and Cosmo and Damiano.
224. *Tintoretto.* Portrait of Andrea Dandolo.
225. *Tintoretto*, 1580. S. Giustina with the three Treasurers, Giustinian, Soranzo, and Badoer, and their Secretaries.
229. *Leandro da Ponte* (Bassano). Portrait of Marcantonio Memmo. From the Procuratie.
230. *Tintoretto.* Portrait of Marco Grimani, 1576. Sometimes attributed to Palma Giovane.
232. *Tintoretto.* The Woman taken in Adultery.
234. *Tintoretto.* Portrait of Andrea Cappello.
236. *Tintoretto.* Portrait of Antonio Cappello, 1573. Injured by restorations. From the Procuratie Nuove.
241. *Tintoretto.* Portrait of a Senator — once fine, but much repainted.
243. **Tintoretto.** Madonna and Suppliants.

'A lovely little Tintoretto, purest work of his heart, and fairest of faculty.'—*Ruskin.*

245. **Tintoretto**, 1573. Portrait of Jacopo Soranzo—a magnificent work, till recently attributed to Titian.
246. *Carlo Caliari* (son of Paolo Veronese). The Resurrection of Lazarus.
240. *Carlo Caliari.* The Cross-Bearing, with the scene of the Veronica. Signed.
252. *Leandro da Ponte* (Bassano). The Resurrection of Lazarus.
253. *Benedetto Caliari* (brother of Paolo). Christ before Pilate.
255. *Paolo Veronese* (Caliari). The Crucifixion—in a great storm.
260. *Paolo Veronese.* The Annunciation. An immense picture. From the Scuola dei Mercanti.
264. *Paolo Veronese.* The Coronation of the Virgin. From the Church of Ogni Santi.
265. *Paolo Veronese.* The Assumption—a fine early example of the master; grand in its sense of progression. From the suppressed Church of S. Maria Maggiore.

Sala X. (*dei Bonifaci*).[1]

269. *Bonifacio II.*, d. 1553. Madonna and Child, with saints. Splendid in colour. From the Confraternità di S. Pasquale Baylon.
270. *Tintoretto.* La Madonna della Misericordia.
272. *Francesco Torbido*, called *Il Moro*, 1486-1546. Portrait of an Old Woman.
278. *Bonifacio II.* The Woman taken in Adultery—a powerful composition, but the colour has faded. From the Magistrato del Sale.

[1] The identification of the works of these three painters with the same name represents only a feeling for the truth, not certainty itself.

280. *Bonifacio III.* (late XVI.). SS. Bernard and Sebastian. Shields of Contarini and Cappello. Much repainted, but still a fine picture.
281. *Bonifacio II.* The Adoration of the Magi. From the Scuola di S. Teodoro.
284. *Bonifacio I.* (early XVI.). Jesus Throned, with saints. Splendid in colour.
287. **Bonifacio II. The Adoration of the Magi.** Splendid in its depth of colour. Observe the warm green in the dress of the Moorish king.
291. **Bonifacio I. The Supper in the Rich Man's House.** One of the most powerful and glorious pictures of the Venetian school, and characteristic of Venetian high life. From the Grimani family.

'The time is the afternoon, the place an open hall with a table, at which the rich man is seated between two female figures; the one with her hand on her heart seems to be assuring him of her fidelity; the other is listening thoughtfully to a lute-player and to a half-kneeling violoncellist, whose music is held by a Moorish boy; while a bearded young noble overlooks the group. On the left are two pages drinking wine; on the right Lazarus the beggar being turned away by a servant with a dog; in the foreground is a stately garden, with falconers, pages, and grooms.'—*Kugler.*

'Bonifazio peignait le portrait. Ses physiognomies étudiées et individuellement caractéristiques, rappellent avec fidélité les types patriciens de Venise, qui ont si souvent posé devant l'artist. L'anachronisme du costume fait voir que Lazare n'est qu'un prétexte et que le véritable sujet du tableau est une repas de seigneurs avec des courtisanes, leurs maitresses, au fond d'un de ces beaux palais qui baignent leurs pieds de marbre dans l'eau verte du grand canal.'—*T. Gautier.*

293. *Bonifacio III.* SS. Bruno and Catherine (1562). From the Island of Certosa.
294. *Bonifacio III.* S. Jerome and S. Margaret (1562). From the Island of Certosa.
295. **Bonifacio I. The Judgment of Solomon.** Magnificent in colour. The king is represented as young and beautiful.
302. *Palma Vecchio* (Jacopo Palma), 1480–1528. S. Peter Throned, with a book. SS. Paul, Giustina, John, Augusta, and Mark stand near. Injured by repainting. From the Church of Fontanelle d'Oderzo.
308. *Bonifacio II.* Adoration of the Magi. S. Joseph and a sainted bishop are introduced.
309. *Bonifacio I.* The appearance of Christ to Philip—a noble picture, sometimes attributed to his master, Palma Vecchio.
310. *Palma Vecchio.* The Canaanitish Woman—full of noble action.
313. *Polidoro Lanzani* (Veneziano), 1515–1565. The Madonna and Child, between SS. Catherine and John. An old monk kneels, bearing in his hand the confession 'Peccavi.'
314. *Titian.* The Baptist in the Desert. Signed under the left foot of the saint. From S. Maria Maggiore.

316. **Pordenone** (Antonio Licinio), 1483–1539. SS. Lorenzo Giustiniani, John Baptist, Francis, and Augustine, with the Lamb: a mosaic of peacocks is seen in the background. A magnificent work, intended for the Renieri altar in S. Maria del Orto.
317. **Rocco Marconi. Christ in Benediction**, between SS. Peter and John Baptist. Grand in its warm colouring. From the Church of S. Maria Nuova.
318. **Bonifacio I.** S. Mark the Evangelist under inspiration. Splendid in colour.
319. *Bonifacio I.* The Massacre of the Innocents. Very powerful. From the Magistrati dei Dazi.
320. **Paris Bordone** (a native of Treviso), 1496–1571. The Fisherman presenting to the Doge the ring he received from S. Mark. From the Scuola di S. Marco.

'This picture is like a grand piece of scenic decoration; we have before us a magnificent marble hall, with columns and buildings in perspective; to the right, on the summit of a flight of steps, sits the Doge in council; the poor fisherman, ascending the steps, holds forth the ring. The numerous figures, the vivid colour, the luxuriant architecture, remind us of Paolo Veronese, with, however, more delicacy, both in colour and execution.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

'This splendid execution gives this picture the most attractive air of truth, to which the view of the grand Venetian buildings much contributes.' —*Kugler.*

321. *Pordenone.* La Madonna del Carmelo. Given by Antonio Canova.
324. *Schiavone* (Andrea Meldola), 1522–1582. The Circumcision.
325. **Bonifacio III.** The Virgin in Glory, with SS. Francis, Claré, Anthony, Peter, Paul, and King James of Aragon.
327. *Francesco Vecellio* (brother of Titian), 1483–1550. The Repose in Egypt.
328. *Giovanni Girolamo Savoldo*, 1570. The Hermits, Paul and Macarius. From Galleria Manfrin.

Loggia Palladiana. Unimportant. We may notice—

376. *Michele Mirevelt.* Portrait of Frederick of Orange-Nassau.

Sala XI. (*dei Bassani*).

The school of the Bassanesi was founded by Jacopo da Ponte, 1510–1592, surnamed Bassano, from his native town. He studied the works of Titian and Bonifacio in Venice, and for a time followed their guidance. Then, returning to his native place, he devoted himself to subjects into which he could introduce the landscapes. cottages, and peasants around him, using the same models again and again: thus his works have very little of variety or invention. He chiefly excelled in

portraits. His four sons followed his manner, and two of them, Francesco and Leandro, attained eminence.

400. **Titian. The Dead Christ, with the Virgin and SS. Joseph of Arimathea and Mary Magdalen.** Two statues at the sides represent Moses and a Sybil. This was the last work of the aged master left unfinished at his death, and reverently completed by *Palma Giovane*. This picture was to have been part-price paid to the Franciscans of the Frari for the master's grave in their church.

'Les Beaux-Arts renferment le dernier tableau de Titien, trésor inestimable! Les années, si pesantes pour tous, glissèrent sans appuyer sur ce patriarche de la peinture, qui traversa tout un siècle et que la peste surprit à quatre-vingt-dix-neuf ans travaillant encore.

'Ce tableau, grave et mélancholique d'aspect, dont le sujet funèbre semble un pressentiment, représente un Christ déposé de la Croix; le ciel est sombre, un jour livide éclaire le cadavre pieusement soutenu par Joseph d'Arimathie et sainte Marie-Madeleine. Tous deux sont tristes, sombres, et paraissent, à leur morne attitude, désespérer de la résurrection de leur maitre. On voit qu'ils se demandent avec une anxiété secrète si ce corps, oint de baumes, qu'ils vont confier au sépulchre, en pourra jamais sortir; en effet, jamais Titien n'a fait de cadavre si mort. Sous cette peau verte et dans ces veines bleuâtres il n'y a plus une goutte de sang, la pourpre de la vie s'en est retirée pour toujours. Pour la première fois, le grand Vénetien a été abandonné par son antique et inaltérable sérénité. L'ombre de la mort prochaine semble lutter avec la lumière du peintre qui eut toujours le soleil sur sa palette, et enveloppe le tableau d'un froid crépuscule. La main de l'artiste se glaça avant d'avoir achevé sa tâche, comme le témoigne l'inscription en lettres noires tracée dans le coin de la toile: *Quod Titianus inchoatum reliquit Palma reverenter absolvit Deoque dicavit opus.* "L'œuvre que Titien laissa inachevée, Palma l'acheva respectueusement et l'offrit à Dieu." Cette noble, touchante, et religieuse inscription fait de ce tableau un monument. Certes, Palma, grand peintre lui-même, ne dut approcher qu'avec tremblement de l'œuvre du maitre, et son pinceau, quelque habile qu'il fût, hésita et vacilla sans doute plus d'une fois en se posant sur les touches du Titien.'—*Théophile Gautier.*

Sala XII. (XVII. and XVIII.), indifferent.

This and the adjoining rooms are unimportant to the general public; but to those who love Venice, there is an interest in the works of Tiepolo, Rosalba Carriera, Canaletto, Guardi, and Pietro Longhi, decorative painters of later Venetian life.

Sala XIII. (*dei Paesisti*).

Sala XIV. (**del Tiepolo**).

The portraits here by Rosalba Carriera are full of character, and the life scenes of Longhi have much quaint humour. The best work of Tiepolo is--

484. S. Joseph with the Infant Saviour. Around are SS. Antonio, Francesco di Paola, Anna, and Pietro d' Alcantara.

1st Corridor:

516. **Palma Vecchio** (formerly attributed to Giorgione). The famous **Legend of S. Mark and the Fisherman.** From the Scuola di S. Marco.

'On the 25th of February 1340, there fell out a wonderful thing in this land; for during three days the waters rose continually, and in the night there was fearful rain and tempest, such as had never been heard of. So great was the storm, that the waters rose three cubits higher than had ever been known in Venice; and an old fisherman, being in his little boat in the canal of S. Mark, reached with difficulty the Riva di San Marco, and there he fastened his boat, and waited the ceasing of the storm. And it is related that, at the time this storm was at the highest, there came an unknown man, and besought him that he would row him over to San Giorgio Maggiore, promising to pay him well; and the fisherman replied, "How is it possible to go to San Giorgio? we shall sink by the way!" but the man only besought him the more that he should set forth. So, seeing that it was the will of God, he arose and rowed over to San Giorgio Maggiore; and the man landed there, and desired the boatman to wait. In a short time he returned with a young man; and they said, "Now row towards San Niccolò di Lido." And the fisherman said, "How can one possibly go so far with one oar?" and they said, "Row boldly, for it shall be possible with thee, and thou shalt be well paid." And he went; and it appeared to him as if the waters were smooth. Being arrived at San Niccolò di Lido, the two men landed, and returned with a third, and having entered into the boat, they commanded the fisherman that he should row beyond the two castles. And the tempest raged continually. Being come to the open sea, they beheld approaching, with such terrific speed that it appeared to fly over the waters, an enormous galley full of demons (as it is written in the Chronicles, and Marco Sabellino also makes mention of this miracle): the said bark approached the castles to overwhelm Venice, and to destroy it utterly; anon the sea, which had hitherto been tumultuous, became calm; and these three men, having made the sign of the cross, exorcised the demons, and commanded them to depart, and immediately the galley or the ship vanished. Then these three men commanded the fisherman to land them, the one at San Niccolò di Lido, the other at San Giorgio Maggiore, and the third at San Marco. And when he had landed the third, the fisherman, notwithstanding the miracle he had witnessed, desired that he would pay him, and he replied, "Thou art right; go now to the Doge and to the Procuratore of S. Mark, and tell them what thou hast seen, for Venice would have been overwhelmed had it not been for us three. I am S. Mark the Evangelist, the protector of this city; the other is the brave knight S. George, and he whom thou didst take up at the Lido is the holy bishop S. Nicholas. Say to the Doge and to the Procuratore that they are to pay you, and tell them likewise that this tempest arose because of a certain schoolmaster dwelling at San Felice, who did sell his soul to the devil, and afterwards hanged himself." And the fisherman replied, "If I should tell them this, they would not believe me!" Then S. Mark took off a ring which was worth five ducats, and he said, "Show them this, and tell them when they look in the sanctuary they will not find it," and thereupon he disappeared. The next

morning the said fisherman presented himself before the Doge, and related all he had seen the night before, and showed him the ring for a sign. And the Procuratore having sent for the ring, and sought it in the usual place, found it not; by reason of which miracle the fisherman was paid, and a solemn procession was ordained, giving thanks to God, and to the relics of the three holy saints who rest in our land, and who delivered us from this great danger. The ring was given to Signor Marco Loredano and to Signor Andrea Dandolo the Procuratore, who placed it in the sanctuary; and, moreover, a perpetual provision was made for the aged fisherman above mentioned.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art.'*

2nd Corridor. Indifferent.

Sala XV. (di Gentile Bellini).

Containing nearly the whole collection of wonderful pictures which formerly adorned the Scuola di S. Giovanni Evangelista. *All* are of interest, and besides their intrinsic charm and beauty, are invaluable for the study of costume and the representations of old Venice which they contain.

561. *Lazzaro Sebastiani.* Filippo di Massari the Crusader, returning from Jerusalem, offers to the Confraternity of S. Giovanni Evangelista the relic of the True Cross. The scene reproduces the old portico of S. Giovanni Evangelista.

562. *Giovanni Mansueti* (a pupil of Bellini), The daughter of one Benvenuto di S. Polo is healed by touching three candles blessed by the holy relic. The immense multitude of figures depict a festival of ancient Venetian life.

563. *Gentile Bellini* (son of Jacopo and brother-in-law of Andrea Mantegna), 1427–1507. A Miracle of the True Cross. Pietro dei Ludovici is cured of a fever by means of a candle which has touched the holy relic. Much repainted.

'The subject Bellini had to represent was the miraculous cure of a member of the Confraternity from a quaternian fever, who is contemplating the instrument of his recovery with ecstatic admiration. This gave the aged Bellini another opportunity of displaying his pious imagination; and it was perhaps his last work, for he died a few years after its completion, and we may be permitted to suppose that he often dwelt on the consoling thought that it embodies, and looked himself to the Cross for the cure of all his infirmities.'—*Rio.*

564. **Giovanni Mansueti.** A procession bearing the cross is crossing a wooden bridge to reach S. Lio. Within the church is the body of a brother who in life had expressed contempt for the relic. The procession was to accompany him to the grave. But, having passed the wooden bridge and reached the door of the church, the cross-bearer can proceed no farther: a force superior to his own forbids him to go on. A multitude of persons, crowding the street and windows, is present at the scene. Every house, even every roof in this corner of old Venice, is filled with life.

265. *Benedetto Diana.* A Miracle of the True Cross. A child, having fallen from the top of a staircase, is cured by the relic.

266. **Vittore Carpaccio.** Another miracle. A Sick Man healed by the True Cross, which is presented from a balcony by the Patriarch of Grado. The old wooden Rialto—called 'Del Bagatin'—is introduced.

'We can desire no better view of the old Rialto and the Palace of the Patriarch of Grado, as they existed at the close of the fifteenth century, than has been set forth with all the advantage of true perspective and a realistic reproduction of nature.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

'The scene lies on the Grand Canal immediately in front of the Rialto. It is the hour of sunset, and darker-edged clouds are beginning to fleck the golden haze of the west, which still arches over the broken sky-line, roof and turret and bell-towers and chimneys of strange fashion with quaint conical tops. The canal lies dusk in the eventide, but the dark surface throws into relief a crowd of gondolas, and the lithe, glowing figures of their gondoliers. The boats themselves are long and narrow as now, but without the indented prora which has become universal; the sumptuary law of the Republic has not yet robbed them of colour, and instead of the present "coffin," we see canopies of gaily-hued stuff on four light pillars. The gondolier himself is commonly tricked out in almost fantastic finery; red cap with long golden curls flowing down over the silken doublet, slashed hose, the light dress displaying those graceful attitudes into which the rower naturally falls. On the left side of the canal its white marble steps are crowded with figures of the nobler Venetian life; a black robe here and there breaking the gay variety of golden and purple and red and blue, while in the gallery above a white group of clergy, with golden candlesticks towering overhead, are gathered round the demoniac whose cure forms the subject of the picture.'—*J. R. Green*, '*Stray Studies.*'

267. **Gentile Bellini. A Miracle of the Holy Cross.** The scene is the Piazza S. Marco. The church is exhibited in minute detail. The old mosaics of the recesses above the doorways and of the upper gables are shown as they existed before the alterations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The procession has issued from a gate between the church and the ducal palace. Near the shrine kneels Jacopo Salis, the merchant of Brescia, whose son is supposed to have been healed in consequence of a vow which he then made. The picture is wonderfully harmonious and delicate, and is full of interesting architectural detail.

'In each of these three magnificent compositions, which were painted by Gentile for the Confraternity of S. John the Evangelist, is represented a miracle worked by a fragment of the True Cross in the possession of the brotherhood. In the first, a young man of Brescia, dangerously wounded in the head, is miraculously cured in consequence of a vow made by his father when this relic was carried in a procession; and as a proof that the disposition of his heart was in perfect harmony with the occupation of his pencil, the artist has inscribed the following touching words beneath:—

"Gentilis Bellinus amore incensus crucis, 1466."'—*Rio.*

268. **Gentile Bellini.** Part of the True Cross having fallen into one of the canals during a procession to S. Lorenzo, is saved by Andrea Vendramin, Guardian of the Confraternity. Catarina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, and her suite, are amongst the spectators lining the sides of the canal. Foremost amongst a kneeling group on the right is said to be the artist himself.

'On voit dans ces toiles les anciennes maisons de Venise avec leurs murs rouges, leurs fenêtres aux trèfles lombards, leurs terrasses surmontées de piquets, leurs cheminées évasées, les vieux ponts suspendus par des chaînes, et les gondoles d'autre fois, qui n'ont pas la forme qu'elles affectent aujourd'hui: il n'y a pas de *felce*, mais un drap tendu sur des cerceaux, comme aux galiotes de Saint Cloud; aucune ne porte cette espèce de manche de violon en fer poli qui sert de contrepoids au rameur placé à la poupe; elles sont aussi beaucoup moins effilées.'—*T. Gautier.*

570. **Gentile Bellini, 1465.** S. Lorenzo Giustiniani, first Patriarch of Venice, represented in profile in the act of benediction. Two canons kneel near him, and two angels bear his episcopal cross and mitre. Signed. From S. Maria del Orto.

Apside:

569. *Giovanni Mansueti.* S. Mark healing Ananias. Signed. From the Scuola di S. Marco.

571. *Giovanni Mansueti.* Episodes in the life of S. Mark. Signed. From the Scuola di S. Marco.

Sala XVI. (del Carpaccio):

'The quaint charm of Carpaccio is irresistible to those who peer into the past, taking glimpses of Venetian men and women which to us are revelations of another age.'—*F. G. Stephens.*

This hall is entirely devoted to the beautiful story of S. Ursula.

'Rien n'est plus élégant, plus juvenilement gracieux que la suite de peintures où Vittore Carpaccio a représenté la vie de saint Ursule. Ce Carpaccio a le charme idéal, la sveltesse adolescente de Raphaël dans le *Mariage de la Vierge*, un de ses premiers et peut-être le plus charmant de ses tableaux; on ne saurait imaginer rien des airs de tête plus naïvement adorables, des tournures d'une plus angélique coquetterie. Il y a surtout un jeune homme à longs cheveux vu de dos, laissant glisser à demi sur son épaule sa cape au collet de velours, qui est d'une beauté si fière, si jeune et si séduisante, qu'on croirait voir le Cupidon de Praxitèle vêtu d'un costume moyen âge, on plutôt un ange qui aurait eu la fantaisie de se travestir en *magnifique* de Venise.'—*T. Gautier.*

Theonotus, Christian king of Brittany, and his wife Daria, had an only daughter, Ursula, beautiful, loving, and beloved. Queen Daria died when Ursula was fifteen, but she took her mother's place to her father and the court. Her mind became a storehouse of all wisdom. 'All that had ever happened in the world from the days of Adam she had by heart;'

but above all, she was so profoundly versed in theology, that the most learned doctors were confounded by her arguments. Her father loved her so dearly that he wished to keep her always by his side, and though all neighbouring princes desired her in marriage, she refused them all.

But the king of England had an only son, as famous for his beauty, strength, and courage as Ursula was for her piety and learning, and King Agrippinus sent ambassadors to ask her hand for Prince Conon. When they arrived at the Court of Brittany, Theonotus was greatly perplexed, for he knew that his daughter had made a vow of perpetual virginity, yet he did not dare to offend the powerful king of England. Then as he sat apart in doubt and sadness, Ursula came to him, and hearing the cause of his melancholy, bade him be of good cheer, for she would answer the ambassadors herself. And the next day she received them, seated on a throne by her father's side, and thanked them and their king for the honour done to her, bidding them say that she held herself bound to their prince as her brother and bridegroom, for to none other would she ever listen. But she asked three things: First, that he should give ten virgins of the noblest blood in the kingdom as her companions, and to each of these a thousand attendants, and to herself also a thousand maidens to wait on her. Secondly, that he should permit her for three years to honour her virginity, and with her companions to visit the shrines and venerate the relics of the saints. Thirdly, that the Prince and all his court should receive baptism, for other than a Christian she could not wed.

But Ursula, the wise princess, had made these conditions thinking in her heart, either that the king of England would refuse them, or, if he consented, that thus eleven thousand virgins would be redeemed to God. And the ambassadors, dismissed with honours, bore back such an account of her beauty and wisdom that the king of England thought no conditions too hard, and Prince Conon only lived to obtain her. So eleven thousand virgins, spotless and beautiful, and of noble birth, were summoned to wait on Princess Ursula, who received them with sisterly tenderness, and thanksgiving that they were redeemed from the world's vanities. And the fame of so much devotion and loveliness went out into all the world, and from the four quarters of the globe barons and knights gathered to gaze upon it. And into a green meadow, in the beautiful springtime, Ursula gathered all those maidens, and spoke to them with wonderful eloquence of the glory of God and the love of his Son Christ, and exhorted them to a pure and holy life dedicated to heaven. And the eleven thousand virgins lifted up their hands and voices and promised to follow wherever she should lead.

Then Ursula wrote to Prince Conon that as he had complied with all her wishes, he had good leave to visit her. And he, coming, was received with all honour. But, in the presence of her father, she told him that it had been revealed to her in a vision that she must go with her companions on a pilgrimage to Rome. And she besought him to remain and comfort her father, and to help him in the management of his kingdom, to which, if she never returned, he should succeed in her place. Some say he did as Ursula bade him, but others that he went with her on her pilgrimage. Then all those virgins embarked on a fleet of ships, and many holy bishops accompanied them. There were no sailors in those ships, but the wise virgins managed them themselves. But, by the will of God, they were driven first to the mouth of the Rhine and sailed up to Cologne. There it was revealed to Ursula that on that spot she must be martyred with her companions for the honour of God. This she told to her maidens, who rejoiced in hymns of thanksgiving that they were found worthy so to die.

Then the blessed company proceeded up the river to Basle, and, disembarking there, proceeded on foot to Rome, six angels preceding them and smoothing all obstacles in their way. And, at the gates of Rome, the Pope, S. Cyriacus, met those glorious maidens and gave them a camp outside the walls, in the direction of Tivoli. But Conon's anxiety for the safety of his bride had not allowed him to rest, and by another route he had reached Rome on the same day, and by the side of Ursula he knelt at the Pope's feet and received his blessing. And the Pope baptized him and changed his name from Conon to Etherius, to signify the purity to which he was called. From that time he duly looked forward to sharing Ursula's crown of martyrdom on earth, and to a perpetual union with her in heavenly places.

When they had venerated the shrines of the saints, Ursula and Conon told Cyriacus that the time was come for them to return. Then, though all his clergy besought him otherwise, that venerable and holy Pope determined to accompany them; and two cardinals, and Solfino, Archbishop of Ravenna, and Folatino, Bishop of Lucca, and the Bishop of Faenza, and the Patriarch of Grado, and many other prelates followed him. But the pagans in Rome feared that so great a band of Christian maidens might convert the whole of Germany, and they wrote to a barbarian king of the Huns, who was then besieging Cologne, to advise him to intercept them. So when they arrived at the gates of Cologne, they found a great barbarian army encamped there, and knew that their hour was come. And Etherius was the first to fall, pierced by an arrow, at the feet of his beloved princess. And Cyriacus was slain, and his bishops, and then, 'as hungry wolves on milk-white lambs' the Huns fell upon the virgins and massacred them all. Only Ursula was spared to the last, encouraging her companions to suffer bravely. Then the barbarian prince, overcome by her beauty, offered her marriage if she would be his. But as she rejected his proposals with scorn, he transfixed her pure heart with three arrows, and then her spirit rejoined the glorious sisterhood of martyrs whom she had led to death.

The pictures (from the Scuola di S. Orsola) are—

572. **The Arrival of the Ambassadors of Agrippinus.** The picture is in two scenes. In the first the ambassadors arrive under a portico to ask King Theonotus for the hand of Ursula. In the second Ursula finds her father seated in sad perplexity. Her old nurse sits without on the staircase. Signed.

573. **The Departure of the Ambassadors.** King Theonotus promises the hand of Ursula to the pagan Prince Conon, on condition of his consenting to her pilgrimage with the Virgins her companions. Signed.

574. **The ambassadors,** who bring back the answer of Theonotus, **reach the court of Agrippinus.** He receives them under a portico. In the open ground in front is Prince Conon, nobly dressed and accompanied. The Venetian idea of England is interesting. Signed.

575. **The Departure of the Bride and Bridegroom.** Here are three representations. On the right is Ursula with her father, on the left Conon with his. In the centre the pair meet near the ship of their pilgrimage. The background is supposed to give the characteristics of a civilised and a barbaric city. Signed, with the date 1495.

576. (Really the last of the series.) **Apotheosis of S. Ursula.** Above, the Eternal Father opens His arms to receive her; below, all her virgins unite their palms to support her. The beautiful landscape background is symbolical of Paradise. Signed, with the date 1491.

577. **Arrival in Rome.** The Castle of S. Angelo is seen in the background. On the left is the long file of virgins; on the right a procession of bishops and cardinals. Ursula and Conon meet at the feet of Pope Cyriacus. Signed.

578. **The Dream of S. Ursula,** that she should devote herself to the service of God. That this was intended to be the first picture in the series is evident from the word 'Infantia' inscribed in the corner of her pillow. The girlish S. Ursula is seen asleep in the light of early morning. Her slippers are under her bed, and her little dog is near it. Signed.

579. **The Arrival at Cologne.** The first ship, bearing S. Ursula, has cast anchor, and the other ships follow. The banks are crowded with armed men. The heavens threaten a storm. Signed, with the date 1490.

580. **The Martyrdom and Funeral of Ursula.** The scenes are divided by a pole bearing the arms of Loredan. On the left is the slaughter. Pope Cyriacus is poniarded in the throat. A handsome archer shoots at Ursula. On the right is the burial of the saint, her bier carried by four bishops. Signed, with the date 1493.

Sala XVII. (di Giovanni Bellini).

581. *Bartolomeo Vivarini* of Murano, 1449–1499. Scenes in the Life of Christ. Signed. From the Cathedral of Conversano.

582. *Jacopo Bellini*, d. 1464. A rare master, father of Gentile and Giovannni, and father-in-law of Andrea Mantegna. Madonna and Child. Signed. From the Scuolo S. Giovanni Evangelista.

585. *Bartolomeo Vivarini*, 1490. S Barbara, standing under an arch, with her tower in her hands. Signed. From the Church of S. Geminiano.

588. **Andrea Mantegna** of Padua, 1431–1506. **S. George** – an exquisitely finished work, full of beauty, triumph, and power. The landscape is marvellous in its detailed truthfulness. From the Galleria Manfrin.

589. *Antonello da Messina.* Christ at the Column. Signed.

590. *Antonello da Messina.* The Annunciation.

*591. *Giovanni Bellini.* Madonna and Sleeping Child. A very early but beautiful work of the master.

592. **Cima da Conegliano. The Angel and Tobias,** with SS. Niccolò di Bari and James. Signed. From the suppressed Church of the Misericordia.

593. *Alvise Vivarini*, son of Antonio, 1464–1503. S. Chiara – a figure full of expression and dignity.

593. *Giovanni Bellini.* Miniature allegorical pictures of great delicacy and beauty.

596. *Giovanni Bellini.* Madonna dai due alberi. The Virgin, with closed eyes, sits under a canopy, beyond which a landscape is seen, with two trees.

600. *Boccaccio Boccaccino* of Cremona, worked 1497–1518. Madonna and Child, with SS. Peter, John Baptist, Catherine, and Barbara. Signed.

602. *Giovanni Buonconsigli* (Il Marescalco) of Vicenza, c. 1450–1519. SS. Cosmo, Benedict, and Tecla. Signed.

603. *Cima da Conegliano.* Virgin and Child, with SS. John and Paul. The Castle of Conegliano is seen in the background.

606. *G. Vivarini.* The Archangel Gabriel of the Annunciation. From the Scuolo della Carità.

607. *Alvise Vivarini.* Madonna and Child throned, with SS. Louis, Anna, and Antonio of Padua; S. Francis, Joachim, and Bernardino. Signed. From S. Francesco da Treviso.

608. *G. Vivarini.* The Virgin of the Annunciation.

610. **Giovanni Bellini.** The Virgin, with SS. George and Paul. Signed.

611. **Cima da Conegliano.** The Incredulity of S. Thomas. The third figure is the Bishop of S. Magnus. From the Scuola dei Mureri.

614. *Bartolomeo Vivarini.* Christ Throned, with SS. Augustine and Francis.

Sala XVIII. School of the Vivarini. Mostly unimportant examples.

Sala XIX. (*del Brustolon*) contains interesting *Furniture* in boxwood and ebony, carved by the celebrated Brustolon in the middle of the eighteenth century, showing alike the perfection of his workmanship and the detestable taste of his times.

Sala XX. (*della Presentazione*). The ceiling of this fine old chamber deserves notice, representing Christ in benediction, with the Evangelists writing in the corners. It was in this room of the ancient Scuola della Carità that Titian, between 1534 and 1538, painted the "Presentation" above the two doors, to which original position it has been recently restored.

625. **Giovanni d' Alemagna** and **Antonio da Murano.** This picture, painted for the space in which it has recently been replaced, represents the **Madonna and Child throned,** with S. Jerome and Gregory the Great on the right and SS. Ambrose and Augustine on the left. Signed.

626. **Titian. The Presentation of the Virgin.** One of the earliest works of the great master, and a most beautiful picture, though inferior in pathetic interest to Domenico Tintoretto's representation of the same subject at S. Maria del Orto. The old woman with the eggs is one of the most powerful figures of the painter.

'Au sommet d'un énorme escalier grisâtre se tiennent les prêtres et le grande pontife. Cependant, au milieu des gradins, la petite fillette, bleue dans une auréole blonde, monte en revelant sa robe; elle n'a rien de sublime, elle est prise sur le vif, ses bonnes petites joues sont rondes; elle lève sa main vers le grande prêtre, comme pour prendre garde et lui

demander ce qu'il veut d'elle; c'est vraiment une enfant, elle n'a point encore de pensée; Titien en trouvait de pareilles au catéchisme. Au premier plan, en face du spectateur, sur le bas de l'escalier, il a posé une vieille grognonne en robe bleue et capuchon blanc, vraie villageoise qui vient faire son marché à la ville, et garde auprès d'elle son panier d'œufs et de poulets; un Flamand ne risquerait pas davantage. On se sent dans une ville réele, peuplée de bourgeois et de paysans, où l'on exerce des métiers, où l'on accomplit ses dévotions, mais ornée d'antiquités, grandiose de structure, parée par les arts, illuminé par le soleil, assise dans le plus noble et le plus riche des paysages. Plus méditatifs, plus détachés des choses, les Florentins créent un monde idéal et abstraite par delà le nôtre; plus spontané, plus heureux, Titien aime notre monde, le comprend, s'y enferme, et le reproduit en l'embellissant sans le refondre ni le supprimer.'—*Taine.*

It is curious to read on the spot Ruskin's very different criticism :—

'To me simply the most stupid and uninteresting picture ever painted by Titian. The colour of the landscape is as false as a piece of common blue tapestry, and the "celebrated" old woman with the basket of eggs is as dismally ugly and vulgar a filling of a spare corner as was ever daubed on a side scene in a hurry at Drury Lane.'

'Although the great Venetian masters are chiefly concerned with the external life of their city, her pomp and circumstance, incidentally we find them influenced to the very depths of their art by the æsthetic qualities of their native place. The dome-like space which Bellini leaves above his throned Madonnas' heads recalls the infinite sweep of the vast Venetian sky; nowhere in painting do we feel as in Tintoret that shimmer of light, that blending of tones which belong to the waters of the lagoon; nowhere are the flaming glories of the sunset sky more vividly reproduced than in the triumphant splendour of Titian's canvases.'—*Horatio F. Brown*, '*Venetian Studies.*'

Re-entering our gondola, we see (**left**) the double **Palazzo Contarini degli Scrigni,** of which one side is built in the Lombard style, 1504–46, the others in the gothic of the fifteenth century. On the latter are two renaissance statues, probably by Ant. Rizzi, which give it its name. There were eight Doges of the Contarini family, and their wealth was so great that the people called their residence Il Palazzo degli Scrigni, or 'of the money-chests.' Some of the curious old iron chests in which the Contarini kept their treasures are still to be seen here.

Beyond this is the noble **Palazzo Rezzonico,** begun by *Longhena* in 1680, finished by *Mazzari*, 1745. In July 1769 the Emperor Joseph II. was entertained at an evening conversazione here at which were one hundred and twenty patrician ladies blazing with jewels. The Rezzonico (from Como) family was founded on the mainland by the merchant Aurelio, and

becoming enormously rich, it purchased nobility after settling here. One of its members ascended the papal throne as Clement XIII. in 1758. The palace now belongs to Mr. Browning, son of the poet, and here, where he was to have 'a corner for his old age,' Robert Browning died, in a room of the second floor above the mezzanino. A tablet is inscribed 'A Roberto Browning, morto in questo palazzo, il 12 Decembre 1889, Venezia pose.' Below appear two lines from his works—

> 'Open my heart, and you will see
> Graved inside of it, "Italy."'

The palace contains beautiful ceilings, two being among the best works of Tiepolo and the rest by his pupils. The magnificent reception-hall is one of the largest in Venice. In the parquet floor, an inscription shows where a shell burst through during the siege of 1849. A fine door in the palace is flanked by two colossal figures supporting the globes, signed works of Alessandro Vittoria.

'This sea-born city is remarkable as containing work of all periods, from its early Christian foundation to the eighteenth century, and perhaps the best of each period, and for these reasons is architecturally the most interesting city in Europe. . . . The steps of architectural progress cannot, however, be traced in Venice alone, and there were in fact several schools. *First*, that of the Lombardi (1450–1560), which produced the beautiful early work in Venice (Renaissance), introduced probably, and certainly influenced, from Lombardy, of which the Vendramin (palace) and Miracoli Church are good examples. *Second*, that of Sanmicheli and Sansovino, perfectly distinct, and influenced directly from Rome. Closely following on these two distinct Venetian schools was that of Palladio (1518–80) and Scamozzi (1552–1616).'—*W. T. Anderson*, '*The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy*,' 1901.

We now pass the two conjoined **Palazzi Giustiniani** of the fifteenth century. One is called *dei Vescovi*, from the first sainted Patriarch of Venice, who was a member of the family. The noble **Palazzo Foscari** is of 1437.

This palace will always be connected with the touching story of Doge Foscari. His son Giacopo was accused to the Council of Ten of having received presents from foreign princes, by a nobleman named Loredano, who believed that the death of two of his own relations had been due to the Doge, and who wrote in his books 'Francesco Foscari, debtor for the deaths of my father and uncle.'

Giacopo was tortured on the rack, and being found guilty, his father was forced to pronounce his sentence of banishment. For five years he languished in exile at Treviso, at the end of which time he was accused of having compassed the murder of Donato, a Venetian senator, from the mere fact of a servant of his being found near at the time. He was

brought back to Venice, again tried on the rack, and banished for life, on presumptive evidence, to Candia. Hence Giacopo unwisely wrote to entreat the intercession of Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan. The letter was carried to the Council of Ten. He was brought again to Venice, flogged, and then tortured. Being asked what had induced him to write to a foreign prince, he replied that he had done it knowing the risk, but feeling that it would be worth while to undergo the torture a third time to breathe once more the same air with his parents, his wife, and children. He was again condemned to be banished, but this time a sentence of close imprisonment was added.

One farewell interview was allowed with the aged Doge and Dogaressa, his wife Marina, and his children. 'Ah! my lord, plead for me,' he cried, stretching out his hands to his father, who replied firmly, 'O Giacopo, obey what thy country commands, and seek nothing else.'

On reaching his prison Giacopo died of a broken heart. Immediately afterwards, but too late, his innocence was completely established; Erizzo, a Venetian nobleman, confessed on his death-bed that he was the murderer of Donato.

Yet the vengeance of Loredano was incomplete. The sobs of the Doge on taking leave of his unhappy son were made the foundation of an accusation of imbecility and incapacity for government. He was formally deposed, and ordered to quit the Ducal Palace within eight days. Loredano had the cruel pleasure of carrying the mandate to the Doge, who listened quietly and then answered, 'I little thought that my old age would be injurious to the State; but I yield to the decree.' Stripping himself of his robes, and accompanied by his aged brother Marco and all the rest of his family, he left the palace where he had reigned for thirty-five years, and returned to his own house on the canal. But the sound of the great bell which announced the election of his successor was his death-knell; he burst a blood-vessel and died instantly.

'When the bell rang
At dawn, announcing a new Doge to Venice,
It found him on his knees before the Cross,
Clasping his aged hands in earnest prayer;
And there he died. Ere half his task was done,
It rang his knell.'—*Rogers.*

So great was the popular excitement on hearing of this event, that the Senate forbade 'the affair of Francesco Foscari to be mentioned on pain of death.'

The **Foscari and its two adjoining palaces** form a most conspicuous group at the end of the first reach of the Grand Canal.

'They certainly form a most magnificent group, and are in every way worthy of their conspicuous position. The palace at the junction of the two waters is that of Foscari; the other belonged, I believe, to the Giustiniani family. The date of the smaller palaces, and probably of the large one also, is very early in the fifteenth century; and the latter had, in 1574, the honour of being the grandest palace that the Venetians could find in which to lodge Henry III. of France. They are all three very similar in their design. Their water-gates are pointed, and the windows in the

water-stage small and unimportant. The second stage is more important, and has cusped ogee window-heads and balconies. The third stage is, however, the *piano nobile*, all the windows having deep traceried heads and large balconies. The fourth stage is very nearly like the first, save that instead of balconies there is a delicate balustrading between the shafts of the windows, which is very frequent in good Venetian work, and always very pretty in its effect.'—*G. E. Street.*

'When I was in Venice, in 1845, this palace was a foul ruin; its great hall a mass of mud. It is the noblest example in Venice of fifteenth century Gothic, founded on the Ducal Palace.'—*Ruskin.*

We should enter the narrow canal called the Rio di Ca' Foscari at the side of the palace.

'Here, almost immediately after passing the great gateway of the Foscari courtyard, we shall see on the left, in the ruinous and time-stricken walls which tower over the water, the white curve of a circular (Byzantine) arch covered with sculpture, and fragments of the bases of small pillars, entangled among festoons of the Erba della Madonna.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' Appendix ii.

Next comes the **Palazzo Balbi** of 1582 (from which Napoleon I. surveyed a regatta held in his honour in 1807), followed by the **Palazzo Grimani a S. Polo** (1475–85), with beautifully sculptured capitals. The tower of the Frari is seen behind. Close to this, near the Ponte S. Toma, is an ancient doorway of the twelfth century. There is a good early gothic door on the bridge itself.

Passing the *Palazzo Persico* and the *Palazzo Tiepolo* (1501), we reach the noble **Palazzo Pisani** or **Papadopoli**, a splendid transitional building of the fifteenth century. There is a gallery here hung with old Venetian mirrors. It was from this palace that the Paolo Veronese of 'The Family of Darius' was purchased for the British National Gallery in 1857 for £13,560.

'The capitals of the first-floor windows are singularly spirited and graceful, very daringly undercut, and worth careful examination.'—*Ruskin.*

To this family belonged Vettore Pisani, who captured the Genoese fleet at Chiozza, 1380.

The neighbouring **Palazzo Barbarigo della Terrazza** (1568–69) was at one time the residence of Titian. Its collection of pictures, half ruined by damp, is now at S. Petersburg, half ruined by varnish.

Passing the red **Ca' Cappello** (or Layard) and the *Palazzo Grimani*, both of the period of the Lombardi, we reach the

Palazzo Bernardo, a fine building of the fifteenth century, with rich traceries in side windows, now Salviati's mosaic factory.

Passing the Traghetto della Madonetta is a small palace, with vestiges of arcades and Byzantine work, called by Ruskin *The Madonnetta House.*

The *Palazzo Dona* is much restored. Of this family were the Doges Francesco Benzon (1545) and Leonardo Niccolò (1618). The *Palazzo Tiepolo* is renaissance of the sixteenth century, but possesses five central windows with a plaited border of Byzantine work: hence it is called by Ruskin *The Braided House.* Close by is the *Casa Businello*, on the side of which the Byzantine mouldings appear in the first and second storeys of a house lately restored.

Immediately opposite the Palazzo Grimani is the Byzantine building described by Ruskin as *The Terraced House.* 'It has a small terrace in front of it, and a little court with a door to the water, beside the terrace. Half the house is visibly modern, and there is a great seam, like the edge of a scar, between it and the ancient remnant, in which the circular bands of the Byzantine arches will be instantly recognised.'

'Let me describe an ordinary **gothic palace.** It is divided probably into three or four storeys in height, the several stages generally separated by string-courses. The **lower** (or water) storey opens by an arched doorway in the centre to the water, and on either side of this doorway a few small windows serve to light the basement. The **second** stage has a grand window of some five or six lights, divided by shafts of marble, and rich with tracery in the centre; and on either side of the one or two single lights, with tracery corresponding with traceries of the central windows. The **third** stage is nearly a reproduction of the second, though perhaps slightly less important. The **upper** stage is either again a repetition of the others, or else consists of a few small windows placed over the others. The **whole** is crowned by a slightly projecting eaves-cornice, generally very meagre in its character, and with a line of genuine dog-tooth ornament on its lower edge. Occasionally, as in the Ca' D' Oro, the windows are enclosed within a square line of delicate moulding, the space within which is encrusted with marble, and entirely distinct from the string-courses; or, again, sometimes the whole central division of the first and second storeys is veneered on to a façade, in which the other windows are treated constructionally. From first to last the distinction between the centre and the wings was never lost sight of and never forgotten.'—*Street.*

Near the bend of the canal we now pass the **Church of S. Silvestro**, which is only of interest as containing—

1*st Altar* (*L.*).—*Girolamo da Santa Croce.* S. Thomas à Becket with the Baptist and S. Francis.

'A superb example of the Venetian religious school.'—*Ruskin.*

1*st Altar* (*R.*).—**Tintoretto.** The Baptism of Christ (the upper part an addition).

'There is simply the Christ in the water, and the S. John on the shore, without attendants, disciples, or witnesses of any kind; but the power of light and shade, and the splendour of the landscape, which is on the whole well preserved, render it a most interesting example. The Jordan is represented as a mountain-brook, receiving a tributary stream in a cascade from the rocks, in which S. John stands: there is a rounded stone in the centre of the current; and the parting of the water at this, as well as its rippling among the roots of some dark trees on the left, are among the most accurate resemblances of nature to be found in any of the works of the great masters. I hardly know whether most to wonder at the power of the man who thus broke through the neglect of nature which was universal at his time; or at the evidences, visible throughout the whole of the conception, that he was still content to paint from slight memories of what he had seen in hill-countries, instead of following out to its full depth the fountain which he had opened. There is not a stream among the hills of Friuli which in any quarter of a mile of its course would not have suggested to him finer forms of cascade than those which he has idly painted at Venice.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

The famous Adoration of the Magi, by Paolo Veronese, in our National Gallery, was painted for this church in 1573.

Opposite the church, in the **Campo S. Silvestro, Giorgione** resided when in Venice, and died in 1511. He covered the front of his house with frescoes, of which traces only remain. The Patriarch of Grado also resided near this church from the twelfth century until 1451, when Nicholas V., suppressing that dignity together with that of the Bishop of Castello, concentrated them in the New Patriarchate of Venice.

We now approach the bridge uniting the Island of S. Marco to that of Rialto—till lately the only bridge over the Grand Canal—which is called by English abbreviation *the Rialto*. Venetians speak of it as **Ponte di Rialto**, for this part of the town was the ancient city of Venice, and derives its name from *Rivo-alto*, as the land on the left of the canal was called here. After the limits of the town were extended, it continued, like the City of London, to be the centre of commerce and trade. In this quarter were the *Fabriche*, or warehouses and custom-houses, and many of the handsomest buildings, such as the Fondaco dei Turchi, and the Fondaco de' Tedeschi. The Rialto, which Shakspeare alludes to when Shylock is made to say—

> 'Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
> In the Rialto you have rated me
> About my monies'—

refers, of course, to this quarter of the town, and not to the bridge. In 1180 an engineer named Barattieri made the first

bridge, in the place of a bridge of boats which had previously existed here, and his bridge is to be seen in the great picture of Carpaccio in the Accademia. It was of wood, having a central drawbridge. In the sixteenth century all the great architects of the period—Fra Giocondo, Sansovino, Palladio, Vignola, even Michelangelo himself—contended for the honour of designing the new bridge. The prize was obtained by *Antonio da Ponte*, by whom the existing *Ponte di Rialto* (span of arch, 91 feet; height, 24½ feet; width, 72 feet) was begun in 1588 under Doge Pasquale Cicogna. It was abused at first, but criticism was soon silenced, and on even the smallest engravings of the time it is desigated as '*Il Famoso Ponte*.' The Annunciation on the bridge (the angel being at one end, the Madonna at the other of the span) is by Girolamo Campagna. The dove, flying towards the Madonna, forms the keystone of the bridge.

'Note the sculpture of the Annunciation on the southern side of it; how beautifully arranged, so as to give more lightness and grace to the Arch—the Dove, flying toward the Madonna, forming the keystone—and thus the whole action of the figures being parallel to the curve of the Arch, while all the masonry is at right angles to it. The sculptures themselves are not good, but the feeling in them is admirable.'—*Ruskin*.

The footway of the bridge is lined with shops.

'Le Rialto est certainement un coin unique; là se pressent les barques noires chargées de verdure, qui viennent des îles pour approvisioner Venise, les grands radeaux chargés de *cocomeri*, d'*angurie*, de citrouilles et de pastèques qui forment des montagnes colorées; là se heurtent les gondoles, et les gondoliers s'intepellent dans leur idiome vénitien qui éveille l'idée d'un gazouillement d'oiseaux; là aussi se tiennent les pêcheurs, dans un marché grouillant, vivant, noirâtre, curieux par l'aspect des bâtisses et par les types des marchands; et, comme un contraste élégant, sur les marches du pont, devant les boutiques des joailliers, s'arrêtent les filles des différents quartiers de Venise, celles de Canareggio, de Dorso-Duro, celles de San Marco et de Santa Croce, venues de tous les coins de la ville pour acheter les fichus colorés dont elles se parent, les bijoux d'or finement travaillés, les perles de verre brillantes de Murano, ou ces boules de verre bulbeuses irisées de vert, de bleu, de rose; tandis que drapées dans leurs vieux châles gris qui ne laissent voir que leurs profils édentés et leurs mèches d'argent, les vieilles femmes du Rialto traînent leurs sandales sur les marches et se glissent dans la foule, cachant sous les pans de leurs tabliers les mets étranges qu'elles viennent d'acheter à tous les marchands de friture en plein vent qui se tiennent aux abords du Rialto.'—*Yriarte*.

Close to the bridge is the **Church of S. Giacomo di Rialto,** said to date from the earliest foundation of the town, but possessing few remains of its antiquity.

'It has been grievously restored, but the pillars and capitals of its nave are certainly of the eleventh century; those of its portico are of good central gothic.'—*Ruskin.*

Over the high-altar is a statue of the patron saint by *Alessandro Vittoria*, remarkable for its calm and stately attitude and the simple folds of its drapery. The statue of S. Antonio is by *Girolamo Campagna.*

'The campanile of S. Giacomo is a perfectly fine example. It is almost entirely of brick, and the long lines of its arcades give great effect of height, while the details are all good and quite gothic in their character.' —*Street.*

In 1664 it possessed 'good pictures by Lanfrancus and Marcus Vecelli, old Titian's nephew and scholar.'—*MS. in possession of the writer.*

Facing the church is the curious statue of a hunchback, **Il Gobbo di Rialto**, the sixteenth-century work of *Pietro da Salo*, supporting a pillar. From a red marble column near the statue the Laws of the Republic used to be proclaimed.

In the times of the Republic this was the centre of mercantile life in Venice.

'These porticoes are daily frequented by Florentine, Genoese, and Milanese merchants, by those from Spain and Turkey, and all the other different nations of the world, who assemble here in such vast multitudes that the piazza is celebrated amongst the first in the universe.'—*Sansovino*, 1580.

The market-place is still full of colour and picturesqueness, with fruit, lavender (needed), lilies, and birds, for sale:—

> 'Since that the trade and profit of the city
> Consisteth of all nations.'—'*Merchant of Venice.*'

'All the pictures out of all the churches are buying and selling in this busy market; Virgins go by, carrying their infants; S. Peter is bargaining his silver fish; Judas is making a low bow to a fat old monk, who holds up his brown skirts and steps with bare legs into a mysterious black gondola that has been waiting by the bridge, and that silently glides away. . . . Then a cripple goes by on his crutches; then comes a woman carrying a beautiful little boy, with a sort of turban round her head. One corner of the market is given up to great hobgoblin pumpkins; tomatoes are heaped in the stalls; oranges and limes are not yet over; but perhaps the fish-stalls are the prettiest of all. Silver fish tied up in stars with olive-green leaves, gold fish, as in miracles; noble people serving. There are the jewellers' shops too, but their wares do not glitter so brightly as all this natural beautiful gold and silver.'—*Miss Thackeray.*

The poultry-sellers have a proverb in frequent use, 'One fat and one lean, like the birds of Marano,' which records the

arrangement in the December distribution of the Doge's wild-ducks, shot near his castle at Marano, of which he was expected to present five to every Venetian nobleman, in accordance with one of the clauses of his coronation oath, obliging him to distribute fowl to them all at Christmas time.[1]

Following the Ruga degli Orefici and turning to the left, we reach **S. Giovanni Elemosinario**, rebuilt in the sixteenth century on the site of a church of the eleventh century. The campanile is of 1398–1410.

Chapel R. of High Altar.—Pordenone, 1530. SS. Sebastian, Catherine, and Roch.

High Altar.—**Titian.** The Charity of S. Giovanni Elemosinario.

Sides of Last Altar.—Marco Vecelli. A Priest offering holy water to Doge Leonardo Dona on his visiting this church, and the Charity of S. Giovanni. The Doge came hither every Wednesday in Passion Week to receive the Indulgence left by Alexander III. in 1177.

Last Altar.—Bonifazio. The Madonna in glory.

We must now return to our gondola at the little wharf near the bridge, one of the most picturesque sites on the Grand Canal.

'Venice is sad and silent now, to what she was in the time of Canaletto; the canals are choked gradually, one by one, and the foul water laps more and more sluggishly against the rent foundations; but even yet, could I but place the reader at the early morning on the quay below the Rialto, when the market-boats, full laden, float into groups of golden colour; and let him watch the dashing of the water about their glittering steely heads, and under the shadow of the vine leaves; and show him the purple of the grapes and the figs, and the glowing of the scarlet gourds carried away in long streams upon the waves; and among them the crimson fish-baskets, plashing and sparkling, and flaming as the morning sun falls on their wet tawny sides; and above, the painted sails of the fishing-boats, orange and white, scarlet and blue; and, better than all such florid colour, the naked, bronzed, burning limbs of the seamen, the last of the old Venetian race, who yet keep the right Giorgione colour on their brows and bosoms, in strange contrast with the sallow, sensual degradation of the creatures that live in the cafés of the Piazza, he would not be merciful to Canaletto any more.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters.*'

We should visit the little piazza which opens to the Rialto—**Campo S. Bartolommeo**—on the S. Mark's side of the canal (where the artist Vincenzo Catena lived, and died September 1531), for the sake of some very interesting examples of the third order of Venetian windows in one of its houses.

'The house faces the bridge, and its second story has been built in the thirteenth century, above a still earlier Byzantine cornice remaining,

[1] See Horatio Brown.

or perhaps introduced from some other ruined edifice, in the walls of the first floor. The windows of the second story are of pure third order, and have capitals constantly varying in the form of the flower or leaf introduced between their volutes.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

Here is a characteristic statue of the Venetian Molière, Carlo Goldoni, the work of *Dal Zotta*, 1883.

To the **Church of S. Bartolommeo** the great merchant-prince Cristoforo Fugger presented a noble picture by Giovanni Bellini, now in the Bohemian monastery of Strakow. Its pictures by *Sebastiano del Piombo* are described by Lazari as 'barbaramente sfigurati da mani imperite, che pretendevano ristaurarli,' but that of the Four Saints—Bartholomew, Sebastian, Sinibaldo, and Louis—deserves notice. There is a family likeness between the campanile of S. Bartolommeo and the bulbous towers of Holland, especially that of the Oude Kerk at Amsterdam : the tower of S. Giles-in-the-Fields in London is of the same character.

Close to the Rialto on the left is the handsome **Palazzo dei Camerlenghi**, built in 1525 by *Guglielmo Bergamasco*, but of irregular form, owing to the space afforded. Here the three *Camerlenghi di Commune* dwelt as Treasurers of the State under the Republic.

Passing the prisons, we reach the *Pescheria*, where the hideous (and useless) heat-attracting cast-iron market conceals the interesting remains of the *Palazzo Maggiore*, in its time the grandest palace in Venice, built by the Querini, who were ruined by the part they took in the Tiepolo conspiracy (1310), after which, to mark their disgrace, a third of their palace was used as the butchers' shambles, and has decayed ever since. Two-thirds were destroyed. Now we reach the **Palazzo Corner della Regina**, so called from Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, to whom an older palace on this site was allotted after her abdication. It was bequeathed by her to the Papacy, by whom it was given to the Counts of Cavanis, founders of the Scuole Pie. The existing palace was built in 1724 by *Domenico Rossi*. It is now used as a Monte di Pietà.

In front of the palace, as the procession of the unfortunate Queen Caterina was passing on her public reception by the Republic, her brother, Giorgio Cornaro, was knighted by the Doge, for the skill with which he had persuaded her to give up her crown.

We now reach the magnificent **Palazzo Pesaro**, built by *Baldassare Longhena*, architect of the Salute, in 1679. The Pesaro family is one of the most illustrious in Venetian history. They first came to Venice in 1225, being descended from Jacopo

Palmieri of Pesaro. Besides the famous general Bernardo Pesaro and the Doge Giovanni, many illustrious generals and procurators were of this house.[1]

'The most impressive in effect of all the palaces of the Grotesque Renaissance.'—*Ruskin.*

'The Pesaro Palace, built by Longhena, though over-ornamental, has no striking faults. Though not in the purest taste, it still perfectly expresses the fact that it is the residence of a wealthy and luxurious noble, and is, taken as a whole, a singularly picturesque piece of palatial architecture. From the water-line to the cornice, it is a rich, varied, and appropriate design, so beautiful as a whole that we can well afford to overlook any slight irregularities in detail.'—*Fergusson.*

A little beyond this is the **Church of S. Stae** (S. Eustachio), built by *Dom. Rossi* in 1709.[2] The pictures are all of the school of Tiepolo, the best (in the sacristy) representing S. Eustachio before his judges. Near the 2nd altar on L. is the bust of Antonio Foscarini, beheaded April 21, 1622, by order of the Council of Ten, for having conspired with the enemies of the State, and pardoned in the *following* January, the accusations against him having been proved false.

[Hence, by the Salizzada and the Calle del Megio, we reach the **Palazzo Sanudo a S. Giacomo**, a fine building of the fifteenth century, which was the residence of Marino Sanudo il Giovane, the historian of Venice and author of the 'Diarii,' who died here, aged 73, in 1539.]

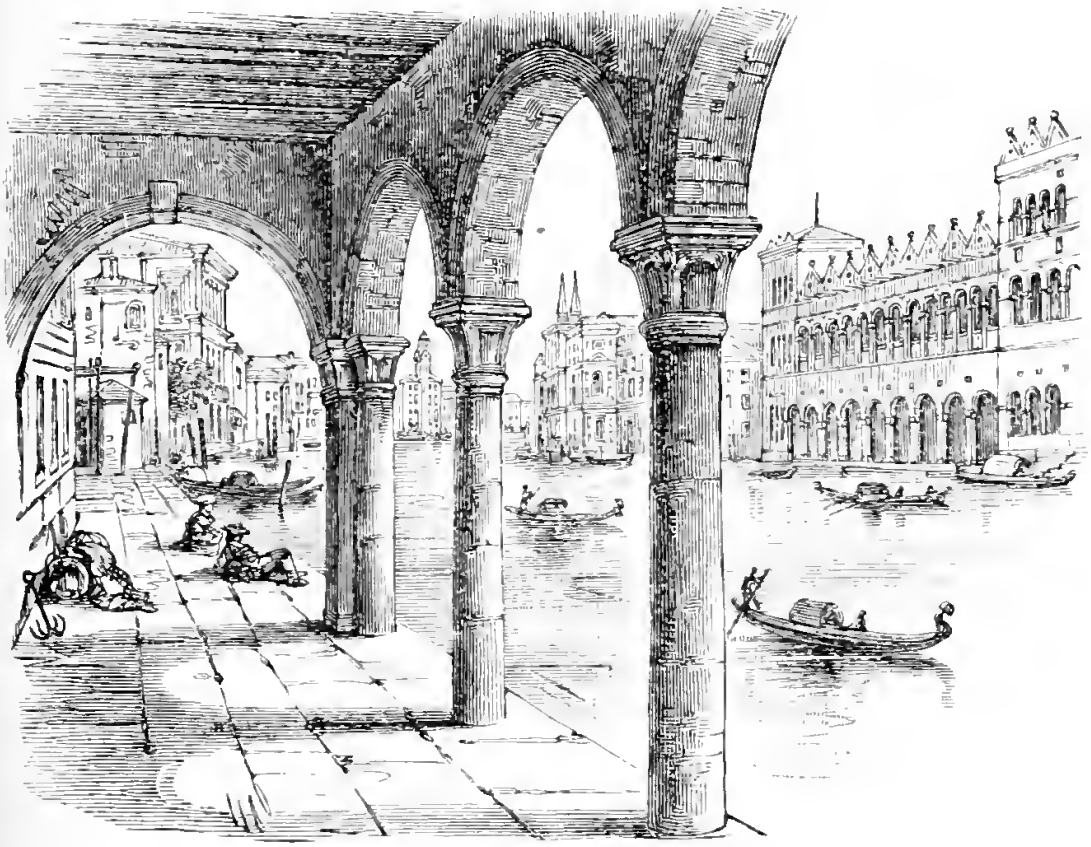
Now, on the Grand Canal, passing first the *Palazzo Duodo*, built originally in gothic of the fifteenth century, but altered, then the classic *Palazzo Tron*, and the *Palazzo Capovilla*, marked by two pyramids on its parapet, we reach the **Fondaco dei Turchi**, a Byzantine palace of the ninth century, and one of the earliest secular buildings in Venice. It belonged originally to the house of Este, during which period (in 1574) it was occupied for a time by Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, with his sister Leonora and the poet who immortalised her—Torquato Tasso. In the sixteenth century it was purchased by the Republic for the Turkish merchants, who had, however, to pay the Venetian Republic 130 ducats a day for its use (1621). A few years ago it was one of the most remarkable and curious buildings in Europe, and the most important specimen of Italo-Byzantine architecture, but it was modernised and almost rebuilt in

[1] The Palazzo Pesaro has (1900) been bequeathed to the city of Venice, and will probably be used as a museum.

[2] The Sacristan of S. Maria Mater Domini has the keys.

1869.[1] Its lower stage had an arcade of ten open arches. The whole was of brick, veneered with marble.

It is now used to contain the **Museo Civico**, which is united with the **Museo Correr** (Steam-boat Station), bequeathed to the town by Teodoro Correr in 1830. It is open from 10 to 4 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. A **cloister** opening



Fondaco dei Turchi.

upon the courtyard contains several old Venetian well-heads of extreme beauty—one dating from the ninth century. At the upper end is the well-head from the Corte Bressana; at the lower, the colossal indifferent statue of M. Agrippa, which was brought to Venice by Cardinal Domenico Grimani. It long occupied a striking position in the courtyard of the Grimani Palace, and was bequeathed to the museum by the last of the family, Conte Michele Grimani.

[1] Ruskin speaks of seven other Byzantine palaces in Venice, which he enumerates as the Casa Loredan, Casa Farsetti, Rio-Foscari House, Terraced House, Madonetta House, Braided House, and Casa Businello.

'Le héros est représenté nu à la manière grecque, son glaive dans la main droit, sa chlamyde jetée sur l'épaule, le pas en avant comme pour l'attaque. La poitrine se développe largement, partout la force éclate, mais sans grâce aucune. Vous êtes devant le type d'un robuste laboureur de la campagne de Rome, la nuque tient du taureau, et les attaches de la tête montrent une musculature herculéenne.'—*Henri Blaze de Bury.*

The collection has recently been well arranged and catalogued. The rooms contain a vast amount of rubbish and a few treasures. We may notice :—

Historical Relics.

A Lectern brought from the island of Rhodes by Doge Morosini.
The Cup of Doge Manin.
The door of the Buccentaur through which the Doge threw the ring into the sea.
A very interesting collection of Venetian coins and medals.
A complete collection of the silver **Osele,** or coins distributed at Christmas by successive Doges from 1521 to 1796, in the place of the food (five wild-ducks from Marano, where the Doge had the shooting), which by their coronation oath they were compelled to send to every Venetian noble at that season.
A very curious collection of visiting cards, dating from the sixteenth century to the present time. It was frequently a matter of pride to invent a design—aristocratic, military, mercantile, artistic. Other cards, evidently intended for sale to the general public, are interesting as representing ancient Venetian buildings and ceremonies ; others as designs by remarkable men, Giorgio Pisani, Canova, &c.
Drawings, designs, and relics of Canova.
A room devoted to the 'Risorgimento,' including portraits of Daniele Manin and his wife, by *Ary Scheffer.*
A collection of autographs, including those of Goldoni, Sansovino, P. Aretino, Caterina Cornaro, &c.
An organ given by Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary (d. 1490), to Caterina Zeno.
A statuette of Doge Tron (d. 1473), by *Pietro Lombardo.*

The pictures (mostly indifferent) include :—

*5. *V. Carpaccio.* Two ladies with their pet animals on a housetop—an important work, extolled by Ruskin.
27. *G. Bellini.* A Pietà—full of profound feeling.
37. *Gio. Bellini.* The Transfiguration. Also attributed to Pier Maria Pennachi.
46. *Gio. Bellini ?* The Crucifixion.
52. *Lor. Lotto.* Madonna and Child, with angels crowning her.
60. *V. Carpaccio.* The Salutation.
83. *Ant. di Messina.* A Portrait.
93. *Bart. Vivarini.* Doge Francesco Foscari, 1423–57.
94. *Leonardo da Vinci ?* Cesare Borgia.
95. *Giovanni Bellini.* Doge Giovanni Mocenigo, 1478–85.
Also many admirable scenes of Venetian life by *Longhi.*

On the upper floor are a few good drawings by old masters, and some capital sketches by Longhi.

Behind the Fondaco dei Turchi is the *Ca' Sanudo.*

The last side canal on the left before the Iron Bridge leads almost immediately to the green-domed **Church of S. Simeone Grande,** dating from the tenth century. It contains a picture of the Trinity by *Vincenzo Catena*, and a **Last Supper** by **Tintoretto.** Behind the high-altar is the recumbent statue of S. Simeone Profeta, a work of *Marco Romano* (1317), the one Roman sculptor of the fourteenth century whose name is handed down to us.

'The face is represented in death : the mouth partly open, the lips thin and sharp, the teeth carefully sculptured beneath ; the face full of quietness and majesty, though very ghastly ; the hair and beard flowing in luxuriant wreaths, disposed with the most masterly freedom yet severity of design, far down upon the shoulders ; the hands crossed upon the body, carefully studied, with the veins and sinews perfectly and easily expressed, yet without any attempt at extreme finish or play of technical skill. This monument bears date 1317, and its sculptor was justly proud of it ; thus recording his name :

"Caelavit Marcus opus hoc insigne Romanus,
Laudibus haud parcis est sua digna manus."'

Ruskin, 'Stones of Venice.'

A visit to this statue, which no one should omit seeing, forms a satisfactory close to our examination of the left bank of the Grand Canal (for S. Simeone Piccolo and the Giardino Papadopoli, beyond the Iron Bridge, are only just worth seeing).

Turning our attention to the opposite bank, we find, immediately beyond the Railway Station, the **Church of the Scalzi** (S. Maria degli Scalzi), or Bare-footed Friars, built at the expense of six noble families by *Baldassare Longhena* (1649–89). The interior is gorgeous in marbles and inlaid work, and doubtless finds admirers. Behind the **high altar** is the gem of the church, a Madonna and Child by *Giovanni Bellini.*

The last Doge of Venice, Ludovico Manin, is buried here in the **Cappella Manin,** near the entrance. When Pietro Gradenigo, who was his rival for office (on the death of Paolo Renier), heard of his election (1789), he exclaimed, "I ga fato doxe un furlan ! La republica xè morta !" ("They have chosen a Doge from Friuli: the Republic is lost.") On the 3rd of June 1797, at the demand of the French, Manin surrendered the ducal bonnet and other insignia of his dignity, which were burned with the Libro d'Oro at the foot of the Tree of Liberty on the Piazza. He fell down in a fainting fit in his anguish at the moment of taking the oath to Austria, and,

though he lived till 1802, one cannot read without sympathy his simple epitaph—"Manini Cineres." He bequeathed his fortune to an institution for poor girls.[1]

S. Geremia.

'This church is a perfect type of the vulgar abuse of marble in every possible way, by men who had no eye for colour, and no understanding of any merit in a work of art but that which arises from costliness of material.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

A little farther, where the broad canal called *Canareggio* opens, is the *Church of S. Geremia*, in design a Greek cross,

[1] It is curious that a Bonaparte, in restoring Venice to Italy, after sixty-nine years of servitude, should have given back the national independence which another Bonaparte had taken away.

by *Carlo Corbellini* (1753). It is of no interest, except as containing two altars with curious perspective illusion by *Gir. Colonna Mengozzi*.

Close to the church is the *Palazzo Labia* (*Ca' Labia*), built (1720–50) by *Andrea Cominelli*, a good specimen of its time. It contains a dining-room painted by *Tiepolo*—a glorious specimen of an old palace-chamber. The name of this palace is said to be a pun on the riches of its owners. They used to entertain their guests at banquets on gold plate, which they afterwards threw into the canal, though when all was quiet at night the heir of the house dived and recovered all the gold plate which for ostentation had been thrown away. (*Sic dicitur!*)

On the **Canareggio**, a little beyond the church, is the *Palazzo Manfrin*, of the seventeenth century, with a picture-gallery which is open daily, but now contains nothing worth seeing, all the good pictures having been sold: the best of them are now either in the Accademia or at Alnwick Castle.

Returning to the Grand Canal, we pass the *Campo* and **Church of S. Marcuola**. This is the vulgar name for a church dedicated to SS. Ermagora and Fortunato. Bernoni, in his amusing book on the legends of Venice, gives a ghost story connected with this building—of the parish priest who was dragged out of bed and soundly kicked and cuffed by all the corpses buried in this church, because he had declared in his sermons his disbelief in ghosts, and had dared to say, 'Where the dead are, there they stay.' **Tintoretto** (1) Last Supper; (2) Washing the feet of the Apostles.

A little beyond this is the **Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi**, sometimes called *Palazzo Non Nobis*, from the words 'Non nobis, Domine, non nobis,' the motto of the family, engraved upon the stones at the base. This is one of the few Venetian palaces which are well kept up, and it has 'a garden beside it, rich with evergreens, and decorated by gilded railings and white statues that cast long streams of snowy reflection down into the deep water.' It was built in 1481 for Andrea Loredan by *Pietro Lombardo*, one of the extraordinary family[1] who seemed to transmit the genius of architecture like a heritage, and imparted the name *Architettura Lombardesca* to the style of their period. A hundred years afterwards it was sold to the Duke of Brunswick, who, in his turn, sold it to the Duke of Mantua. A lawsuit afterwards compelled its re-sale, and in 1589 it was bought by Vittore Calerghi, whose family becoming extinct in the male line, it passed to the Grimani, and thence to

[1] Pietro, Tullio, Santi, Martino, Antonio, and Moro Lombardi.

the Vendramini, by whom it was sold in 1842 to the Duchesse de Berri, mother of Henry V., Comte de Chambord. It is now the property of his half-brother, the Duca della Grazia. **Richard Wagner,** died here in February 1883, in a room on the first floor overlooking the Grand Canal.

The façade (78 ft. long, 63 ft. high) is built of grey Istrian stone, with pillars of Greek marble and medallions of porphyry. Monotony is capitally prevented by the introduction of the balcony along the entire first floor. The wing towards the garden is by *Vin. Scamozzi* (1552–1616). In the interior are two beautiful statues of Adam and Eve by *Tullio Lombardo.*

'In the Palazzo Vendramini nothing can exceed the beauty of the proportion of the three cornices, and the dignity of that which crowns the whole. The base, too, is sufficiently solid without being heavy, and the windows being all mullioned, and the spaces between reinforced with three-quarter columns, there is no appearance of weakness anywhere, while there is almost as much opening for light and air as in any building of its age.'—*Fergusson.*

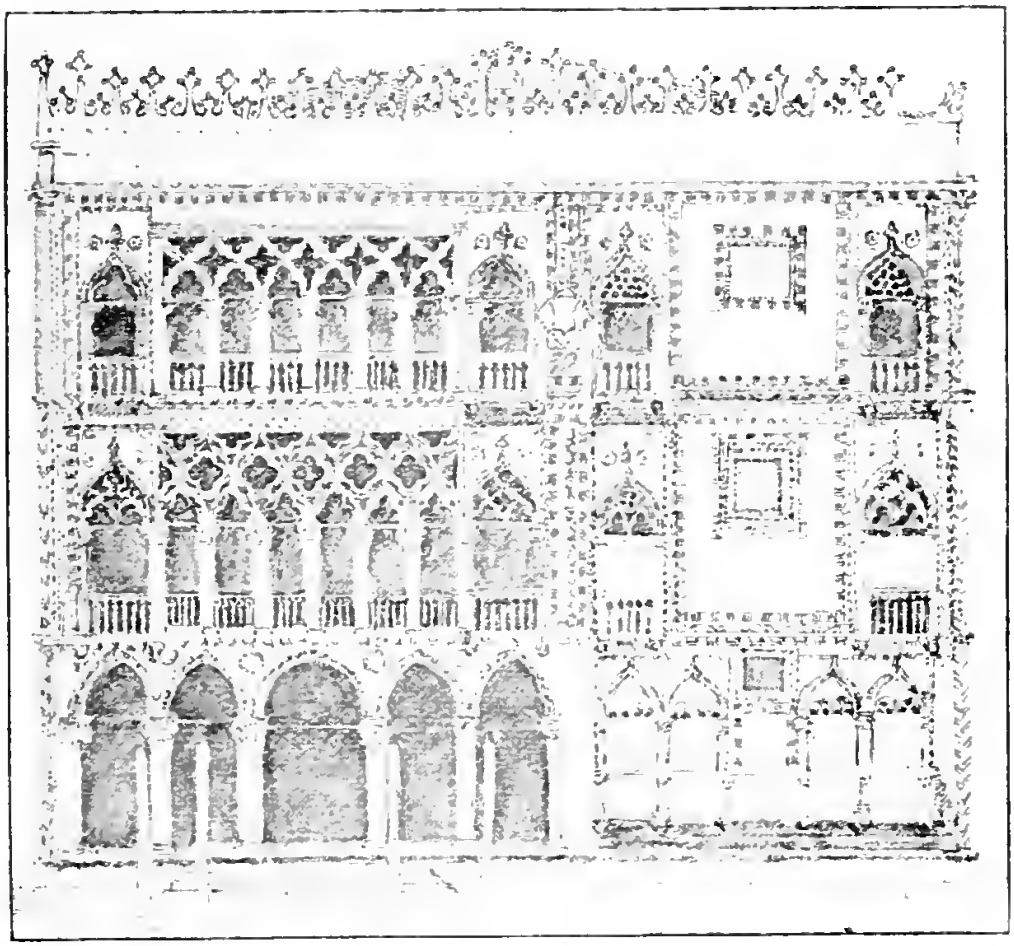
In 1658, whilst the palace was in possession of the Grimani, three brothers of the house—Giovanni, Pietro, and Vittore, a priest—having a grudge against the noble Francesco Querini, seized him as he was leaving the theatre at night, and carrying him off in a gondola, brought him to the little garden bordering the canal, and there murdered him. The Senate cited the brothers to answer for the crime at their tribunal, and when they refused to appear, degraded them from their rank as nobles, ordered their goods to be confiscated, their palace door built up, and a column with an inscription recording their crime to be erected in their garden. In a mysteriously short time, however, their sentence was repealed, the column was removed, and the three brothers had so much increased in wealth and prosperity as to add a wing to their already magnificent palace.

The neighbouring **Palazzo Marcello** (now Ricchetti) was the residence of Benedetto Marcello (1686–1739), the musician. The *Palazzo Erizzo*, of the fifteenth century, has perishing pictures of the heroic exploits of Paolo Erizzo at the defence of Negroponte.

At the opening of the next side canal is the *Palazzo Grimani* built by *Vincenzo Scamozzi* in the sixteenth century. It was decorated outside by frescoes of Tintoretto, which have disappeared. There were three Doges of the Grimani family.

The next building of importance is the fairy-like **Ca' D'Oro,** one of the most beautiful and graceful of the fifteenth-century palaces, and crowned, like the Ducal Palace, by an adaptation

of the delicate 'crown-like ornaments which crest the walls of the Arabian mosque.' This exquisite palace derives its name from the gilding of its polychromatic façade, which was erected by Giovanni and Bartolommeo Bon (1432) and painted and gilded by Zuane de Franza.[1] The 'pome,' or balls of Istrian stone on the parapet, were likewise gilded, the whole having



Ca' D' Oro.

first been painted with white lead and oil. It was built for Marino Contarini, and in the architect's account is called *Chaxa Grande*, 'great palace.' 'June 30 (1432), by Ser Marino to Master Antonio, son of Bartolommeo, for one hundred large golden leaves, on account of my father.' The ultramarine

[1] This is proved by the discovery (Archivio Veneto, xxxi. pt. 1, p. 201) of (1) the contract of Marino Contarini in 1430, with the two architects Bon, and (2) the contract of the same with Zuane de Franza, pentor da S. Aponal. Arms of Contarini: Or, 3 bends, azure.

employed was made of powdered lapis-lazuli from Badakshan, and a pound of it cost 216.54 francs. In 1855 the famous Taglioni lived here.

Beyond this is the *Palazzo Morosini* or *Sagredo*, dating from the thirteenth century, but altered in later times. It has a grand staircase by *Andrea Tirali*, decorated with a picture of the Fall of the Giants by *Longhi* (1734). Niccolò Sagredo was Doge in 1674.

Close by is the **Palazzo Michiele delle Colonne**, of the seventeenth century. It contains some fine old tapestries of the history of Darius and Alexander the Great. Three Doges belonged to the Michieli[1] (Michiel) family : Vitale (1095), distinguished in the Holy Land ; Domenico (1117), who fought in the East; and the murdered Vitale II. (son of the last, 1155), who espoused the cause of Pope Alexander III. against Frederick Barbarossa. The arms of the Michieli bear the leather coinage established by Doge Domenico during the absence of the Venetian fleet at the Crusades, and circulated upon his personal security that it should be exchanged for gold when the ships returned. Adjoining this palace is the *Corte del Remer*, with gothic windows of the fifteenth century, and an interesting house inlaid with bands of colour.

'One of the houses in the Corte del Remer is remarkable as having its great entrance on the first floor, attained by a bold flight of steps, sustained on four *pointed* arches wrought in brick. The rest of the aspect of the building is Byzantine, except only that the rich sculptures of its archivolt show in combats of animals, beneath the soffit, a beginning of the gothic fire and energy. The moulding of its plinth is of a gothic profile, and the windows are pointed, not with a reversed curve, but in a pure straight gable, very curiously contrasted with the delicate bending of the pieces of marble armour cut for the shoulders of each arch. There is a two-lighted window on each side of the door, sustained in the centre by a basket-worked Byzantine capital : the mode of covering the brick archivolt with marble, both in the windows and doorway, is precisely like that of the true Byzantine palaces.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

The neighbouring *Church of the Apostoli*, consisting of a nave, is for the most part modern. The tower is of the seventeenth century.

Close to the Rialto is the **Fondaco dei Tedeschi** (now the Post Office), built for German merchants by decree of the Senate by *Girolamo Tedesco*[2] and *Giorgio Spavento*, in 1505–7. The Senate decreed in the rebuilding of it after a fire that no marble or fretwork should be introduced. The side toward the Grand Canal, and much besides, was painted

[1] Arms of Michieli : Barry arg. azure charged with 11 bezants, or.
[2] A German named Jerome.

by Giorgione, and that toward the Merceria by his scholar and assistant, Titian. The frescoes were destroyed by the exposure to northerly winds.

Passing the Rialto, we reach the *Palazzo Manin* (built in the sixteenth century by *Jacopo Sansovino*). It is now the National Bank. The Manin family came from Florence, and was ennobled during the war of Chioggia for a sum of money paid to the State. Ludovico Manin, who was the last Doge of Venice, lived here.

Just beyond this, grouping well with the Rialto, is the *Palazzo Bembo*, of the beginning of the fifteenth century. There is a beautiful Byzantine cornice above the entresol. Next come the small remains of the **Palazzo Dandolo** (partially burnt) of the twelfth century, interesting as having been the residence of Enrico Dandolo, the conqueror of Constantinople.

'Enrico Dandolo, when elected Doge in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania, for so the Roman Empire was then called, to the title and territories of the Venetian Doge.

'Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person: two ships, the *Paradise* and the *Pilgrim*, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to the walls. The Doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythræan: "A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a third leader; they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet, nine inches, and a half." '—*Byron*, '*Notes to Childe Harold.*'

We now reach **Palazzo Loredan**, of the twelfth century, with two rows of horse-shoe arches, covered with the richest mouldings. The capitals of the second storey resemble certain of those of S. Vitale at Ravenna.

'This palace, though not conspicuous, and often passed by with neglect, will be felt at last, by all who examine it carefully, to be the most beautiful palace in the whole extent of the Grand Canal. It has been restored often, once in the gothic, once in the renaissance times—some writers say even rebuilt; but if so, rebuilt in its old form. The gothic additions harmonise exquisitely with the Byzantine work, and it is easy, as we examine its lovely central arcade, to forget the renaissance additions which encumber it above.'—*Ruskin.*

Here from 1363 to 1366 lived Peter V. Lusignan, King of Cyprus, as the guest of Federigo Corner Piscopia. His arms are over some of the windows. Here the learned Elena Cornaro Piscopia was born.

Passing the Traghetto di S. Luca, we reach the **Palazzo Farsetti** (once *Dandolo*, now **Municipio**). In the latest years of the Republic an academy was established here, in which the sculptor Canova received his first education. The front is modernised and exceedingly rich, but the ground floor and first floor have nearly all their shafts and capitals from an original building of the twelfth century, only they have been much shifted from their original positions. The neighbouring *Palazzo Grimani* (now Tribunale d' Appello) is a noble work of *Sanmicheli.*

'Sanmicheli's masterpiece is the design of the Grimani Palace. It does not appear to have been quite finished at his death in 1542, but substantially it is his, and, though not so pleasing as some of the earlier palaces, it is a stately and appropriate building. The proportions of the whole façade are good, and its dimensions (92 ft. wide by 98 in height) give it a dignity which renders it one of the most striking façades on the Grand Canal, while the judgment displayed in the design elevates it into being one of the best buildings of the age in which it was erected.' —*Fergusson.*

'It is to the majesty of this building that the Rialto itself, and the whole group of neighbouring buildings, owe the greater part of their impressiveness. Nor is the finish of its details less notable than the grandeur of their scale. There is not an erring line, nor a mistaken proportion, throughout its noble front. This palace is the principal type at Venice, and one of the best in Europe, of the central Architecture of the Renaissance schools. I have called it the Roman Renaissance, because it is founded, both in its principles of superimposition, and in the style of its ornaments, upon the architecture of classic Rome at its best period.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

The *Palazzo Cavalli* (restored) is of the fifteenth, the *Palazzo Martinengo* of the sixteenth century. The **Palazzo Benzon** is only interesting as having been frequently visited by Byron, Moore, Canova, and others. The **Palazzo Corner-Spinelli** is a beautiful renaissance building, by *Pietro Lombardo*, c. 1500. Its rustic basement recalls Florentine work. The balconies are exquisitely decorated. Portions of the interior are by *Sanmicheli.*

The **Palazzo Mocenigo** (1520–24) is exceedingly rich. The roses on their coat of arms appear on all buildings of this family. Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, stayed here in 1574, and in 1592 the celebrated philosopher-monk Giordano Bruno was here denounced by his host as a heretic, to be burnt at the stake at Rome a few years later.

Byron usually resided here (1818) when at Venice, and so many are the quaint stories recollected of his life here that one might almost suppose he had taken to wife the Adriatic. Amongst other eccentricities, every evening he used to go to the receptions of the Contessa Maria Benzon (the original of

'La biondina in gondoletta,' the most famous of Venetian barcarolles), and arriving about twelve, stayed about two hours. Then his servant always arrived with a lanthorn and a board. Byron went downstairs, undressed, gave his clothes to his servant, and putting the lanthorn on the board, swam home with it. The writing-table of the poet is preserved in the palace. Whilst living here Byron wrote the first cantos of 'Don Juan,' 'Beppo,' and part of 'Marino Faliero' and 'Sardanapalus.'

The **Palazzo Contarini delle Figure** is of 1514–46, and very beautiful. The traceried windows are now a thing of the past. The central windows are still grouped, but they are crowned with an acute pediment, not very happily. Observe the curious trophies hung from trees sculptured on the main storey. In 1489 it belonged to a man who had married a beautiful heiress, and gambled away her lands, then the palace, finally his wife. Ever since Venetian legends affirm that mysterious knockings are heard here, and doors, at set hours, are opened by invisible hands.

'In the intervals of the windows of the first story, certain shields and torches are attached, in the form of trophies, to the stems of two trees whose boughs have been cut off, and only one or two of their faded leaves left, scarcely observable, but delicately sculptured here and there, beneath the insertions of the severed boughs. It is as if the workman had intended to leave us an image of the expiring naturalism of the gothic school.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

This palace served as an asylum both to Cardinal Pole and Torquato Tasso.

The *Palazzo Moro-Lin*, by the Florentine *Seb. Mazzoni*, has a façade of the four orders of classic architecture. It contains frescoes by *Lazzarini*. This palace first belonged to the family of Lin, on whose extinction it passed to that of Moro, of whom was Doge Cristoforo Moro, by some believed to have been the original of Othello.[1]

The *Palazzo Grassi*, now Palazzo Sina, by *Giorgio Massari*, only dates from the last century, but has a noble staircase decorated by *Longhi*. The walls represent the Carnival of 1745, with portraits of the family of that time, young and old, looking over balustrades. The Grassi family came from Chioggia in 1718, and bought their nobility, but the interior of their palace is more worth seeing than any other in Venice.

Passing the **Church of S. Samuele**, with a good renaissance tower, is the *Palazzo Giustiniani-Lonin*, built in the seventeenth century by *Baldassari Longhena*. The family claim

[1] *Cf.* Rawdon Brown, 'Ragguagli Su Marino Sanudo.'

descent from the Emperor Justinian. They were settled in Venice from the earliest period of its history. All the males of the house were killed in battle against Emmanuel Comnenus, except one, who was a monk, and who was released from his vows by the Pope, in order to refound the family. He then married the daughter of Doge Vitale, had a numerous family, including the direct ancestor of the present Prince Giustiniani, and afterwards re-entered his convent. Louise de France, Duchess of Parma, grand-daughter of Louis XVIII., died here, January 29, 1864.

At the iron bridge we reach the Campo S. Vidal. The red-towered **Church of S. Vitale** contains, behind the high altar, a noble and expressive picture of the patron saint on horseback by *Vittore Carpaccio* (1514), thoroughly Venetian in character.

It is about twelve feet high, and distributed in three sections. The **lowest** of these consists of three arches; in the central one appears S. Vitale in full armour, on a white horse finely foreshortened so as to face us. His battle-axe, resting on his thigh, is held from him by his right hand. A landscape is seen through all the arches. In the flanking ones are SS. John the Baptist, Valeria, Gervasio, and Protasio. In the middle section, on a balcony, are four more saints, two meeting two, and between these, seated above the central arch, a cherub plays a mandoline. Above (ending in a lunette), the Madonna and Child look down from the clouds.

The **Palazzo Cavalli** is of the fifteenth century. The family were founded here by Giacomo Cavalli, who came from Verona and defended Venice against the Genoese in 1380. Formerly the property of the Comte de Chambord, this palace now belongs to Baron Franchetti, who married one of the Rothschilds, and has restored it with splendour rather than taste. Heads of sea-horses are inserted between the windows.

The **Palazzo Barbaro** belonged to descendants of the famous procuratore Marc Antonio, and contained till lately a frescoed ceiling by Tiepolo (sold at Paris in 1874), representing the triumph of Francesco Barbaro (1398–1454), the defender of Brescia against Piccinino of Milan. Formerly the family lived in the quarter of the Angelo Raffaelle at the Zattere, where the paternal house (much disfigured) still exists.

To this family belonged a number of highly distinguished men, including Daniele (d. 1570), Francesco, Procurator of the Republic, orator, and statesman (1454); Josaphat, the traveller to Persia, India, &c. (1494); and the famous Ermolao (1493), disciple of Pomponio Leto, philosopher, commentator of Pliny, and ambassador. The family is further remarkable for having declined the proferred Dogedom.

'The pointed arcade in its side-wall is good gothic of the earliest fourteenth-century type.'—*Ruskin.*

The front of the **Palazzo Corner della Ca' Grande**, now the Prefettúra, is a work of *Jacopo Sansovino* of 1532. There is here a beautiful courtyard, in the centre of which is a fountain with a statue, by *Francesco Penso*. Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, belonged to this family.

'One of the worst and coldest buildings of the central Renaissance.'—*Ruskin*.

'Le palais Cornaro, le plus riche de tous en glorieux souvenirs de tout genre, depuis le souvenir de la couronne royal de Chypre jusqu'au souvenir de la couronne d'épines qui ceignit la tête de la bienheureuse Elena Cornaro. C'était là, sur ce balcon qui donne sur le grand canal, qu'on mettait sa piété enfantine à la plus rude des épreuves, en la forçant d'assister à contre-cœur aux fêtes profanes qui se donnaient à l'occasion du carnival, et qui, au lieu de la réjouir, la faisaient fondre en larmes.'—*Rio*, '*Épilogue à l'Art Chrétien*.'

'It is a relief to turn from the tiresome and overladen upper storeys to the quiet simplicity and dignity of the lowest, which looks like the work of another hand. The cleverest thing about the design is the way in which these two windows are joined.'—*Anderson*.

Passing *Palazzo Fini* (part of the Grand Hotel) and *Casa Ferro*, with a beautiful four-sided pergola of the fourteenth century, we reach one of the most exquisite of the small gothic buildings, the **Palazzo Contarini-Fasan** (often shown as the house of Desdemona), of the fourteenth century, with corded edges, and balconies of surpassing richness supported on richly sculptured corbels.

'The very pleasant little terrasse that jutteth or butteth out from the maine building, with many pretty little turned pillars of marble to leane over.'—*Thomas Coryat*, 1608.

'The richest work of the fifteenth century domestic gothic in Venice, but notable more for richness than excellence of design. It deserves to be regarded with attention as showing how much beauty and dignity may be bestowed on a very small and unimportant dwelling-house by gothic sculpture. It is one of the principal ornaments of the very noblest reach of the Grand Canal.'—*Ruskin*.

The *Palazzo Emo*, now *Treves*, is of 1680. It contains a beautiful staircase, a ceiling telling the story of Psyche, by *Giovanni Demin*, and colossal statues of Hector and Ajax by *Canova*.

The **Palazzo Giustiniani**, now Hotel Europa, is of the fifteenth century. Here Chateaubriand stayed when he visited Venice, and wrote, 'Que ne puis-je m'enfermer dans cette ville en harmonie avec ma destinée, dans cette ville de poètes!' Here also the celebrated *Töpffer*, the writer of 'Voyages en

Zigzag,' put up with his band of pupils; and here *Théophile Gautier* passed the first part of the long visit to which we owe the charming 'Voyage en Italie.'

'Sans un malheureux écriteau planté au-dessus du portique et contenant ces mots: Hotel de l'Europe, chez Marseille, le palais Giustiniani serait encore tel qu'on le voit sur le merveilleux plan d'Albert Dürer à l'exception de deux fenêtres au troisième étage.'—*Gautier.*

George Eliot stayed at the Hotel Europa on her honeymoon after marrying Mr. Cross, and here her husband narrowly escaped death by falling from the balcony into the canal. Wagner made the hotel his residence for a long period.

We now reach the gardens of the Royal Palace, and the opening to the lagoon, opposite S. Giorgio and Dogana di Mare.

'As for the women here, they would gladly get the same reputation that their husbands have, of being tall and handsome; but they overdo it with their horrible "cioppini," or shoes, a full half-yard high. I confesse I wondered at first, to see women go vpon stilts, and appeare taller by the head than myself, (who am of the tallest size), and not be able to go any whither without resting their hands upon the shoulders of two grave old women that usher them; but at last I perceived that it was good policy, and a pretty ingenious way either to clog women absolutely at home by such heavy shoes, or to make them not able to go either farre, or alone, or invisibly.'—*From an English MS.* 1646.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTH-EASTERN VENICE

IN a gondola to—

S. Zaccaria ; S. Giorgio dei Greci ; S. Antonino ; **S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni ;** Palazzo Grimani ; **S. Maria Formosa ;** Ponte del Paradiso ; **SS. Giovanni e Paolo ;** S. Lazzaro ; S. Francesco della Vigna ; S. Pietro di Castello ; S. Giuseppe di Castello ; Giardini Pubblici ; S. Biagio ; the **Arsenal ;** S. Giovanni in Bragora.

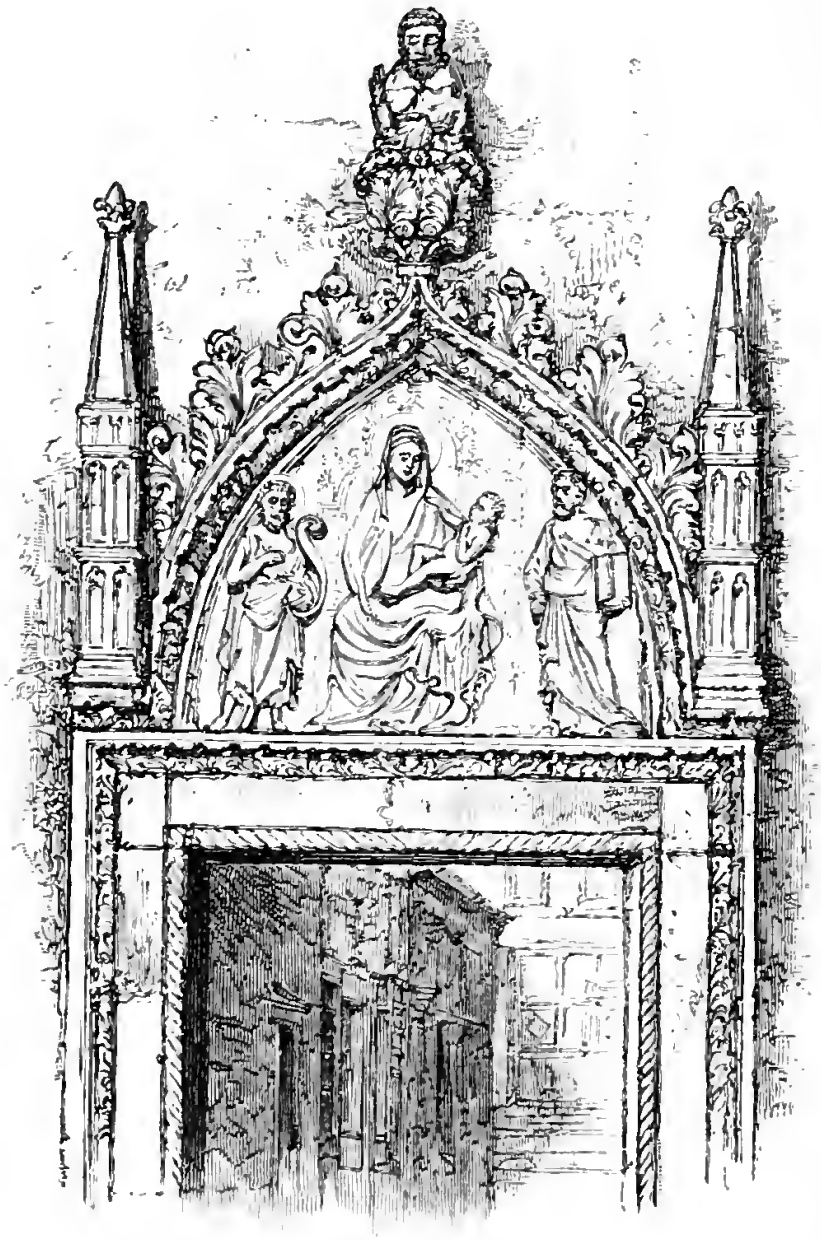
Those who wish to select, should leave their gondola for S. Zaccaria, S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, the pictures in S. Maria Formosa, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and the Arsenal.

A GREAT feature on the Riva degli Schiavoni is the *Hotel Danieli*, formerly **Palazzo Bernardo-Nani.** In 1833 Alfred de Musset and Mme. George Sand stayed here a long while. Here the authoress wrote 'Leone Leoni,' and the poet nearly died.

'C'est à cet hotel Danieli que le poète fit une grave maladie et fut soigné par le vieux Dr. Santini toujours accompagné d'un jeune étudiant, aujourd'hui le Dr. Pietro Pagello de Bellune. La chambre qu'habita A. de Musset porte le No. 13, située au fond de la grande galerie à gauche. G. Sand ne quitta pas le chevet du malade tant qu'il y eut du danger.'—*Bournet, 'Venise.'*

Opposite the Hotel d'Angleterre is an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel II. by *E. Ferrari.* A little archway on the left of the hotel leads from the Riva degli Schiavoni to the beautiful **Church of S. Zaccaria,** built by *Antonio di Marco* (1457–77) ; west front later. Every year at Easter this church was visited with a solemn procession by the Doge, wearing the precious ducal berretto with which he was crowned, which was the gift of Agostina Morosini, abbess of S. Zaccaria (A.D. 855) to the Republic. This visit had its origin in the reign of Sebastiano Ziani, in gratitude to the nuns, who had given up part of their garden, now occupied by the Piazza S. Marco, to the public. In 864, Doge Pietro Tradonico, visiting S. Zaccaria on the *festa* of the patron saint, had been murdered close

to the gate toward the Riva degli Schiavoni, whence the Doges always came by the Via SS. Filippo e Giacomo. After this event the Doges came always by water. To the left of the



Porta de Campo S. Zaccaria.

church are some remains of the ancient Benedictine monastery, suppressed in 1810; the **campanile** is of the 13th century. The ancient church was long the burial-place of the Doges, and contained the tombs of Pietro Tradonico, 837; Orso Parte-

cipazio, 881 ; Pietro Tribuno, 888 ; Tribolo Memmo (who died a monk), 991 ; the beloved Pietro Orseolo II. (celebrated for his naval victories, which secured the maritime power of Venice), buried here 'per la trista città e lachrimosa,' 1009 ; Domenico Flabanico, 1042 ; Vitale Michiel I. (who sent a fleet to the first crusade), 1102 ; and Vitale Michiel II., murdered on his way to take refuge in the church during an insurrection in 1172. The **façade** of the later church, which is one of the most beautiful works of the Renaissance, is doubtless the design of Martino Lombardo (1477–90), architect of the Scuola di S. Marco. Pure and yet sumptuous, it is free from the usual incongruities of its time. The statue of S. Zaccaria over the principal entrance is by *Alessandro Vittoria.*

'One of the finest of the early **façades** of Italy is that of San Zaccaria at Venice. The church was commenced in 1446, and internally shows pointed arches and other peculiarities of that date. The façade seems to have been completed about 1515, and though not so splendid as that of the Certosa at Pavia, and some of the more elaborate designs of the previous century, it is not only purer in detail, but reproduces more correctly the internal arrangements of the church. Though its dimensions are not greater than those of an ordinary Palladian front, the number and smallness of the parts make it appear infinitely larger, and all the classical details being merely subordinate ornaments, there is no falsehood or incongruity anywhere; while the practical constructive lines being preserved, the whole has a unity and dignity we miss so generally in subsequent buildings. Its greatest defect is perhaps the circular form given to the pediment of the central and side aisles, which does not in this instance express the form of the roof.'—*Fergusson.*

The Abbey was for a time the only conventual institution in Venice, and to it belonged the entire site now occupied by S. Mark's and the Piazza. On its roll of Abbesses occur many daughters of the Doges, and their grapes were the best in Venice.

The interior is semi-Byzantine in the nave and gothic in the choir. The aisles, which are divided from the nave by slender columns, are exceedingly lofty. The church is a perfect gallery of pictures.

R. Aisle.—Over **2nd Altar** is the monument of the eloquent and erudite Marco Sanudo di Francesco, 1505, by *Leopardi.* The sarcophagus of Marco Sanudo Torsello, father of the famous traveller Marino (*c.* 1330), was found in the neighbouring campo in 1824.

From the 3*rd* arch, R., is the entrance of the **conventual choir,** with *tarsia* work of *Francesco and Marco da Vicenza,* 1464. Here also are:

Palma Vecchio. Madonna and Saints.

Tintoretto. Birth of the Baptist. SS. Elizabeth and Zacharias.

The **Cappella di S. Tarasio** (locked) contains curious fifteenth-century altars, due to the piety of different nuns, whose names they bear,[1] decorated

[1] Elena Foscari, Marina Donato, Margarita Donato, and Agnesina Giustiniani.

with an exaggerated richness rare in Venice, but which, in the North, would be called 'flamboyant.' The frames and wooden figures are by *Ludovico de Friuli;* the paintings by *Antonio* and *Giovanni da Murano*, 1443. The Madonna on the central altar is by **Giov. Alemanno.**

'Were it not for the wilfulness which so often spoils the fruits of the ingenuity of past ages, we should still have these masterpieces in their primitive state, a little bleached perhaps or changed in colour, but valuable as perfect monuments. This condition they do not possess altogether, because the principal altar was taken to pieces and reset in 1839, on which occasion the relic-press was closed by the introduction of a Virgin and Child between S. Martin and S. Blaise, finished for some other purpose by Pievan di Sant' Agnese, the obverse being altered on the same occasion by the introduction of a new course of subjects in niches, bearing all the marks of the style of Agnolo Gaddi.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Beneath this chapel is a **crypt,** which is part of the ancient church in which the eight Doges who ruled from 836 to 1172 were buried.

In the **3rd Choir Chapel** is:

Bissolo. The Circumcision.

***L. Aisle, 2nd Altar.—Giovanni Bellini,** 1505. The Virgin and Child, with SS. Peter, Jerome, Catherine, and Lucy—a glorious picture.

'The best J. Bellini in Venice, after that of San G. Crisostomo.'—*Ruskin.*

'Hung in a cold, dim, dreary place, ever so much too high, but so mild and serene, and so grandly disposed and accompanied, that the proper attitude even for the most critical amateur, as he looks at it, seems to be the bended knee.—*Henry James.*

Near the door into the **sacristy** is the monument of Alessandro Vittoria, the 'Michelangelo of Venice,' the last great artist of the 16th century, 1608, designed by himself, with a characteristic bust.

'Quoiqu'il ne soit mort qu'en 1608, Alessandro, dès 1595, avait commencé son monument; il est plus que simple, et se compose d'un cadre appliqué au mur, supporté par des cariatides représentant l'Architecture et la Scripture, et couronné par une corniche à volutes; au milieu se dresse le buste de l'artiste, sculpté aussi par lui-même; on lit au-dessous pour toute inscription: *Alexander Victoria. Vivens vivos e marmore duxit vultus; Vivant il a tiré du marbre des êtres vivants.* Les deux petites figures allégoriques qui supportent la corniche sont d'une grâce achevée.'—*Yriarte.*

There is a beautiful **early gothic gateway** at the farther entrance of the Campo S. Zaccaria, with a relief, by the *Massegne*, of the Virgin between two saints. Passing through this, in the direction of S. Marco, in the *Canonica*, near the palace of the Patriarch, is the **Palazzo Trevisan,** of the sixteenth century, by *Guglielmo Bergamasco.* In 1577 this palace was sold by Domenico Trevisan to the famous Bianca Cappello, who purchased it for her brother Vittore. It was afterwards for some time called the Palazzo Cappello.

'In the inlaid design of the dove with the olive-branch of the Casa Trevisan, it is impossible for anything to go beyond the precision with which the olive leaves are cut out of the white marble; and, in some wreaths of laurels below, the rippled edge of each leaf is finely and easily drawn, as if by a delicate pencil. No Florentine table is more exquisitely finished than the façade of this entire palace; and as an ideal of executive perfection, this palace is most notable amidst the architecture of Europe.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

[From the Fondamenta dell' Osmarin, opposite the neighbouring Campo S. Provolo, rises the beautiful fourteenth-century **Palazzo Priuli**, once covered with paintings by Palma Vecchio, which have entirely perished. By the Ponte del Diavolo and the next calle we may reach the Fondamenta di S. Severo, where on the left, beyond the canal, is seen the fifteenth-century *Palazzo Zorsi*, with details of such exquisite sculpture that it is usually attributed to *Alessandro Leopardi.* Following the Fondamenta, and the Borgoloco on the right, we reach the **Church of S. Lorenzo**, built by *Simeone Sorella* (1595–1605), for a Benedictine convent. It has a high altar with statues by *Girolamo Campagna* (1615–18). In the old church on this site, Niccolò, father of Marco Polo, the great traveller, was buried, as well as Giuseppe Zarlino di Chioggia, one of the great musicians of the sixteenth century, 1590].

If we return from S. Zaccaria toward the Schiavona, and take the first side canal L., we soon reach the **Church of S. Giorgio dei Greci**, built by *Santi Lombardo* and *Gian Antonio Chioma* (1539–70). The dome was added in 1571 by *Maestro Andrea;* the beautiful brown and white leaning campanile by *Bernardino Angarin* (1587–92). The west front and the interior are decorated with mosaic medallions. Three Gospels of the tenth century and a Ravenna papyrus of 553 are preserved here. Some fine silver icons are of the eighth century. Above the side door R. is the tomb of Gabriele Severo, Archbishop of Philadelphia (1616), who presided over the Greek colony in Venice, and the *Collegio Greco Flangini*, which rises close to the church, and was built by the Corsican, Tommaso Flangini, from designs of *Baldassare Longhena*, for the education of young Greeks. A few steps (on foot) behind S. Giorgio is **S. Antonino**, where the procurator Alvise Tiepolo is buried in a tomb by *Alessandro Vittoria* (1590).

'Among other privileges of the Church, abolished in Venice long ago, was that ancient right of the monks of S. Anthony, Abbot, by which their herds of swine were made free of the whole city. These animals, enveloped in an odour of sanctity, wandered here and there, and were piously fed by devout people, until the year 1409, when, being found dangerous to children and inconvenient to everybody, they were made the subject of a special decree which deprived them of their freedom of movement.'—*Howells.*

Beautifully placed on a platform above the next side canal from the Schiavoni is the exquisite little **Church of S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni**, rebuilt in the sixteenth century. It occupies the site of a priory granted in 1452 by the Council of Ten to a Dalmatian Brotherhood of S. George and S. Tryphonius, in whose hands it still remains, the duty of the confraternity being to assist all poor and needy Dalmations in Venice, to arouse them to religious duties whilst living, and to pray for them when dead. It has become a treasure-house of the works of *Vittore Carpaccio*, who was employed to portray here the deeds of the three great Dalmatian saints, George, Tryphonius, and Jerome, whose festivals are celebrated here.

'La petite église de Saint George de Esclavons, où sa légende, si riche en incidents pittoresques, fut tracée par un pinceau sympathique dans un temps où l'école Vénitienne n'avait pas encore cessé d'être naïve.'—*Rio*, '*L'Art Chrétien*.'

The church is an oblong chamber, brown and golden in colour, with exquisite wrought-iron grilles before the windows. Beginning on the left, we must carefully study—

*1. **S. George and the Dragon.** The beautiful youth, with rippled golden hair floating on the wind, riding upon a brown horse, transfixes the dragon with his spear. Beneath the feet of the horse are the remains of former victims of the monster. The rescued princess stands by. A wonderful landscape, with a city and ships, is seen against the sunset sky.
2. **The captive dragon** is brought into the city to the King and Queen.
3. **The King and his daughter are baptized** by S. George.
*4. **The child of S. Tryphonius subdues,** by the power of prayer, **the basilisk** which has ravaged Albania—a picture of marvellous beauty and finish.
5. **Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane.**
6. **The calling of S. Matthew,** executed in 1502.
7. **S. Jerome quells the lion** from which his monastic companions are taking flight.
*8. **The death of S. Jerome** (1502)—exceedingly beautiful and simple.
9. **S. Jerome in his study.**

A lovely throned Madonna by *Vincenzo Catena*, over the altar, once used as a church banner, now takes the place of a beautiful fourteenth-century picture of the Virgin between SS. Jerome and Tryphonius, which has disappeared in the last few years. The *Upper Chamber* of the Oratory, with poor works of the school of Palma Giovane, is a most picturesque room. The little sacristy contains a Resurrection by *Aliense*.

The gondola quickly takes us to the **Palazzo Grimani,** of the sixteenth century, with an entrance attributed to Sanmicheli.

In its court long stood the colossal statue of M. Agrippa, now in the Museo Correr.

Crossing the *Ponte Rugagiuffa*, on the left is the *Palazzo Malipiero*, wrongly attributed to Santi Lombardo, and, in the same line, the **Palazzo Querini,** containing a picture-gallery and library, and collection of prints bequeathed to the city by Giovanni Querini Stampaglia, the last of his race, in 1868. It is open to the public from 3 to 11 P.M. on ordinary days, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. on festivals.

Close by are the beautiful *Campo* and many-domed cruciform **Church of S. Maria Formosa.** The original church is said to have been built by a bishop of Uderzo (driven from his See by the Lombards), in obedience to the Virgin, who desired him to erect a church in her honour wherever he saw a white cloud rest. The cloud floated before him, and where it rested he built the Church of S. Mary the Beautiful. The existing church was the work of *Marco Bergamasco* (1492), but has been added to at later times. The sundial is inscribed 'Luce lucente renascar.' Over the entrance is the sepulchral urn of Vincenzo Cappello (1541), conqueror of the Turks at Risano, by Domenico da Salò. The church contains one glorious picture—

R. Aisle, 1st Altar.*—Palma Vecchio. S. Barbara**—often described as a portrait of the painter's daughter, Violante, beloved by Titian, but Palma does not appear to have been married.

'She is standing in a majestic attitude, looking upwards with inspired eyes and an expression like a Pallas. She wears a tunic or robe of a rich warm brown, with a mantle of crimson, and a white veil is twisted in her diadem and among the tresses of her pale golden hair; the whole picture is one glow of colour, life, and beauty. I never saw a combination of expression and colour at once so soft, so sober, and so splendid. Cannon are at her feet, and her tower is seen behind. Beneath, in front of the altar, is a marble bas-relief of her martyrdom; she lies headless on the ground, and fire from heaven destroys the executioners.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art,'* ii. 495.

'An almost unique presentation of a hero-woman, standing in calm preparation for martyrdom, without the slightest air of pietism, yet with the expression of a mind filled with serious conviction.'—*George Eliot*, 1860.

'The head is of a truly typical Venetian beauty; the whole is finished with the greatest power and knowledge of colour and modelling.'—*Burckhardt.*

The picture was painted for the Bombardieri. S. Barbara was the patroness of soldiers, who came hither to adore her shrine. At its sides are SS. Sebastian, John Baptist and Dominic: above is the Madonna bending over the dead Christ.

2nd Altar.—Bart. Vivarini, 1473. An ill-seen dark Madonna (sheltering the faithful under her robe), with Joachim aud Anna and the Birth of the Virgin.

L. Transept.—Leandro Bassano. The Last Supper.

On the 2nd of February 944, a number of Venetian maidens who had gone to be married at S. Pietro in Castello, taking with them the *arcelle* (coffers) containing their dowries, were carried off by a sudden inroad of pirates. The captors were pursued and vanquished by the Venetians under Doge Pietro Candiano III., and the brides were brought back; but the victory was owing to the bravery of the cabinetmakers of S. Maria Formosa, who asked as their sole reward that the Doge should visit their church on that anniversary every year. 'But if it rains?' said the Doge. 'We will give you hats to cover you.' 'But if I am thirsty?' 'We will give you to drink.' Hence dated the *Festa delle Marie*, which was always held in this church on February 2nd. First twelve and afterwards three poor maidens were always dowered here by the city on that day, when the Doge came in state to the church, and received from the priest two hats of gilt straw, two flasks of malvagia, and two oranges. A hat presented here to Doge Manin in 1797 is preserved in the Museo Civico.

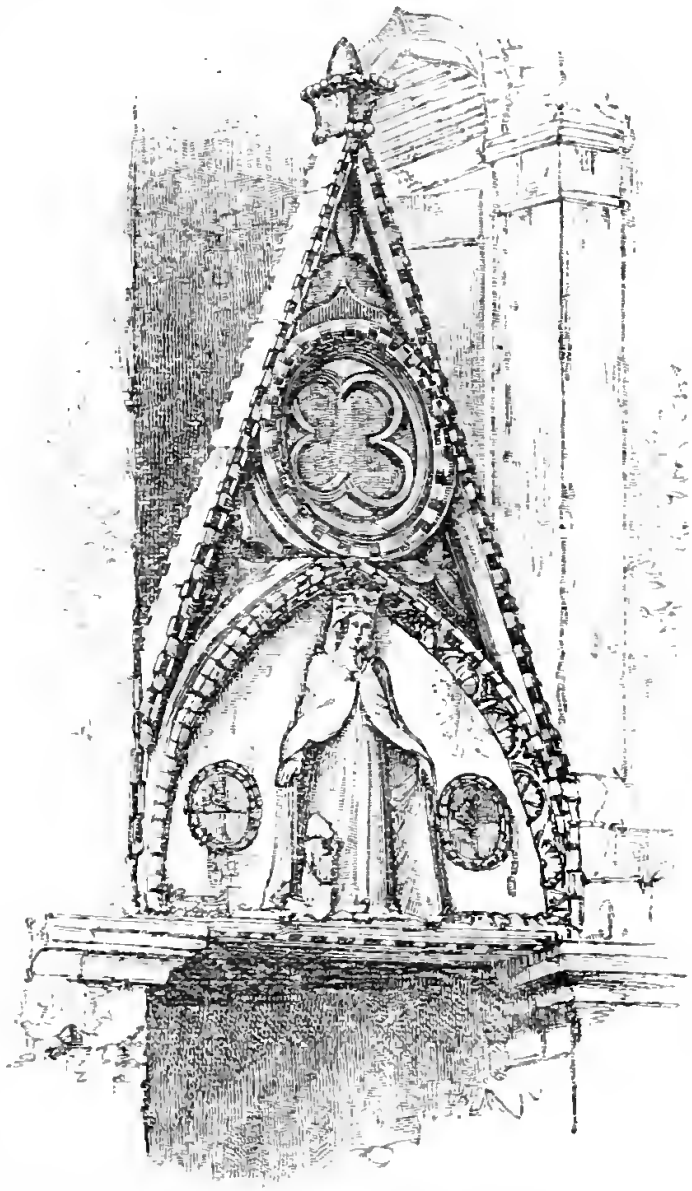
One of the many interesting houses in the *Campo S. Maria Formosa* has an interesting example of a cross let in above a window. No. 6123 has a good first floor. No. 6126 has a fine door, while 5866*a* and 5866 are notable examples of the Renaissance style.

[We may, if we like, take the E. end of the Campo, pass over Ponte di Ruga Gaffa. On our left we find Ramo Grimani with a palace having an ionic (and half-Tuscan) cortile, full of antiques, centred by a fine well with four lions' heads and garlands. Farther down on the same side runs Calle del Arco with an interesting fragment at the end. Then turn down Salizzada Zorzi, and over Ponte Severo to Calle dei Preti, where No. 4999 is a good gothic house with two shields over the door. This brings us to S. Giorgio dei Greci (*q.v.*)]

To the left of the west front of the church is a beautiful gothic canopy of the fourteenth century, over the entrance to a bridge called **Ponte del Paradiso**. It is a lovely remnant, and leads into a street called Via del Paradiso, so curiously narrow that one is inevitably reminded of 'Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it' (Matt. vii. 14).

'This archway, appropriately placed hard by the bridge called "de Paradiso," is one of the most exquisite little pieces of detail in the whole

city. The main points to be noted are the characteristic flatness of the details and the line of dentil-moulding, which defines all the leading architectural features, originally invented for borders of incrustations at S. Mark's, and here, as everywhere in Venice, used for decoration afterwards. The incrusted circles of marble on each side of the figure give



At the Ponte del Paradiso.

great life to the spandrel beneath the arch. The windows close by show us a late example of the not unfrequent use of the semicircular and ogee arches together in the same window.'—*Street.*

The original and lovely Ponte itself was destroyed in order to put there in place of it an asphalt roadway and a painted metal parapet.

[Turning to the right—on foot—after passing the Calle del Paradiso, we reach the *Church of S. Lio* of 1619, containing good sixteenth-century sculptures of the Lombardi school. From the adjoining Bridge of S. Antonio, a fascinating little palace by one of the Lombardi is seen on the left. From the Campo S. Lio, the Calle della Fava leads to the **Chiesa della Fava**, named from the shops in this neighbourhood for the sale of the bean-cake (*fava*) eaten by relations when they visit the graves of their dead on All Souls' Day. From the bridge in front of the church we see the fine façade of the **Palazzo Giustiniani**, recently the Post Office, a splendid building of the fifteenth century. From S. Lio, the Ponte del Pister and Calle della Malvasia leads to the *Campo di S. Marina*, which contained an interesting church built 1030, rebuilt 1705, destroyed 1820. The tombs of the Doges Michele Steno and Niccolò Marcello, now in SS. Giovanni e Paolo, stood here. This church was annually visited by the Doge on the anniversary of the conquest of Padua, July 17, 1570, and the keys of that city hung above the tomb of Doge Steno. They still exist in the Seminario Patriarchale.]

A few strokes of the gondolier now bring us to the picturesque group formed by the west front of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, the Scuola di S. Marco, and the **statue** of the famous *condottiere*, **Bartolommeo Colleoni**, who is buried at Bergamo. He left all his fortune to the Republic, on condition of his statue being placed in the Piazza S. Marco. This was contrary to the laws, but the senate found a loophole for securing the inheritance by placing it in front of the Scuola di San Marco. The noble equestrian statue, originally gilded, was designed by *Andrea Verocchio* (Andrew the keen-eyed), but completed by *Alessandro Leopardi*, whose name appears on the *cinghia* of the horse; the pedestal is also by Alessandro. The figure looks if it were riding into space. 'Ob militare imperium optime gestum.'

'I do not believe that there is a more glorious work of sculpture existing in the world than the equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni.' —*Ruskin.*

'To make the statue **Verocchio** came to Venice, and had just modelled the horse, when a report reached him that the Signory intended to have the rider executed by Donatello's scholar, Vellano of Padua. Indignant at this intended insult, he instantly broke the head and legs of the horse to pieces, and returned to Florence, whither he was followed by a decree forbidding him under pain of death again to set foot upon Venetian territory; to which he replied, that he never would incur that risk, as he was aware that if his head were once cut off, the Signory could neither put it on again nor supply its place, while he could at any time replace the head of

his horse by a better one. Feeling the truth of this answer, the Venetians rescinded their unjust edict, and not only invited Verocchio to resume his work, but doubled his pay, and pledged themselves not to allow him to be in any way interfered with. Pacified by this *amende honorable*, he returned to Venice, and had begun to restore his broken model, when he was attacked by a violent illness which speedily carried him to his grave. How much, or rather how little, of his task was then completed, is clearly shown by the passage of his will in which he supplicates the Signory to allow his scholar, Lorenzo di Credi, to finish the horse which he had commenced. His request was not complied with, and Alessandro Leopardi, a Venetian sculptor, was employed to complete the group; but as he doubtless used Verocchio's sketches, the general conception must be ascribed to the latter; though, as we look on this rich and picturesque group, whose ample forms are so opposed to the meagreness of the Tuscan sculptor's manner, we are led to conclude that Leopardi worked out Verocchio's idea according to his own taste, and honour him as the chief author of this, the finest modern equestrian statue, as did the Venetians by giving him the surname "del Cavallo."

'The stalwart figure of Colleoni, clad in armour, with a helmet upon his head, is the most perfect embodiment of the idea which history gives us of an Italian Condottiere. As his horse, with arched neck and slightly bent head, paces slowly forward, he, sitting straight in his saddle, turns to look over his left shoulder, showing us a sternly marked countenance, with deep set eyes, whose intensity of expression reveals a character of iron which never recoiled before any obstacle. It indeed admirably embodies the graphic picture of Colleoni's personal appearance given by Bartolommeo Spina in these words: "Saldo passo, vista superba, risplendente per le ricche armi e pennachi sopra nobil corsiere; occhi neri, nella guardatura ed acutezza del lume, vivi, penetranti o terribili." The stern simplicity of the rider is happily set off by the richness of detail lavished upon the saddle, the breastplate, the crupper, and the knotted mane of his steed; and the effect of the whole group is heightened by the very elegant pedestal upon which Leopardi has placed it.'—*Perkins*, '*Tuscan Sculptors*.'

The grand **Church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo** (in Venetian dialect S. Zanipolo) was built for Dominicans; begun in 1234, but not consecrated till 1430, which explains the varieties of style in its construction. It is a Latin cross, with nave and aisles of five bays. It is 290 feet long, 125 feet broad at the transepts, and 108 feet high in the centre and choir. The west door is a magnificent example of fourteenth-century gothic, the Roman Renaissance influence being visible in the columns and friezes. There are some curious reliefs let into the façade; Daniel in the Lions' Den of the eighth, and the Annunciation of the seventh century. These relate to the little Oratory of S. Daniele on the site which S. Dominic obtained for his followers when in Venice, in 1217. On either side of the portal are thirteenth and fourteenth century monuments. One is a sarcophagus containing the remains of Doge Giacomo Tiepolo the founder (1251), and his son Lorenzo, also Doge of Venice (1275). Hither every 7th October the Doge came to a state

service in honour of the victory of Venice over the Turks in the Dardanelles, and here the Doges lay in state and their funeral services were held. The unfortunate Doge Marino Faliero was buried here at the entrance of the destroyed chapel of La Madonna della Pace, but his ashes were dispersed in the first years of the nineteenth century, and his sarcophagus taken into the country to be used as a drinking trough for cattle.[1] The church, 'which the common poverty of imagination has decided to call the Venetian Westminster Abbey,'[2] is full of monuments. **Gentile Bellini**, by his own desire, was buried here, February 1507, and his brother Giovanni was laid by his side, November 1516.

'The foundation of this church was laid by the Dominicans about 1234, under the immediate protection of the Senate and the Doge Giacomo Tiepolo, according to them in consequence of a miraculous vision appearing to the Doge, of which the following account is given in popular tradition.

'In the year 1226, the Doge Giacomo Tiepolo dreamed a dream; and in his dream he saw the little oratory of the Dominicans, and, behold, all the ground around it (now occupied by the church) was covered with roses of the colour of vermilion, and the air was filled with their fragrance. And in the midst of the roses there were seen flying to and fro a crowd of white doves, with golden crosses upon their heads. And while the Doge looked and wondered, behold, the angels descended from heaven with golden censers, and passing through the oratory, and forth among the flowers, they filled the place with the smoke of their incense. Then the Doge heard suddenly a clear and loud voice which proclaimed, "This is the place that I have chosen for my preachers!" and having heard it, straightway he awoke, and went to the Senate, and declared to them the vision. Then the Senate decided that forty paces of ground should be given to enlarge the monastery, and the Doge Tiepolo himself made a still larger grant afterwards.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

'The plan of this church is of the same sort as that of the Frari—a nave with aisles, and transepts with two chapels opening on each side of them. These are all apsidal, but planned in the usual way, and not as at the Frari. The east end is a fine composition, having an apse of seven sides, and it is the only part of the exterior to which much praise can be given. It is divided into two stages by an elaborate brick cornice and a good balustraded passage in front of the upper windows. The traceries are all unskilfully designed, and set back from the face of the wall with a bald plain splay of brickwork round them: the lower windows here have two transomes and the upper a single band of heavy tracery which performs the part of a transome in an ungainly fashion, though not so badly as in the great south transept window in the same church. Here, just as at the Frari, it is obvious that the absence of buttresses to these many-sided apses is the secret of the largeness and breadth which mark them; and, to say the truth, not only are large buttresses to an apse often detri-

[1] See Molmenti, 'La Dogaressa di Venezia, 1884.'
[2] Howells.

mental to its effect, but at the same time they are very often not wanted for strength.'—*Street.*

'Among the tombs I found that of the Lord Henry Aubigny, 2nd brother to the late Duke of Lennox and Richmond.'—*A MS.* 1664.

Making the round of the church from the west end, beginning on the right, we see :—

The **tomb of Doge Pietro Mocenigo,** with fifteen allegorical figures, by *Pietro Lombardo* and his sons *Tullio* and *Antonio*, 1477–88. This Doge only held the supreme power two years, after a long life spent in fighting for the Republic against the Turks. The monument is inscribed 'Ex hostium manubiis.'

The **tomb of Admiral Girolamo Canal**, 1535—an urn of the school of the Leopardi. Under this is a relief of Christ throned between two angels—the gravestone of Doge Ranieri Zen, 1268.

R. Aisle.—Over the *First Altar* was the famous picture by *Bellini* burnt in 1867, replaced by a Madonna of *Francesco Bissolo.* Then comes the black pyramidal tomb of the painter Melchiorre Lanza, by Melchior Barthel, a Saxon, 1673; then the tomb to **Marc Antonio Bragadin,** 1596.

'The defence of Famagosta, the principal city in Cyprus, was one of the most heroic exploits of the age: the combined conduct and valour of the Venetian governor, Bragadino, were the theme of universal praise; honourable terms were to be granted to the garrison; and when he notified his intention to be in person the bearer of the keys, the Turkish commander replied in the most courteous and complimentary terms, that he should feel honoured and gratified by receiving him. Bragadino came, attended by the officers of his staff, dressed in his purple robes, and with a red umbrella, the sign of his rank, held over him. In the course of the ensuing interview the Pasha suddenly springing up, accused him of having put some Mussulman prisoners to death: the officers were dragged away and cut to pieces, whilst Bragadino was reserved for the worst outrages that vindictive cruelty could inflict. He was thrice made to bare his neck to the executioner, whose sword was thrice lifted as if about to strike: his ears were cut off; he was driven every morning for ten days, heavy laden with baskets of earth, to the batteries, and compelled to kiss the ground before the Pasha's pavilion as he passed. He was hoisted to the yard-arm of one of the ships and exposed to the derision of the sailors. Finally, he was carried to the square of Famagosta, stripped, chained to a stake on the public scaffold, and slowly flayed alive, while the Pasha looked on. His skin, stuffed with straw, was then mounted on a cow, paraded through the streets with the red umbrella over it, suspended at the bowsprit of the admiral's galley, and displayed as a trophy during the whole voyage to Constantinople. The skin was afterwards purchased of the Pasha by the family of Bragadino, and deposited in an urn in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo.'—*Quarterly Review*, No. 274.

Second Altar.—A picture in nine compartments, probably by *V. Carpaccio*, illustrating the life of S. Vincenzo.

Tomb of the Procurator Alvise[1] Michiel, 1589.

[1] Alvise is Venetian for Luigi.

In the pavement, the gravestone, with cupids in relief, of Ludovico Diedo, the Venetian admiral who took Constantinople from the Turks.

Over the following doors, the immense tombs of the Doges Silvestro and Bertuccio Valier, and by *Tirali*, 1708, of Elisabetta Querini, wife of Silvestro, who, contrary to custom and law, was crowned with the ducal berretto, and caused medals to be struck bearing her own effigy.

'Towering from the pavement to the vaulting of the church, behold a mass of marble, sixty or seventy feet in height, of mingled yellow and white, the yellow carved into the form of an enormous curtain, with ropes, fringes, and tassels, sustained by cherubs; in front of which, in the now usual stage attitudes, advance the statues of the Doge Bertuccio Valier, his son, the Doge Silvester Valier, and his son's wife, Elizabeth. The statues of the Doges, though mean and Polonius-like, are partly redeemed by the ducal robes; but that of the Dogaressa is a consummation of grossness, vanity, and ugliness—the figure of a large and wrinkled woman, with elaborate curls in stiff projection round her face, covered from her shoulders to her feet with ruffs, furs, lace, jewels, and embroidery. Beneath and around are scattered virtues, Victories, Fames, Genii—the entire company of the monumental stage assembled, as before a drop-scene—executed by various sculptors, and deserving attentive study as exhibiting every condition of false taste and feeble conception. The Victory in the centre is peculiarly interesting; the lion by which she is accompanied, springing on a dragon, has been intended to look terrible, but the incapable sculptor could not conceive any form of dreadfulness, could not even make the lion look angry. It looks only lachrymose; and its uplifted forepaws, there being no spring nor motion in its body, give it the appearance of a dog begging. The inscriptions under the two statues are as follows:—

'"Bertucius Valier, Duke, Great in wisdom and eloquence, Greater in his Hellespontic victory, Greatest in the Prince his son, Died 1568.

'"Elizabeth Quirina, the wife of Silvester, Distinguished by Roman virtue, by Venetian piety, And by the Ducal Crown, Died 1708."'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' iii.

Silvestro Valier, recording the fact that he succeeded his father, took as his device two eagles, wearing ducal caps, flying towards the sun.

In the *Chapel* which opens beneath this monument (left) is a picture of S. Hyacinth by *Leandro Bassano*.

The **Chapel of S. Dominic** is covered with rich bronze decorations by *Camillo Mazza*, representing six incidents in the life of the saint.

R. Transept (on the wall).—S. Augustine, by *Bart. Vivarini*, 1473—one of the finest works of the master. Tomb of Niccolò Orsini, Conte di Pitigliano, 1509, who commanded the armies of the Republic in the war against the League before Cambray—a golden warrior on a horse.

L. of Door.—A grand picture of S. Antonino, by **Lorenzo Lotto,** for which the painter bargained with the convent that in exchange he should have free burial dressed in the habit of the Order (1542).

Over the door.—Monument of Luigi Naldo da Briseghella, general of the Republic, distinguished in many battles during the League of Cambray, 1510, by *Lorenzo Bregno*—'plus mouvementé, mais beaucoup moins correct que les Lombardi et les Leopardi.'[1] On R. of Door, equestrian wooden statue of Niccolò Orsini, Count of Pitigliano, 1509.

[1] Yriarte.

Stained glass by *Girolamo Mocetto*, from designs of *Vivarini*, 1473 (restored 1814).

Altar.—**Rocco Marconi.** Christ between SS. Andrew and Peter.

'This is one of the best pictures of the school, with most beautiful mild heads, especially that of Christ, which resembles the Christ of Bellini. S. Peter's attitude expresses the deepest devotion. Above him is a choir of angels making music.'—*Burckhardt.*

1st Chapel, **East End.**—*Bonifazio.* Three Saints. In this Chapel is an English monument—'Odoardo Windsor Baroni Anglo.'

Altar by *Alessandro Vittoria*, with a crucifix by *Cavrioli.*

(*Right.*) Tomb of Paolo Loredan, 1365.

2nd Chapel.—Cappella della Maddalena (R.). Monument of Matteo Giustiniani, 1574. Over the altar a statue of the Magdalen, by *Gugl. Bergamasco.*

(*Left.*) Monument of Marco Giustiniani, 1347, ambassador to the Scaligeri.

(*Over the monument.*) **Tintoretto.** Madonna, with kneeling Senators. 'Our Lady with the Camerlenghi,' representing three Venetian chamberlains who desired to have their portraits painted, and at the same time to express their devotion to the Madonna.

'As a piece of portraiture and artistical composition, the work is altogether perfect. The sky appears full of light, though it is as dark as the flesh of the faces; and the forms of the floating clouds, as well as of the hills over which they rise, are drawn with a deep remembrance of reality.'—*Ruskin.*

On a pillar, a pulpit of 1510.

Apse (**R.** *of* **High Altar**).—The beautiful gothic tomb of Doge Michele Morosini, 1382. Morosini only reigned for four months, but they were rendered remarkable by the capture of Tenedos.

The tomb of Doge Leonardo Loredan, who dissolved the League of Cambray, by *Grapiglia*, 1572—the statue of the Doge (who died, aged ninety, in 1521), is by *Campagna.*

(**L.**) The tomb (brought from the Church of the Servi) of Doge **Andrea Vendramin,** 1478, by *Alessandro Leopardi.* The surrounding statuettes are of great beauty. Much praise has also been bestowed upon the figure of the Doge, but spectators are not generally aware that the effigy has *only one side*, that turned to the beholder. The statues of the Magdalen and S. Catherine, attributed to *Lorenzo Bregno*, occupy the place of the statues of Adam and Eve by Tullio Lombardo, which had been removed to the Palazzo Vendramin-Calerghi, as not sufficiently severe for an ecclesiastical building.

'This Doge died after a short reign of two years, the most disastrous in the annals of Venice. He died of a pestilence which followed the ravage of the Turks, carried to the shores of the lagoons. He died leaving Venice disgraced by sea and land, with the smoke of hostile devastation rising in the blue distance of Friuli; and there was raised to him the most costly tomb ever bestowed upon her monarchs. . . . Yet who, with a heart in his breast, could have stayed his hand, as he drew the dim lines of the old man's countenance—could have stayed his hand as he reached the bend of the grey forehead, and measured out the last veins of it, at so much the zecchin?'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' ch. i.

Tomb of Doge Marco Corner, 1368, with saints above, of beautiful fourteenth-century gothic; probably of the Masegne.

Cappella della Trinità (*R.*)—Tomb of the Procurator Pietro Corner, who established the peace of 1378 with the Duke of Austria.

3rd Chapel (*R.*).—*Leandro Bassano.* A Coronation of the Virgin.

(*L.*). The monument of Andrea Morosini, 1317, illustrious in the war against Mastino della Scala.

4th Chapel, Cappella di S. Pio (*R.*).—Tomb of Jacopo Cavalli, commander of the Venetian troops in the famous Chioggian war, by *Paolo di Jacobello delle Masegne*, 1394, with an inscription in Venetian dialect.[1]

'The sarcophagus is heavily but richly adorned with leaf-mouldings, and with roundels containing the symbols of the Evangelists in alto-relief. Upon it lies the effigy of the brave knight clad in armour. His face is very much sunken in his helmet, his hands are crossed upon his breast, his head rests upon a lion, and his feet upon a dog, fitting emblems of his honour and fidelity.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors.*'

Tomb of Doge Giovanni Delfino, 1361.

'The sarcophagus is enriched with statuettes, and has bas-reliefs of the Doge and the Dogaressa kneeling at the feet of the enthroned Christ, the Death of the Virgin, and the Epiphany, and has an elaborate leaf-work cornice and plinth.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors.*'

Beneath this, the tomb of Marino Caballo, 1572.

Left Transept.—Marble group of Vittore Cappello, general-in-chief of the Venetian army against the Turks, receiving the staff of command from S. Helena, by *Antonio Dentone*, 1467. From the island of S. Elena.

(*Over the door.*)—Tomb of Doge Antonio Venier, 1400, of the school of the Massegne. Through this door was the entrance to the *Cappella del Rosario*, painted by Alessandro Vittoria, still a ruin from the fire of August 16, 1867, in which the two great pictures of the church perished—the famous Titian of the Death of S. Peter Martyr, and one of the finest works of Giovanni Bellini.

Tomb of Agnese, wife of Doge Antonio Venier, and of their daughter Orsola, 1411.

Tomb of Leonardo da Prato, knight of Rhodes, 1511, with an equestrian statue in gilt wood, erected by the Senate.

Left Aisle.—Over the door of the Sacristy, busts of Titian and the two Palmas by *Jacopo Alberelli*, 1621. Before this door lie the bones of Palma Giovane. In the **Sacristy** are a Cross-bearing of *Alvise Vivarini*, and Foundation of the Dominican Order, *Leandro Bassano.*

Tomb of Doge Pasquale Malipiero, 1462—an admirable sarcophagus—Florentine work of the fifteenth century.

Under this: Giovanni da Udine? Coronation of the Virgin.

Tomb of the Senator Bonzio, 1508. Beneath this, the statue of S. Thomas, by *Antonio Lombardo*, and of S. Peter Martyr, by *Paolo da Milano.*

Tomb of Doge Michele Steno, 1413, 'amator justitiae, pacis, et ubertatis,' conqueror of Padua (only part of the tomb—from the destroyed

[1] Quest' opera d' intajo e fatto in piera
Un Venician la fe cha nome Polo
Nato de Jachomel che tagapiera.

Church of S. Marina). The tomb of Alvise Trevisan, 1528 (these are the only tombs placed sufficiently low for careful examination).

Monument of Pompeo Giustiniani, with his figure on horseback, by *Franc Terilti da Feltre*, 1616. Beneath this, the epitaph of Doge Giovanni Dandolo, 1289.

Monument of Doge Tommaso Mocenigo, 1424—'Huomo oltre modo desideroso della pace'—during whose reign the Republic acquired Friuli and much of Dalmatia; by *Pietro di Nicolò da Firenze* and *Giovanni di Nicolò da Fiesole*.

'The tomb of the Doge is wrought by a Florentine; but it is of the same general type and feeling as all the Venetian tombs of that period, and it is one of the last which retains it. The classical element enters largely into its details, but the feeling of the whole is as yet unaffected. Like all the lovely tombs of Venice and Verona, it is a sarcophagus with a recumbent figure above, and this figure is a faithful but tender portrait, wrought as far as it can be without painfulness, of the Doge as he lay in death. He wears his ducal robe and bonnet—his head is laid slightly aside upon his pillow—his hands are simply crossed as they fall. The face is emaciated, the features large, but so pure and lordly in their natural chiselling, that they must have looked like marble even in their animation. They are deeply worn away by thought and death; the veins on the temples branched and starting; the skin gathered in sharp folds; the brow high-arched and shaggy; the eye-ball magnificently large; the curve of the lip just veiled by the slight moustache at the side; the beard short, double, and sharp-pointed: all noble and quiet; the white sepulchral dust marking like light the stern angles of the cheek and brow.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

Monument of Doge Nicolò Marcello, 1474, in whose reign the Republic acquired Cyprus: a grand specimen of the Lombardi style by *Aless. Leopardi*—brought from the destroyed Church of S. Marina. The statues of Justice and Fortitude are inestimable.

Sepulchral inscription of Doge Marino Zarsi, 1312.

Altar of the Rosary.—A copy of the S. Peter Martyr of Titian, which was destroyed in the Chapel of the Rosario on the morning after the festa of the Assumption, 1867, by a fire probably caused by the smouldering wax candles carelessly put away in the chapel. 'Painted when Luther was at his zenith, it perished in the days of Mazzini and Garibaldi.' The copy was presented by Victor Emmanuel II.

Monument of Orazio Baglioni, 1617, who died fighting for the Republic in Friuli, with an equestrian figure.

The Last Altar, by *Guglielmo Bergamasco*, 1523, has a statue of S. Jerome, by *Aless. Vittoria*. At the foot of this altar rests Verde, wife of Nicolò d' Este, and daughter of Mastino della Scala, brought hither from the Church of the Servi.

Monument of Doge Giovanni Mocenigo, 1485, by *Tullio Lombardo*.[1]

Close to the great door.—Tomb of Doge Alvise Mocenigo, 1576, and his wife, Loredana Marcello. The unhappy reign of this Doge was marked by the plague and the loss of the best conquests of Venice.

Tomb of Doge Giovanni Bembo, 1618, by *Girol. Grapiglia*.

In the chapel of the neighbouring **hospital** is a superb *Tintoretto* of the **Landing of S. Ursula,** worthy to be named with the Last Supper at the Salute.

[1] There were seven Doges of the Mocenigo family.

Outside the church, occupying the north side of the Campo, is the **Scuola di S. Marco**, built by Martino and Pietro Lombardo (1487), a beautiful specimen of the peculiar architecture of the Lombardi, decorated with coloured marbles, making curious perspective colonnades in marble. Note the recessed doors and other details betraying the strong influence of S. Mark's façade. It is in reality an inimitable monstrosity. It is not possible, perhaps, to classify it. The interior is now used as a hospital (*Ospedale Civile*): it has two noble halls. Opening from the lower hall was the Chapel of La Madonna della Pace, the burial-place of the Falier family. When the sarcophagus of the unhappy Doge Marino Faliero was opened (1815), his body was found with the head between his knees.

In the adjoining Campo is a beautiful renaissance well of the sixteenth century with sporting amorini. Another much finer specimen of a well-head is an exquisite work, attributed to Bartolommeo Bon, recently moved from the adjoining Corte Bressana to the Museo Civico.

Returning to our gondola, on the same canal (Rio dei Mendicanti), is the **Church of S. Lazaro de' Mendicanti,** built by *Vinc. Scamozzi* (1601–63). The portico contains the tomb of Alvise Mocenigo, the heroic defender of Candia against the Turks, by *Giuseppe Sardi.*

Entering the lagoon, and turning to the right, we soon pass near the great and gloomy **Church of S. Francesco della Vigna** (entered from a side canal), begun in 1534, but not finished till 1634. It derives its name from a vineyard bequeathed in 1253 by Marco Ziani, son of the Doge Pietro, to the Convent of S. Maria dei Frari. Tradition tells that, surprised by a great storm which overtook him as he was returning from Aquileja, S. Mark took refuge here, and was here saluted by an angel with the words, 'Pax tibi, Marce, Evangelista meus,' which words were afterwards added to the arms of the Republic. An ancient church, built to preserve the tradition, was destroyed in 1180. A second church, erected by Marino da Pisa in the thirteenth century, and near which S. Bernardino da Siena (1422) lived for some time in a cell, was destroyed in the sixteenth. The existing church was built at the expense of Doge Andrea Gritti. The exterior is by *Palladio;* the interior, which was completed first, by *Sansovino.* We may observe:

R. Aisle, 1st Altar.—Paolo Veronese. The Resurrection.

3rd Chapel.—R.: Barocco tomb of Doge Alvise Contarini, 1676–84. *L.:* Tomb of Doge Francesco Contarini, 1623–24.

4th Chapel.—Paolo Veronese. The Resurrection.

R. Transept. IV. Chapel (W.)—Vivarini, often ascribed to *Fra Antonio da Negroponte.*

'The Madonna, with a kindly round physiognomy, in a mantle shining with gold, and with a nimbus painted in relief, is seated before a luxuriant rose-bush, upon a stone throne of a showy renaissance style of architecture, with genii and antique decorations in relief. Above the throne are rich pendants of fruit, and below a flowery meadow with very natural birds. She is adoring the Infant who lies in her lap, and who, with the true Paduan feeling, is drawn in hard and sculpturesque style. Four cherubs in gay robes are standing by.'—*Kugler.*

Over door.—Tomb of Dom. Trevisani, a much-honoured ambassador and procuratore, by *Sansovino.*

L. of Altar.—**Giustiniani Chapel,** with beautiful sculptures of the 15th century, which are amongst the best Venetian works. Tomb of the Doge Marc-Antonio Giustiniani, 1688.

The architecture of the side door serves as a monument to Doge Marc-Antonio Trevisani, 1554, buried in front of the high-altar. The door beneath this tomb leads to the *Cappella Santa* (so called from a miraculous Madonna), containing a picture of the Madonna and Saints by *Giovanni Bellini.* Here is the entrance to the pretty **cloister.**

The **Sacristy** has a picture of SS. Antonio, Jerome, and Nicholas, by *Bernardino de' Fiori.*

Over the Pulpit is Christ with God the Father, by *Girolamo di Santa Croce.*

L. Aisle, 1st Chapel.—Paolo Veronese. Virgin and Child; S. Antony is seen below, turning towards the spectator, his pig at his side; a female martyred saint seated by him is gazing upwards.

3rd Chapel.—Statue of Alvise Sagredo and Tomb of Doge Nicolò Sagredo, mannered works of *Antonio Gai*, 1743.

4th Chapel.—Alessandro Vittoria. SS. Antony, Sebastian, and Roch—the figure of S. Antonio a very beautiful work.

Holy Water Stoup. S. Francesco, in bronze, by *Aless. Vittoria.*

The **Cappella Barbaro** was founded by Francesco Barbaro, 1480–1568, to contain the ashes of his illustrious ancestors, amidst whom he is buried himself. His tomb bears the device—a red circle (*tondo*) on a field argent—which was granted in 1125 to the Admiral Marco Barbaro, in remembrance of his having, during the battle of Ascalon, cut off the hand of a Moor who had seized the flag of his vessel, slain him, and turned his turban into a banner, after having traced a red circle with his bleeding arm.

'Povero mariner che xè in marina!
El ciama per ajuto qualche santo;
El ciama San Francesco della Vigna;
Povero mariner che xè in marina!'
—*Villotte Veneziani.*

Attached to it is an attractive cloister of nine bays square, and a second one (now a vineyard) beyond it.

Close by is the *Palazzo del Nunzio Apostolico* of 1535, given by the Republic to the Papal Nuncio when the Palazzo di Venezia at Rome was received from Pius V. The palace was given to the Franciscans by Gregory XVI. The Calle del Te Deum leads to the suppressed Augustinian *Church of*

S. Giustina, rebuilt by *Baldassare Longhena* (1640) for the Soranzo family. It was visited annually by the Doge on October 7, the anniversary of the victory of Curzolari (1571), on which occasion the Doge gave the nuns of the adjoining convent the money called *Giustine*, first struck in 1571.

[Near S. Francesco are several interesting palaces. Crossing the Ponte di S. Francesco, we see, on the Salizzada di S. Giustina, the beautiful **Palazzo Contarini** (or *Porta di Ferro*), with an entrance of the thirteenth century, which once had the wrought-iron gates which gave the name of Porta di Ferro to the noble family of which the Doge Francesco Contarini was a member. The courtyard has an admirable fifteenth-century staircase and other details worthy of attention. Proceeding hence to the Campo delle Gatte and by the Calle degli Scudi to the Campo dei Do Pozzi, we enter Calle Magno, on the right of which is the entrance to the ancient **Palazzo Bembo alla Celestia**, an important work of the fourteenth century, with a beautiful outside staircase in its courtyard—little known, but well deserving of study.]

Following the lagoon along the outer wall of the Arsenal, so often painted by our landscape artists, we enter the broad Canale di S. Pietro, under the Island of S. Pietro, where the Doges were elected in the earliest times of the Republic. It was here that the Rape of the Venetian brides took place, February 2, 944; they were carried off by pirates, and were pursued and rescued (according to Daru and Sismondi) by an armament hastily equipped by the Doge in person.

The **Church of S. Pietro di Castello**, formerly SS. Sergius and Bacchus, is of very ancient foundation, and was the early cathedral of the Republic. Pietro Orseolo was elected Doge in the church A.D. 976. The church was entirely rebuilt at the end of the sixteenth century, and presents nothing to admire except the stone campanile, which is remarkable for its octagonal lantern and the long architectural lines which give it so stately an effect. This tower 'is one which has forsaken the true romanesque detail, but in which the true romanesque feeling is not lost.' It leans not a little.

'It is credibly reported to have been founded in the seventh century, and (with somewhat less of credibility) in a place where the Trojans, conducted by Antenor, had, after the destruction of Troy, built "un castello, chiamato prima Troja, poscia Olivolo, interpretato, luogo pieno." It seems that S. Peter appeared in person to the Bishop of Heraclea, and commanded him to found, in his honour, a church in that spot of the rising city on the Rialto. The title of Bishop of Castello was first taken in 1091; S. Mark's was not made the cathedral church till 1807.'—*Ruskin*, *'Stones of Venice.'*

'At a comparatively late period, Venetian fathers went with their daughters to a great annual matrimonial fair at S. Pietro di Castello Olivolo, and the youth of the lagoons repaired thither to choose wives from the numbers of the maidens. These were all dressed in white, with hair loose about the neck, and each bore her dower in a little box, slung over her shoulder by a ribbon. It is to be supposed that there was commonly a previous understanding between each damsel and some youth in the crowd. As soon as all had paired off, the bishop gave them a sermon and his benediction, and the young men gathered up their brides and boxes, and went away wedded. It was on one of these occasions that the Triestine pirates stole the Brides of Venice and their dowers, and gave occasion to the Festa delle Marie, and to Rogers's poem, which everybody pretends to have read.'—*Howells.*

The interior of the church is by *G. Grapiglia*, a pupil of Palladio, and is lit by these frightful three-light lunette windows which seem to have been the rage at Venice in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. We may notice :

R.—Tomb of the Procurator Filippo Corner, brother of Pope Gregory XII., 1410.

R., beyond 2nd Altar.—A very interesting Bishop's chair of Arabian origin, engraved with a sentence from the Koran. The chair was given by Michele Paleologo to Doge Pietro Gradenigo in 1310. Tradition declares that it was used by S. Peter at Antioch.

3rd Altar.—*Marco Basaiti.* S. Peter throned between four saints—a noble and beautiful picture, with the special characteristic of the master, who loved figures in shadow against a glowing sky.

'The same exclusively religious character may be remarked in Basaiti, who resembles Cima da Conegliano in many respects, although he differs from him in the general tone of his compositions, which rather incline to softness and grace, whilst those of Cima are characterised by a majestic severity. Basaiti is particularly distinguished by the harmony and suavity of his colouring, by his knowledge of chiaroscuro, in which he is superior to most of his contemporaries, and by the expression of angelic beatitude and calm melancholy which he gives to his personages. He is inferior to Cima in the arrangement of his landscapes and the disposition of his draperies, but these purely external defects are fully compensated by the deep religious feeling which breathes in all his compositions. . . . . In these pictures of S. Pietro in Castello, notwithstanding their injured condition, the *suave* and harmonious touch of the artist may still be recognised.'—*Rio.*

Tomb of the Patriarch Federigo Giovanelli, 1800.

Removed to the altar of the Right Transept, from the church on the desecrated island of S. Elena, is an urn supposed to contain the ashes of the mother of Constantine.

Behind the High Altar.—Bust, of the fifteenth century, of S. Lorenzo Giustiniani (1380–1456), Bishop of Castello, and first Patriarch of Venice. There is a portrait of this saint in the Academy, by Gentile Bellini, much in the same attitude.

Left.—The Vendramin Chapel, full of florid and tasteless marble ornamentation, but possessing a black monumental slab with the family arms in fine metal-work.

S. Pietro is the scene of a charming Romeo and Juliet story in Bandello. Elena, the beautiful daughter of Pietro Candiano, secretly married to the young Gerardo Guoro, but afterwards separated from him, and falling into a trance on the eve of another enforced marriage, is laid in a marble sarcophagus at S. Pietro; Gerardo, returning that evening from Syria, finds her there, and carrying her off, breathes back life with his embrace, and their parents forgive them.[1]

The neighbouring **Church of S. Giuseppe di Castello** (seldom open) contains the splendid tomb of Doge Marino Grimani, with bronze ornaments by *Girolamo Compagna*, and the tomb of his son the Procurator Girolamo Grimani (a liberal protector of the arts and builder of the Palazzo Grimani on the Grand Canal), by *Aless. Vittoria*.

Tintoretto. S. Michael subduing Satan.

Close to this is the entrance of the Public Gardens—**Giardini Pubblici**—laid out by Giannantonio Selva in 1810. They are approached from the Riva degli Schiavoni by the widest street in Venice, now called Via Garibaldi. Here is a beautiful gothic gateway. The gardens are generally deserted.

'Il y a, comme à l'ordinaire, très-peu de promeneurs. Les Vénitiennes élegantes craignent le chaud et n'oseraient sortir en plein jour, mais en revanche elles craignent le froid et ne se hasardent guère dehors la nuit. Il y a trois ou quatre jours, faits exprès pour elles dans chaque saison, où elles font lever la couverture de la gondole, mais elles mettent rarement les pieds à terre; c'est une espèce à part, si molle et si délicate qu'un rayon de soleil ternit leur beauté, et qu'un souffle de la brise expose leur vie. Les hommes civilisés cherchent de préférence les lieux où ils peuvent recontrer le beau sexe: le théâtre, les *conversazioni*, les cafés, et l'enceinte abritée de la Piazzetta à sept heures du soir. Il ne reste donc aux jardins que quelques vieillards grognons, quelques fumeurs stupides, et quelques bilieux mélancoliques.'—*George Sand*, '*Lettres d'un Voyageur*.'

'The gardens were made by Napoleon, who demolished to that end some monasteries once cumbering the ground. They are pleasant enough, and are not gardens at all, but a park of formally planted trees—sycamores chiefly. There is also a stable, where are the only horses in Venice. They are let at a florin an hour. On the *Lunedì dei Giardini* (in September) all orders of the people flock to the gardens, and promenade, and banquet on the grass.'—*Howells*.

The Giardini Pubblici is one of the best points from which to watch the glorious Venetian sunset. Here are two descriptions of it:—

'Le soleil était descendu derrière les monts Vicentins. De grandes nuées violettes traversaient le ciel au-dessus de Venise. La tour de Saint-

[1] See also Molmenti, 'La Dogaressa di Venezia,' 1884.

Marc, les coupoles de Sainte-Marie, et cette pépinière de flèches et de minarets qui s'élève de tous les points de la ville, se dessinaient en aiguilles noires sur le ton étincelant de l'horizon. Le ciel arrivait, par une admirable dégradation de nuances, du rouge-cerise au bleu de smalt: et l'eau, calme et limpide comme une glace, recevait exactement le reflet de cette immense iridation. Au-dessous de Venise elle avait l'air d'un grand miroir de cuivre rouge. Jamais je n'avais vu Venise si belle et si féerique. Cette noire silhouette jetée entre le ciel et l'eau ardente, comme dans une mer de feu, était alors une de ces sublimes aberrations d'architecture que le poète de l'Apocalypse a dû voir flotter sur les grèves de Patmos, quand il rêvait sa Jérusalem nouvelle et qu'il la comparait à une belle épousée.

'Peu à peu les couleurs s'obscurcirent, les contours devinrent plus massifs, les profondeurs plus mystérieuses. Venise prit l'aspect d'une flotte immense, puis d'un bois de hauts cyprès où les canaux s'enfonçaient comme de grands chemins de sable argenté. Ce sont là les instants où j'aime à regarder au loin; quand les formes s'effacent, quand les objets semblent trembler dans la brume, quand mon imagination peut s'élancer dans un champ immense de conjectures et de caprices.'—*George Sand*, '*Lettres d'un Voyageur.*'

'La ligne de maisons de la Giudecca qu'interrompt le dôme de l'église du Rédempteur; la pointe de la Douane de mer élevant sa tour carrée, surmontée de deux Hercules soutenant une Fortune; les deux coupoles de Santa Maria della Salute, forment une découpure merveilleusement accidentée, qui se détache en vigueur sur le ciel et fait le fond du tableau.

'L'île de Saint-Georges-Majeur, placée plus avant, sert de repoussoir, avec son église, son dôme et son clocher de briques, diminutif du Campanile, qu'on aperçoit à droite, au-dessus de l'ancienne Bibliothèque et du palais ducal.

'Tous ces édifices baignés d'ombre, puisque la lumière est derrière eux, ont des tons azurés, lilas, violets, sur lesquels se dessinent en noir les agrès des bâtiments à l'ancre; au-dessus d'eux éclate un incendie de splendeurs, un feu d'artifice de rayons; le soleil s'abaisse dans des amoncellements de topazes, de rubis, d'améthystes que le vent fait couler à chaque minute, en changeant la forme des nuages; des fusées éblouissantes jaillissent entre les deux coupoles de la Salute, et quelquefois, selon le point où l'on est placé, la flèche de Palladio coupe en deux le disque et l'astre.

'Ce coucher de soleil a la lagune pour miroir: toutes ces lueurs, tous ces rayons, tous ces feux, toutes ces phosphorescences ruissellent sur le clapotis des vagues en étincelles, en paillettes, en prismes, en traînées de flamme. Cela reluit, cela scintille, cela flamboie, cela s'agite dans un fourmillement lumineux perpétuel. Le clocher de Saint-Georges-Majeur, avec son ombre opaque qui s'allonge au loin, tranche en noir sur cet embrasement aquatique, ce qui le grandit d'une façon démesurée et lui donne l'air d'avoir sa base au fond de l'abîme. La découpure des édifices semble nager entre deux ciels ou entre deux mers. Est-ce l'eau qui réflète le ciel ou le ciel qui réflète l'eau? L'œil hésite et tout se confonde dans un éblouissement général.'—*Gautier*, '*Italia.*'

Very near one end of the gardens is the **Church of S. Biagio**, containing the tomb of the Admiral Angelo Emo (1731–92) by *Giovanni Ferrari.* Close to this our gondolier should turn up

the Rio del Arsenale, to the principal buildings of the **Arsenal,**[1] which, begun in 1300, is nearly two miles in circuit. Its battlemented walls, protected by fourteen towers, are attributed to *Andrea Pisano*, and a beautiful gothic gate bears his name. The renaissance gateway has quaint red towers. The statue of S. Giustina is by *Gir. Compagna*, and commemorates the battle of Lepanto, fought on her festival, October 7, 1571.

The Arsenal was the foundation of the strength of Venice, and as its ruin was the chief object of an enemy, incessant surveillance was established there. In 1428, a man suspected of intending to set fire to it for the Duke of Milan was dragged at a horse's tail by the Schiavoni, and quartered on the Piazzetta. In 1491 three keepers of the Arsenal were appointed, who were to remain thirty-two months in office, and, during that time, were to leave their own palaces and inhabit three official houses called Paradiso, Purgatorio, and Inferno. Each was to have fifteen days' guard in turn, and during that time was never to leave the enclosure.

On either side the entrance stand the two famous **Lions** brought from Athens in 1687 by Doge Francesco Morosini.

'The lion, in a sitting posture, and ten feet in height, stood on the inner shore of the Piraeus harbour, which it seemed to guard. From that statue the harbour itself derived the name of Porto Leone, which it bore among the Franks all through the Middle Ages and down to our own times. As such it is mentioned by Lord Byron in 'The Giaour.'

'The second statue, also of Pentelic marble, was nearly equal to the first in point of art, but far less good in point of preservation. The travellers of 1675 saw it on its original base, a little outside the city, near the ancient "Sacred Way." The animal is represented as couching and at rest; and Spon says that he felt inclined to address it in the following words: "Sleep on, Lion of Athens, since the Lion of the Harbour watches for thee."[2]

'Close observers must from the first have noticed with surprise that the statue of the sitting lion bore around each of its shoulders, and in serpentine folds, the remains of barbaric inscriptions. These strange characters were after a time recognised as Norwegian Runes. Their interpretation is due to M. Rafnr, an antiquary of Copenhagen. If reduced to straight lines, the inscription on the lion's left shoulder is as follows:—

'"Hakon, combined with Ulf, with Asmund, and with Orn, conquered this port [the Piraeus]. These men and Harold the Tall[3] imposed large

[1] The name of *Arsenal* came to this building (which Dante calls *Arzanà*) from the Arabic *darsanáa*, whence the Venetian *darsena*.

[2] *Voyages de Spon et Wheler*, vol. ii. pp. 145 et 177, ed. 1679.

[3] Harold, son of Sigurd, called Hardrada, or 'the Severe.' In 1040 he overcame the Athenian insurgents, and in 1042 dethroned the Emperor Michael and proclaimed Zoe and Theodora joint-Empresses of Constantinople. He succeeded Magnus the Good upon the throne of Norway, and on September 25, 1066, was killed by an arrow in battle at Stamford Bridge, near York, whilst fighting against Harold the Saxon in behalf of his brother Tostig.

fines on account of the revolt of the Greek people. Dalk has been detained in distant lands. Egil was waging war, together with Ragnar, in Roumania and Armenia."

'We will now give the inscription from the right shoulder of the lion :—

'"Asmund engraved these Runes in combination with Asgeir, Thorleif, Thord, and Ivar, by desire of Harold the Tall, although the Greeks on reflection opposed it."'—*Quarterly Review.*

The **Armoury and Museum** (open from 9 to 3, upon leaving your name) contains much of interest, especially to those conversant with naval affairs. Ordinary travellers will notice :—

Lower Hall :

Model of a Venetian house, showing the piles on which it is built.
Turkish Fanale taken at Lepanto.
Mast of the **Bucentaur.**
Model of the Bucentaur.

The Bucentaur was used in the ceremony of wedding the Adriatic, which was enjoined by the gratitude of Pope Alexander III. after the victory of the Venetians under Doge Sebastiano Ziani over the fleet of Frederick Barbarossa, and which thenceforth annually proclaimed the naval supremacy of Venice to the world. This was attended by the Senate, the Papal Nuncio and the whole of the diplomatic corps, who, without protest, every year witnessed the dropping of a sanctified ring into the sea, with the prescriptive accompaniment : *Desponsamus te, mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii.* ('We espouse thee, sea, in sign of true and lasting dominion.')

'The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood !
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.'
—*Byron*, '*Childe Harold.*'

The Doge's chair, used when he visited the Arsenal.

Here it was that they made up an entire galley while King Henry III. of France dined here, that is, in five hours' space; whereupon the King said he would give three of his best towns for such an Arsenal.

Upper Hall :

Baton of Count Pitigliano, 1509 (War of League).
Banners taken at Lepanto.
Monument and relics of Vittore Pisani, 1380, from the demolished Church of S. Antonio di Castello.

Armour of Sebastiano Venier, hero of Lepanto, October 7, 1571.
Armour of Agostino Barbarigo, 1571.
Armour of Henry IV. of France, given by him to the Republic in 1603.
Armour of Doge Contarini.
Armour of Doge Sebastiano Ziani, ob. 1178.
Armour of Gattemelata, 1438, and sword of Piccinino (deadly delicate).
Armour of Cristoforo Moro, given by Pope Pius II., 1468.
Sword of Doge Pesaro.
Armour of Doge Alvise Mocenigo.
Armour used in torture, iron collar, poison-key, &c., 1405.
Beautifully wrought Springal, by the son of Doge Pasquale Cicogna, sixteenth century.
Horse armour, found at Aquileja.

The Arsenal of Venice furnished Dante with one of the most remarkable similes for his 'Inferno' :—

' Quale nell' arzàna de' Viniziani
Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece
A rimpalmar li legni lor non sani,
Che navicar non ponno ; e 'n quella vece
Chi fa suo legno nuovo, e chi ristoppa
Le coste a quel che più viaggi fece ;
Chi ribatte da proda, e chi da poppa ;
Altri fa remi, e altri volge sarte ;
Chi terzeruolo ed artimon rintoppa :
Tal, non per fuoco, ma per divina arte,
Bollia laggiuso una pegola spessa,
Che inviscava la ripa d' ogni parte.'—*Inf.* xxi. 7–18.

Close to the Arsenal is the **Church of S. Martino,** founded by Paduans in 1161, formerly belonging to the **Patriarch of Grado,** rebuilt by *J. Sansovino*, 1540–1653. It contains :

R. *over the side door.*—Tomb of Doge Francesco Erizzo, by *Matteo Carmero*, 1633. After many years of peaceful reign, this Doge died as he was preparing to lead an expedition against the Turks in his 80th year.

Right of High Altar.—Girolamo da Santa Croce. The Resurrection. A Bergamasque master—one of his early pictures.

On the Organ Gallery.—Girolamo da Santa Croce. The Last Supper, 1549.

The font has four angels by *Tullio Lombardo*, 1484—amongst the best works of his period.

Near this was the (now destroyed) Cistercian convent with the famous church known as La Celestia, where the great general Carlo Zeno was buried (1418) by the Venetian sailors, who claimed it as their right towards their famous captain.

A wooden bridge and narrow calle lead to the fifteenth-century **Church of S. Giovanni in Bragora** (Bracula), originally built by S. Magnus the Bishop, in obedience to a vision of

the Baptist in the earliest years of Venice. It contains several very fine pictures:

2nd Chapel, R.—**Giovanni* **Bellini.** Madonna and Child.

The mother is seated between two windows, through which a landscape is seen.

Paris, Bordone. Last Supper.

R. Aisle.—*Vivarini.* SS. Martin, Andrew, and James.

On a Pier at R. *of High Altar.*—*Cima da Conegliano.* Helena and Constantine, with a predella of three scenes from her life.

Apse.—Cima da Conegliano. The Baptism of Christ—one of the grandest works of the master, which ought to be thoroughly studied. It can only be properly seen by standing on the steps behind the altar. The picture was badly restored in the last century. Sansovino describes how the landscape is taken from Conegliano, the beloved native place of the artist. This was probably painted in rivalry of Bellini, who treated the same subject at Vicenza.

'In the dignity of the head of Christ, in the beauty of the angels, and the solemn gestures of the Baptist, this picture is incomparable.'—*Burckhardt.*

On the L.—*Pier-Luigi Vivarini.* The Resurrection and predella, 1498.

'Here the hardness of Bartolommeo is mellowed, partly through the influence of Bellini, into a really noble grace and fulness.'—*Burckhardt.*

Bart. Vivarini. Madonna and S. Andrew and S. John, 1478.

1st Chapel, L.—*Sansovino.* The beautiful octagonal *Font* in red marble, richly foliated, resting on four Cupids.

In the Campo di S. Giovanni in Bragora (N. side) is the fine old **Palazzo Badoer** of 1310, inlaid with coloured marbles. It has been infamously modernised.

'The ogeed arches of the windows are more than usually good; whilst the beauty of the central window, enclosed within a square line of moulding, within which the wall is encrusted with marble relieved by medallions, is very great. The balconies of the lower windows are clearly modern, but there is a trace of the original balustrade between the shafts of the windows in the second stage; and in front of the sidelights to the upper window is a grille of ironwork taking the place of a balcony, and composed of a combination of quatrefoils. The arrangement of the windows in this part is not absolutely regular, but still the centre is very marked; and though it is of early date, the true use of the arch nowhere appears. The usual dog-tooth cornice finishes the walls under the eaves.'—*Street.*

The sotto portico del Papa, opposite the Church, will take us back to San Marco, if we walk.

In the Riva degli Schiavoni, close to the Ponte del Sepolcro,

is the **Casa del Petrarca**, originally Palazzo dei Molin, which was given in 1362 to Petrarch by the Republic, in gratitude for the gift of part of the poet's library. The neighbouring **Chiesa della Pietà** contains a ceiling with the Triumph of Faith, the best fresco of *Giambattista Tiepolo*, and, behind the high altar, Christ in the house of the Pharisee, a splendid work of **Moretto da Brescia.** This grand, but sadly restored, picture was painted in 1544 for San Fermo, at Monselice, and brought to Venice in 1740. Richard Wagner was so pleased with this work that while in Venice he paid frequent visits to it. In the background is seen the artist's native city.

CHAPTER V

THE NORTH-EASTERN QUARTER OF VENICE

IN a gondola to—

S. Moisè, S. Fantino, S. Maria Zobenigo, S. Maurizio, **S. Stefano,** S. Luca, **Corte del Maltese,** S. Salvatore, S. Giuliano, S. Lio, Palazzo dei Polo, **La Madonna dei Miracoli,** Palazzo Sanudo, Palazzo Bembo, Casa di Tiziano, Palazzo Falier, SS. Apostoli, S. Maria dei Gesuiti, Cappella Zen, S. Felice, S. Fosca, the Servi, the Misericordia, **La Madonna dell' Orto, S. Giobbe,** La Maddalena.

THOSE who are obliged to select need only leave their gondolas at S. Stefano and S. Maria dell' Orto, and perhaps for the staircase in the Corte del Maltese. But this excursion is one which gives an admirable idea of the quiet bits of beauty in the side canals, of the marvellous variety of palaces rising steeply from the pale green water, of brilliant acacias leaning over the old sculptured walls, of the banksia roses falling over the parapets of little courts like snowdrifts, and of tamarisks feathering down into the water, which is ever lapping with melancholy cadence against what Ruskin calls 'the sea-stories.' Travellers may often complain of the weariness of the Venetian sights, and of their being too much like one another. It is quite true that they are so, but let those who are bored sit still in their gondolas. For the sake of a few gems many rococo churches must be visited, but the gondola days afford many delightful memories for those who never do any definitive sight-seeing.

'Floating down narrow lanes, where carpenters, at work with plane and chisel in their shops, toss the light shaving straight upon the water, where it lies like weed, or ebbs away before us in a tangled heap. Past open doors, decayed and rotten from long steeping in the wet, through which some scanty patch of vine shines green and bright, making unusual shadows on the pavement with its trembling leaves. Past quays and terraces, where women, gracefully veiled, are passing and repassing, and where idlers are reclining in the sunshine on flagstones and on flights of steps. Past bridges, where there are idlers too, loitering and looking over. Below stone balconies, erected at a giddy height, before the loftiest

windows of the loftiest houses. Past plots of garden, theatres, shrines, prodigious piles of architecture—Gothic—Saracenic—fanciful with all the fancies of all times and countries. Past buildings that were high and low, and black and white, and straight and crooked; mean and grand, crazy and strong. Twining among a tangled lot of boats and barges, and shooting out at last into a Grand Canal!'—*Dickens.*

The part of Venice we are about to visit is divided by a wider canal than most into the two principal islands of **Castello** and **S. Niccolò**. It is curious to see how traces of a fierce rivalry, at least 350 years old, still appear in their popular songs, *e.g.*:—

'Nu semo Castelani e tanto basta,
E marciaremo co la fassa rossa,
E marciaremo co 'l sigaro in boca:
Faremo le cortelae, chi toca, toca!

E semo Nicoloti e tanto basta
E marciaremo co la fassa nera,
La fassa nera e 'l fiore su 'l capelo
Faremo le cortelae co quei de Castelo.'

'Nulle part il n'y a plus de paroles et moins de faits, plus de querelles et moins de rixes, Les *baracolles* ont un merveilleux talent pour se dire des injures, mais il est bien rare qu'ils en viennent aux mains. Deux barques se rencontrent et se heurtent à l'angle d'un mur, par la maladresse de l'un et l'inattention de l'autre. Les deux barcarolles attendent en silence le choc qu'il n'est plus temps d'éviter; leur premier regard est pour la barque; quand ils se sont assurés l'un et l'autre de ne s'être point endommagés, ils commencent à se toiser pendant que les barques se séparent. Alors commence la discussion. Pourquoi n'as tu pas crié *siastali?*—J'ai crié.—Non.—Si fait.—Je gage que non, *corpo di Bacco.*—Je jure que si, *sangue di Diana.*[1]—Mais avec quelle diable de voix?—Mais quelle espèce d'oreilles as-tu pour entendre?—Dis-moi dans quel cabaret tu t'éclaircis la voix de la sorte.—Dis-moi de quel âne ta mère a rêvé quand elle était grosse de toi.—La vache qui t'a conçu aurait dû t'apprendre à beugler.—L'ânesse qui t'a enfanté aurait dû te donner les oreilles de ta famille.—Qu'est-ce que tu dis, race de chien?—Qu'est-ce que tu dis, fils de guenon? Alors la discussion s'anime, et va toujours s'échauffant à mesure que les champions s'éloignent. Quand ils ont mis un ou deux ponts entre eux, les menaces commencent.—Viens donc un peu ici, que je te fasse savoir de quel bois sont faites mes rames.—Attends, attends, figure de marsouin, que je fasse sombrer ta coque de noix en crachant dessus.—Si j'éternuais auprès de ta coquille d'œuf, je la ferais voler en l'air.—Ta gondole aurait bon besoin d'enfoncer un peu pour laver les vers dont elle est rongée.—La tienne doit avoir des arraignées, car tu as volé le jupon de ta maitresse pour lui faire une doublure.—Maudite soit la madone de ton traguet pour n'avoir pas envoyé la peste à de pareils gondoliers!—Si la madone de ton traguet n'était pas la concubine du diable, il y a longtemps que tu serais noyé.—Et ainsi de

[1] The oath of a Venetian is generally—'Sangue di Dio, sangue di Cristo, sangue della Madonna,' but he also swears 'per Febo,' 'per Venere,' etc.

métaphore en métaphore on en vient aux plus horribles imprécations; mais heureusement, au moment où il est question de s'égorger les voix se perdent dans l'éloignement, et les injures continuent encore longtemps après que les deux adversaires ne s'entendent plus.'—*George Sand.*

The first canal on the right beyond the mole of the Piazzetta leads speedily to the gorgeous façade of the **Church of S. Moisè**, built by *A. Tremignan*, 1688. The original church was burned in 1105.

'Notable as one of the basest examples of the basest school of the Renaissance.'—*Ruskin.*

'Culmine d'ogni follia architettonica.'—*Lazari.*

The church contains, near the entrance, the grave of Law, the originator of the South Sea Bubble, who died here, 1729. Montesquieu, who met him at Venice, wrote:

'C'était le même homme, toujours l'esprit occupé de projets, toujours la tête remplie de calculs et de valeurs numéraires ou représentatives. Il jouait souvent, et assez gros jeu, quoique sa fortune fût fort mince.'

Chapel L. of Altar.—Palma Giovane. The Last Supper.
Tintoretto. Christ washing the disciples' feet. An important picture.

The Via 22 Marzo and the Calle delle Veste lead hence to the **Church of S. Fantino.** Rebuilt in 1506. It contains:—

R.—Monument of the physician Parisano Parisani, 1609, by *Giulio del Moro.*
Cappella Maggiore. A work of Sansovino, 1533. *Right Wall.* Lombard monument of Bernardino Martini, 1518.
Monument of Vinciguerra Dandolo, with a splendidly sculptured eagle, 1517.
Giovanni Bellini. Holy Family.

L' Ateneo Veneto (1810), close to the church, was formerly the Scuola di S. Girolamo, belonging to a confraternity devoted to the burial of the dead, but through the present century it has been occupied by a literary and scientific academy. The architecture is by *Francesco Contino.* In the façade is a noble relief of the Crucifixion by *Aless. Vittoria.* The upper halls are decorated with paintings by Tintoretto, Leonardo Corona, Palma Giovane, &c. In the Sala Maggiore are some fine busts by *Aless. Vittoria.* In the hall of entrance is the tomb of Santorio Santorio (1636), a famous physician brought from the Church of the Servi.

Returning by the Calle delle Veste to the Via 22 Marzo, and passing the Ponte delle Ostreghe, one reaches—

The **Church of S. Maria Zobenigo** (or del Giglio), founded by the extinct family of Zobenico in the ninth century. Burned

in 976 and 1105. The existing building (1680–83) is due to the munificence of the Barbarigo family, four of whom are represented in niches on the façade.

'S. Maria Zobenigo is the most impious building, illustrative of the degradation of the Renaissance.'—*Ruskin.*

The church contains the tomb of the Procurator Giulio Contarini by *Aless. Vittoria*, and a statue of Christ by *Giulio del Moro;* also—

2nd Altar on R.—Tintoretto. Ascension. In the transverse sections Christ with angels and SS. Giustina and Agostino.

'Christ appears to be descending out of the clouds between the two saints, who are both kneeling on the sea-shore. It is a Venetian sea, breaking on a flat beach, like the Lido, with a scarlet galley in the middle distance, of which the chief use is to unite the two figures by a point of colour. Both the saints are respectable Venetians of the lower class, in homely dress and with homely faces. The whole picture is quietly painted, and somewhat slightly; free from all extravagance, and displaying little power except in the general truth of harmony of colours so easily laid on. It is better preserved than usual, and worth dwelling upon as an instance of the style of the master when *at rest.*'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' vol. iii.

Turning to the right by Calle Gritti, we come to a point where three canals meet picturesquely in view of the fine tower of S. Stefano, and crossing two bridges, we reach the **Church of S. Maurizio**, which contains sculptures by *Domenico Fadiga.* Near it is the *Scuola degli Albanesi*, founded by Albanian merchants in 1447. The buildings are of 1500: some curious reliefs are let into the walls.

Looking upon the same Campo is the *Palazzo Baffo*, of the sixteenth century, once covered with frescoes by *Paolo Veronese*, of which few vestiges remain. In the neighbouring Calle del Dose is the *Palazzo da Ponte*, built by Doge Niccolò da Ponte (1578–85). This palace was also adorned with frescoes, attributed to *Procaccino.*

The **Church of S. Stefano**, with a nave of six bays, and aisles with terminal chapels, was built by Augustinian friars (1294–1320). Its handsome gothic door, with septifoliate pediment, richly-crocketted, is probably by the *Massegne.* 'The manner of the introduction of the figure of the angel at the top of the arch is full of beauty.'[1]

'The want of proper balance between decoration and the thing decorated, and of fit subordination of detail to general effect, becomes more and more palpable as we approach the period of the Renaissance. About

[1] Ruskin, *Stones of Venice.*

this gothic arch the stone vegetation is absolutely rank, and quite out of proportion with the dimensions of the arch itself.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors*.'

'The interior of S. Stefano is very fine and unlike what is common in the North of Europe. The dimensions are very large. The **nave** is about 48 ft. wide, and the whole length about 170 ft. There are a **cloister** and a **chapter-house** north of the nave, and a **campanile** detached at some distance to the east. The arcades of six pointed arches dividing the nave from either aisle are very light, and supported on delicate marble columns, whose capitals, with square abaci and foliage of classical character, hardly look like gothic work. The masonry and mouldings of these arches are not arranged in a succession of orders, as is the case in almost all good pointed work, but have a broad, plain soffit, with a small and shallow moulding at the edge, finished with a dentil or fillet ornament, which, originally used by the architect of S. Mark's in order to form the lines of constructional stonework within which his encrusted marbles were held, was afterwards, down to the very decline of pointed architecture, used everywhere in Venice—not only in its original position, but, as at S. Stefano, in a place of a label round the arch.'—*Street*.

The **pavement** is of red and white Verona marble in checker design, and the **choir** is raised on six steps.

Sacristy.—Tintoretto. (1) Last Supper; (2) Washing of Feet; (3) Agony in the Garden.

Novello da Carrara, Lord of Padua, entrapped, and strangled (1405) in the prisons of the Republic with his two sons, Jacopo and Francesco III., was buried with great pomp in this church on the day after his murder, but his grave is unknown.

In the centre of the **nave** is the slab tomb of Doge Francesco Morosini (1604), by *Filippo Parodi*. This great Doge, distinguished as a general in the defence of Candia, and by the capture of Athens, which brought him the name of 'Peloponnesiaco,' deserved a nobler monument. Making the round of the church we see:

R. (above the tomb of Grazioso Grazioli, 1588).—The sepulchral inscription of Jacopo dal Verme, 1408, a famous condottiere, who passed from the service of Gian Galeazzo Visconti (1404) to the service of Venice, and was general in the war against Francesco Novello of Carrara. He fell fighting against the Turks in 1408.

Left of West Door.—An altar erected by Jacopo Suriano, a physician of Rimini, where he is represented kneeling with his wife Eugenia at the feet of the Virgin and Child. 16th century.

Sacristy.—At the sides of the altar. *Vivarini*, SS. Lorenzo and Niccolò.

Choir.—Two bays deep, and cross-vaulted. Reliefs of great beauty by *Vittore Camelio*. Bronze candelabra of the school of Aless. Vittoria, 1577. Before the altar the grave of the Archduke Frederick of Austria, 1847.

Chapel L. of High Altar.—Tomb of C. B. Ferretti, a lawyer of Vicenza, attributed to *Sanmicheli*, 1557. It bears a noble bust by Aless. Vittoria.

Baptistery.—Statue of the Baptist by *Giulio del Moro:*

Over Cloister Door.—Monument of Bartolommeo d' Alviano, a brave general of the Republic, taken prisoner by Louis XII., but who returned o be distinguished in many sieges and battles, 1515.

Cloister.—Dilapidated frescoes by *Pordenone.* **Lombard doorway** by Fra Gabriele, 1532. Near the door into the church the fine **tomb** of **Doge Andrea Contarini,** under whom the glorious victory of Chioggia was gained, corbelled out of the wall, 1382. 'MCCCLXVII. Dux creatus; MCCCLXXXII. in coelum sublatus.'

'On one wall of this court are remains—very shadowy remains indeed—of frescoes painted by Pordenone at the period of his fiercest rivalry with Titian; and it is said that Pordenone, while he wrought upon the scenes of scriptural history here presented, wore his sword and buckler in readiness to repel an attack which he feared from his competitor. The story is very vague, and I hunted it down in divers authorities only to find it grow more and more intangible and uncertain, but it gave a singular relish to our daily walk through the old cloister.'—*Howells.*

Left of Principal Entrance.—The noble **tomb** of **Jacopo Suriano** of Rimini, 1551. His statue reposes upon a rich urn, and, with the bas-relief of the lunette, and the exquisite surrounding ornaments, is amongst the most beautiful specimens of Lombard art of the sixteenth century.

The arched bridge under the choir (which is built over a canal) should be noticed.

The **Campo** *Francesco Morosini*, formerly *di S. Stefano*, contains a modern statue of Niccolò Tommaseo (1802–74), and a number of beautiful old buildings; the *Palazzo Loredano* (sixteenth century), once adorned with frescoes by Giuseppe Salviati; the *Palazzo Morosini* of the sixteenth century, in which the Doge Francesco Morosini, surnamed Peloponnesiaco, was born, and which contains his bust, executed at the cost of the Republic in his lifetime; the huge *Palazzo Pisani*, of the seventeenth century, and the *Palazzo Baffo*, of the sixteenth century, once covered with frescoes by Paolo Veronese, now almost destroyed. In the calle which leads to the Campo S. Samuele is a house with a most beautiful parapet, having delicately carved devices in stone let into each pinnacle. Observe here, also, the door of Palazzo Malapiero, with an acute arch elaborately sculptured, and fragments of a more ancient neo-Byzantine one.

'Out of the crooked and bewildering streets, with their bright medley of form and colour, we emerge on to the *campi* in front of the churches, to which they were originally attached as burial-grounds. Each of these squares is now a little centre of life, and has its farmacia and grocery and fruiterer's shop, perhaps a palazzo with the upper stories to let, sometimes a tree or two swaying leafy boughs against the balconies. Each has

its well, generally raised on steps, round which the gossips of the place collect, and where you may glean many a characteristic and amusing incident of Venetian life. Every morning at eight o'clock the iron lid which closes its mouth is unlocked, and then there is a clanking of heels on the stone pavement and a brisk chattering of tongues, as the water-carriers, stout-built peasant maidens from Friuli, each wearing the same high-crowned hat and short skirt, come to fill their copper buckets at the well.'—*Julia Cartwright.*

Behind S. Stefano is the spacious Campo S. Angelo, which once contained the Church of S. Angelo, destroyed in 1838, where Domenico Cimarosa, the musician, was buried in 1801. A little beyond is the **Church of S. Luca**, built 1581, which contains a picture (High Altar) of S. Luke and the Virgin by *Paolo Veronese.* Here, with the grammarian Dionisio Atanigi and the historian Alfonso Ullo, Pietro Aretino is buried.

'Sur le mur est son portrait, par Alvise dal Friso, neveu et élève de Paul Véronèse ; mais il n'y a aucune trace de sa sépulture, qui probablement aura disparu lorsque l'église fut refaite, à la fin du xvi^me^ siècle. Les curés de la paroisse se sont transmis de l'un à l'autre que l'Arétin, près de mourir, ayant reçu l'extrême-onction, dit en riant ce vers que la bouffonnerie italienne rend peut-être moins impie qu'il ne le paraît :

"Guardatemi da' topi, or che son unto."'—*Valery.*

On the left will be found a beautiful little door in a red house, which is now the Military Library. In the tympanum is seen S. Augustine teaching. It belonged to the Eremitani Friars. The fine cloister has some perished frescoes.

Opposite this church is the Teatro Rossini, and just beyond it the **Palazzo Contarini Mocenigo**, a renaissance building of the fifteenth century. **By taking the Calle della Vida out of the Campo Manin** we come to the Calle delle Locande, in which, in the courtyard called **Corte del Maltese**, is a beautiful **circular winding staircase** of the Palazzo **Minelli**, probably by one of the Lombardi. It presents a continuous open marble arcade following the rise of the steps through six spirals, a shafted balustrade filling in the lower part of the openings. The brick palace to which this circular staircase is attached belonged originally to the Contarini del Bovolo, afterwards to the Minelli.

In the neighbouring *Campo S. Benedetto* is a half-ruined gothic palace, once belonging to the Pesaro family. The brackets of its balconies, the flower-work on its cornices, and the arabesques on the angles of the balconies themselves, deserve attention. The **Church of S. Benedetto**, rebuilt 1619, contains :—

2nd Altar, R.—*Bernardo Strozzi*, called *Il Prete Genovese*, S. Sebastian.

Doge Domenico Contarini was buried in this church in 1675.

Near this, in the *Campo Manin*, formerly *S. Paternian*, is the red house of Daniele Manin (ob. 1857), honoured as having been instrumental in re-establishing the independence of Venice in 1848. His trumpery statue by *Luigi Borro* was erected here in 1875, the Church of S. Paterniano and the interest of the campo being destroyed to make room for it!

Slightly north-east, by a narrow calle, or a winding canal, we reach the **Church of S. Salvatore** (1530), in the thick of the Merceria, built on the site of a church of the twelfth century, in the porch of which Pope Alexander III. is said to have taken refuge for the night. That Pope at any rate in 1168 gave the Prior here a mitre and staff. The façade is of 1663, by Sardi. The interior is interesting as the work of *Tullio Lombardi*, *Sansovino*, and *Scamozzi*. It contains :—

R. *2nd Altar.—Gir. Campagna.* Madonna and Child.

Jacopo Sansovino. The stately tomb of Doge Francesco Venier—of uneventful reign, 1554–56, in a classic style, yet showing the influence of the Lombard school. The figure of the dead Doge is magnificent.

3rd Altar.—Titian. The Annunciation: painted at ninety years of age.

R. Transept.—*Bernardino Contino*, 1570. A tomb in honour of the celebrated Caterina Cornaro, who, born 1454, married in 1468 Jacopo di II. Lusignano, King of Cyprus, and in 1473 was left a widow with one child, which died soon after its father. Harassed by wars domestic and foreign, she ceded the Island of Cyprus, the key of Eastern commerce, to the Republic of Venice in 1489, and received the Castle of Asolo and the right of retaining her proud titles in recompense. Treated with the utmost distinction at Venice, she died there in 1510. Her remains were removed hither from the S. Apostoli.

Chapel R. of High Altar.—*Bonifazio.* The Martyrdom of S. Theodore.

High Altar.—Titian. The Transfiguration. It covers a beautiful *Pala d' Argento* of 1290. Life-size figures.

* **Chapel L. of Altar.**—The Supper at Emmaus. A very beautiful and important picture, ascribed by tradition to Giovanni Bellini: by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to Carpaccio: by Layard to Benedetto Diana, a little-known scholar of Bellini.

The *Organ Gallery* is by *Sansovino*. Left of the organ is an altar by *Gugl. Bergamasco*, with a figure of S. Jerome by *Tommaso Lombardo*.

Here are also the tombs of Doges Lorenzo (1559) and Girolamo Priuli (1567) by *Cesare Franco*. The statues of S. Lawrence and S. Jerome in the upper part of the great monument are by *Giulio del Moro*.

Close to the church is the *Scuola di S. Teodoro*, built in the seventeenth century from designs of *Giuseppe Sardi*, and at the expense of one Jacopo Galli for the confraternity of S. Teodoro. A cippolino column here commemorates March 22, 1848.

Turning down due south-east, ten minutes' walk brings us

to the **Church of S. Giuliano**,—'San Zulian'—with a Doric façade, a little behind S. Salvatore, was designed by *Aless. Vittoria* and finished by *Sansovino* in the sixteenth century. Over the entrance is a very effective seated bronze statue of Tommaso da Ravenna by *Sansovino* (1553). The church contains :—

R., 1*st Altar.*—*Paolo Veronese.* Dead Christ supported by Angels.
High Altar.—*Gir. da Santa Croce.* The Coronation of the Virgin. Three Saints below.
L., 1*st Altar*—*Boccaccino da Cremona.* The Virgin and four Saints—signed.

North of the church lies a pretty Piazzetta.

Farther north is the **Church of S. Lio** (S. Leone), originally built by the Badoer family and dedicated to Pope Leo IX. It was rebuilt in 1619, and contains :—

L., 1*st Altar.*—*Titian.* S. James—hopelessly injured by restorations.
Chapel **R.** *of High Altar.*—Beautiful sculptures in the manner of Tullio Lombardo. The pendentives of the cupola deserve attention.

A few minutes in the gondola bring us to the **Church of S. Gian** (*Giovanni*) **Crisostomo**, a work of *Sebastiano da Lugano* and *Moro Lombardo* in 1489. It contains :—

***R.**, 1*st Altar.*—**Giov. Bellini**, 1513. SS. Jerome, Christopher, and Augustin. Ruskin considers this the finest work of the master in Venice.

'Bellini was over eighty when he painted his last or almost last picture, so touching in its appropriateness to his great age and concluding life—the old S. Jerome in S. Giovanni Crisostomo, seated high upon a solitary mount with a couple of admiring saints below.'—*Oliphant*, '*The Makers of Venice.*'

'A splendid work of 1513, and one of the master's latest.'—*Morelli.*

High Altar.—Sebastian del Piombo. S. Chrysostom and other Saints. Three grand Venetian ladies, of the highest type of aristocratic beauty, are introduced. Three well-known English sisters will be recalled to many.
Last Altar but one.—Tullio Lombardo (a relief). Coronation of the Virgin.

In the Corte (inner) del Millione,[1] behind the Church, is the **Palazzo dei Poli**, of the twelfth century, with Arabo-Byzantine gothic windows and a door-frame. The details of this house are well worth study. It was the birthplace of the traveller Marco Polo in 1259, and he died here in 1323. In his time

[1] In remembrance of the marvellous stories of the riches of Kublai Khan told by the traveller Marco Polo, such as the tablets of gold used for letters of introduction.

it was 'un bellissimo e molto alto palazzo.'[1] In the *Calle del Bazatin*, near, is a house with a brick parapet with beautiful varied mouldings, crested with Arabian ornament.

Passing the Ponte S. Gian Crisostomo, the *Calle del Magazen* takes its name from the magazine in which Malvoisie, a favourite wine, was sold. The name of the Calle della Malvasia has the same origin. Taking, eastward, the Calle del Fruttarol to the right, and then the Calle de Miracoli, one reaches the beautiful marble-fronted **Church of La Madonna de' Miracoli,** possessing the utmost individuality, reminding one vividly of the churches in the Kremlin. The arrangement of the raised chancel, as also of the **ambones, R.** and **L.,** with their doors beneath, facing the nave, is unique. One recalls San Miniato, at Florence. The **Chancel-arch** with its exquisite capitals and frieze, is almost unrivalled out of Verona. The **cupola** rises above the chancel. The **nave** is barrel-vaulted and richly panelled. It was built by *Pietro Lombardo* (1481–89), and is one of the most perfect specimens of his style. The material is white marble inlaid with red and black. The sculptured decorations are the most important feature, and are only found surpassed in technique by the finest Greek work. The interior is also by *Pietro Lombardo:* the proportions of the balustrade and other decorations of the Cappella Maggiore exact the minute attention of architects. This was an addition to the original design. The statues of SS. Francesco and Chiara are by *Gir. Campagna.* The church has been restored, 1885–86. Next it was a Convent of twelve Poor Clares from Murano.

'It seems almost incredible that eight years sufficed for the construction and ornamentation of this church, which is one of the most elaborate examples of renaissance architecture. Without and within, its walls, doorways, and pilasters are covered with leaves, flowers, birds, and strange creatures born of a fancy wayward but ever logical in its deductions from nature, not carelessly carved, but conscientiously worked out in every detail with equal taste and skill. The rich balustrades of the staircase leading to the chapel of the Sanctuary are adorned with small half-figures of the Virgin, the Angel of the Annunciation, S. Frances, and S. Chiara, and the pilasters and panels about it are filled with ornaments inspired by, but not copied from, the antique.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors.*'

The marbles used on the exterior are very remarkable: Pavonazzetto, Broccatello Rosso, Veronese, Porphyry, Verde-Antico, Alabastro-pecotrella, and Serpentino.

One should follow the calle at the right of the church, and cross the bridge of S. Maria Nuova to admire the apse and

[1] Ramusio.

campanile, for the north side of the church rises from the canal or Rio dei Miracoli.

The **Palazzo Sanudo** near this is a noble gothic fourteenth-century palace with Byzantine cornices. Its door is quite perfect, 'retaining its wooden valve richly sculptured, its wicket for examination of the stranger demanding admittance, and its quaint knocker in the form of a fish.' The house was the residence of Marino Sanudo (1466–1535), who wrote fifty-five folio volumes on the history of Venice and the world.

In the Campo di Maria Nuova is the **Palazzo Bembo,** on the front of which is a niche with a figure bearing a sundial, erected, as an inscription tells, by Giammatteo Bembo (1491–1570) in memory of his friends Paolo Giovio and Sebastiano Münster. Close by, converted into a magazine, is the **Church of S. Maria Nuova** (1536), where Doge Niccolò Contarini was buried in 1631. The S. Jerome of Titian, now in the Brera, was painted for this church. A little farther is the *Campo di Tiziano*, where the **House of Titian,** which he inhabited from 1531 to 1576, is marked by an inscription.

'This house, which is now hemmed in by larger buildings of later date, had in the painter's time an incomparably "lovely and delightful situation." Standing near the northern boundary of the city, it looked out over the lagoon, across the quiet isle of sepulchres, San Michele, across the smoking chimneys of the Murano glass-works, and the bell-towers of her churches, to the long line of the seashore on the right, and to the mainland on the left; and beyond the nearer lagoon islands and the faintly pencilled outlines of Toreello and Burano in front, to the sublime distance of the Alps, shining in silver and purple, and resting their snowy heads against the clouds. It had a pleasant garden of flowers and trees, into which the painter descended by an open stairway, and in which he is said to have studied the famous tree in the Death of Peter Martyr. Here he entertained the great and noble of his day, and here he feasted and made merry with the gentle sculptor Sansovino, and with their common friend, the rascal poet Aretino.'—*Howells.*

From 1516–1530 he had lived near San Samuele.

'From the garden the view extended to Murano and the hills of Ceneda, between which, on favourable days, the peak of Antelao, the tutelary Dolomite of the Cadorini, might be seen against the morning sky. . . . Ridolfi says that the distance in the picture of "Pietro Martire" represented the Ceneda hills as seen from Biri (San Caneiano), and Zanetti asserts that he saw the round-leaved trees of the same picture in the courtyard of Titian's house. We know that in course of years Titian greatly embellished the place and decorated the garden on the water's edge, and that it was the resort at times of very good company.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle*, '*Life of Titian.*'

Returning a little later we enter the Campo, which contains the **Church of S. Canciano,** rebuilt in the seventeenth century.

Turning to the right by the Ponte di S. Canciano and by the Campiello della Cason, one reaches the Campo dei SS. Apostoli.

Near this, on the Rio dei SS. Apostoli, is the **Palazzo Falier,** containing some portion of the house of Marino Faliero, beheaded 1355. The beautiful Byzantine window is of the thirteenth century.

'But for this range of windows, the little Piazza SS. Apostoli would be one of the least picturesque in Venice; to those, however, who seek it on foot, it becomes geographically interesting from the extraordinary involution of the alleys leading to it from the Rialto. It is only with much patience, and modest following of the guidance of the marble thread beneath his feet, that the pedestrian will at last emerge over a steep bridge into the open space of the Piazza, rendered cheerful in autumn by a perpetual market of pomegranates, and purple gourds, like enormous black figs; while the canal, at its extremity, is half blocked up by barges laden with vast baskets of grapes as black as charcoal, thatched over with their own leaves.

'Looking back, on the other side of the canal, he will see the windows and the arcade of pointed arches beneath them, which are the remains of the palace of Marino Faliero. The balcony is, of course, modern, and the series of windows has been of greater extent, once terminated by a pilaster on the left hand, as well as on the right, but the terminal arches have been walled up. What remains, however, is enough, with its sculptured birds and dragons, to give a very distinct idea of the second order window in its perfect form.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

Close by is the **Scuola dell' Angelo Custode,** of the eighteenth century, now used as a German Protestant chapel.

The feeble **Church of the SS. Apostoli** (1575), with a campanile by Andrea Tirali (1672), contains:—

Right.—The Cappella Corner (*Cornaro*), dedicated to S. Lucia, is a very beautiful reproduction of the Lombard style in 1510 by *Gugl. Bergamasco.* It contains the sixteenth-century monuments of Marco and Giorgio Corner, the father and uncle of Caterina, Queen of Cyprus, who induced her to renounce her kingdom in favour of the Republic. The unhappy queen (widowed at nineteen, and forced by the Republic to abdicate at twenty-five, and to live henceforth in honourable retirement at Asolo) was also buried here for a time, till the translation of her remains to S. Salvatore.

'Caterina died in Venice on the 10th of July 1510, fifty-six years old. On the 11th a bridge of boats was made across the Grand Canal from the Cornaro Palace to the other side. The dead queen was followed by the patriarch, the signory, the vice-doge, the Archbishop of Spalato, and an immense crowd of citizens with torches in their hands. There was something fitting in the manner of her burial, for the night was a stormy one, with heavy wind and rain. On her coffin lay the crown of Cyprus—outwardly, at least, Venice insisted that her daughter was

a queen; but, inside, her body lay shrouded in the habit of S. Francis, with cord and cowl and coarse brown cloak. Caterina was carried to the Cornaro chapel, and next day the funeral service was performed. Over her grave Andrea Navagero, poet, scholar, and ambassador, made the oration that bade farewell to this unhappy queen, whose beauty, goodness, gentleness, and grace were unavailing to save her from the tyrannous cruelty of fate.'—*Horatio F. Brown*, '*Venetian Studies.*'

Left of High Altar.—Paolo Veronese. The Fall of Manna.

At the end of this canal to the east is the **Church of S. Maria de Gesuiti** (or S. Maria Assunta), a most elaborate shrine with a rich columnar façade, due externally to *Giambattista Fattoretto*, and internally to *Domenico Rossi* (1715–30). It contains three bays of chapels :—

Chapel **R.** *of High Altar.*—Tomb of Orazio Farnese, distinguished in the battle of the Dardanelles (1654).

High Altar. — A curious work of the Carmelite Father, *Giuseppe Pozzo.*

Chapel **L.** *of High Altar.*—Tomp of Doge Pasquale Cicogna, 1585–95, builder of the Bridge of Rialto, by *Girolamo Campagna.*

1*st Altar* **L.** *of Entrance.*—**Titian.** The Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo. Spoiled by time and restoration.

Entrance Wall.—Tomb of the Procurators Priamo, Giovanni, and Andrea Lezze, of the seventeenth century.

Following Altar. — **J. Tintoretto. The Assumption.** Much spoiled.

Refectory.—**Tintoretto. Presentation in the Temple.** Very fine.

The patriot, Daniele Manin, is buried here, the church having been rebuilt in 1715 by the liberality of his family. After being imprisoned by the Austrians, he was released by the people, and became their leader, driving out the Austrian Marshal, and proclaiming the Republic at the Piazza. In less than a year the city was besieged, and only capitulated when all its supplies were at an end. Manin was exiled, and supported himself by giving lessons in Italian at Paris, where he died, and whence his body was brought back in state when Venice was finally evacuated by the Austrians.

In the Campo de' Gesuiti, opposite the church, and attached to the **Scuola de' Crociferi**, is the *Cappella Zen*, sometimes called *Oratorio di SS. Filippo e Luigi*, or *Chiesa dell' Ospedaletto.* It is entered by a gothic portal surmounted by a bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, to whom a kneeling pilgrim is presenting a model of the church and a book. The interior has a good pannelled ceiling with an Assumption by *Palma Giovane* in the centre. The pictures round the walls are also, for the most part, by *Palma Giovane,* though

those of the Flagellation and Deposition have been recently ascribed to **Tintoretto.** They are :—

L. *Wall.*—1. Doge Pasquale Cicogna hearing mass in a senator's robe. 2. The same Doge receiving the news of his promotion to the ducal dignity. 3. The same Doge visiting this church.

Right of Altar.—Pope S. Clement instituting the Order of the Crociferi. *Left of Altar.*—Pope Paul IV. giving the ambassador of Venice a brief for the Crociferi.

R. *Wall.*—The Flagellation. The Deposition.

Wall opposite the Altar.—The Saviour in glory, with Doge Raniero Zen and his wife granting the privileges of the Hospice.

Near this, on the Fondamenta Zen, is the *Palazzo Zen*, of 1531. Farther down the Fondamenta is the **Collegio Marco Foscarini**, occupying the old monastery of S. Catherine. In the church are :—

High Altar.—**Paolo Veronese.** The Marriage of S. Catherine—an important work of the artist.

At the sides of the Choir.—**Tintoretto.** Six pictures of the life of S. Catherine.

At the end of the Fondamenta we may cross the Ponte Molin, and then the Ponte Priuli, and follow the new Via Vittorio Emanuele to the **Church of S. Felice**, founded 960, and rebuilt 1551–56 in the style of the Lombardi. It contains :—

R., *3rd Altar.*—**Tintoretto.** S. Demetrio in armour and a Suppliant Donor of the Chigi Family.

High Altar.—Domenico Cresti da Passignano. The Redeemer, with S. Felice and two Suppliants. Statues of Faith and Charity by *Giulio del Moro.*

Over door of Sacristy.—An inscription commemorating the baptism of Clement XIII. (Carlo Rezzonico) in this church, March 29, 1693.

To the right of the neighbouring Ponte di Pasqualigo rises the beautiful fifteenth-century front of the *Palazzo Giovanelli*, supposed to be the work of Filippo Calendario. It contains a fine picture of Moses striking the Rock by *Bacchiacca.* A few steps distant is the Campo di S. Fosca, where, behind the apse of the church, beyond the Rio, we see the façade of a *Palazzo Vendramin* of the fifteenth century, with a beautiful portal. The **Church of S. Fosca**, built 1679, has nothing of interest except its fifteenth-century campanile. The painter Bernardo Strozzi, 'Il Prete Genovese,' was buried in this church. Crossing the Ponte di S. Antonio (note the interesting chimneys here), we may see the **Church of La Maddalena,** built by Tommaso Temenza (1750–55). Returning to the Campo di S. Fosca and crossing the Ponte senza Parapetti, we should

turn to the left along the Fondamenta beyond the *Ponte Diedo*, where Fra Paolo Sarpi, the great Venetian theologian, lawyer, and metaphysician, was stabbed as he was returning from S. Marco to his own convent of the Servi, October 3, 1607.

S. Fosca.

In the contest between the Republic and the Papacy, he acted eloquently as the consulting theologian for the former.

'In 1607 Gaspar Schoppe, the publicist, while passing through Venice, sought an interview with **Sarpi,** pointed out the odium which Fra Paolo had gained in Rome by his writings, and concluded by asserting that the Pope meant to have him alive or to compass his

assassination. In September of the same year the Venetian ambassador at Rome received private information regarding some mysterious design against a person or persons unknown at Venice, in which the Papal Court were implicated, and which was speedily to take effect. On October 5, Sarpi was returning about five o'clock in the afternoon to his convent at S. Fosca, when he was attacked upon a bridge by five ruffians. It so happened that on this occasion he had no attendance but his servant Fra Marino; Fra Fulgenzie and a man of courage, who usually accompanied him, having taken another route home. The assassins were armed with harquebuses, pistols, and poniards. One of them went straight at Sarpi, while the others stood on guard and held down Fra Marino. Fifteen blows in all were aimed at Sarpi, three of which struck him in the neck and face. The stilletto remained firmly imbedded in his cheek-bone between the right ear and nose. He fell to the ground senseless; and a cry being raised by some women who had witnessed the outrage from a window, the assassins made off, leaving their victim for dead. It was noticed that they took refuge in the Palace of the Papal Nuncio, whence they escaped that same evening to the Lido, *en route* for the States of the Church. An old Venetian nobleman of the highest birth, Allessandro Malipiero, who bore a singular affection for the champion of his country's liberty, was walking a short way in front of Sarpi beyond the bridge upon which the assault was perpetrated. He rushed to his friend's aid, dragged out the dagger from his face, and bore him to the convent. There Sarpi lay for many weeks in danger, suffering as much, it seems, from his physicians as from the wounds. . . . In the future he took a few obvious precautions, passing in a gondola to the Rialto, and thence on foot through the crowded Merceria to the Ducal Palace. Otherwise he refused to alter the customary tenor of his way.'—*Symonds*, '*Renaissance in Italy*.'

His life being again in danger from the same quarter, he retired to a convent, and died 1623.

At the head of the Fondamenta are the ruins of the magnificent **Church of the Servi**, demolished in 1812, consisting chiefly of the wall surrounding the *Istituto Canal*, and of two gateways. The destruction of the church, which dated from 1330, has been one of the greatest injuries inflicted upon Venice in the 19th century. It contained the tombs of Doge Vendramin, now in SS. Giovanni e Paolo; of Doge Francesco Dona, destroyed with the exception of the statue, which is preserved at Maren near Conegliano; of Verde della Scala, now at SS. Giovanni e Paolo; of Giovanni Emo, General of the Republic (1483), destroyed except the statue, which is now in the museum at Vicenza; and of Admiral Angelo Emo, now at S. Biagio. In the refectory was the famous Paolo Veronese of the **Supper in the Pharisee's House**, now in the Louvre. Here also, amongst other illustrious 'brothers,' was buried, in 1623, Fra Paolo Sarpi (the friend of Galileo), whose ashes were transported to S. Michele of Murano.

'The end of **Sarpi's** life consecrated the principles of duty to God and allegiance to his country which had animated its whole course. He fell

into a bad state of health; yet nothing would divert him from the due discharge of public business.

'All the signs of the soul's speedy departure from that age-enfeebled body were visible; but his indefatigable spirit sustained him in such wise that he bore exactly all his usual burdens. When his friends and masters bade him relax his energies, he used to answer: "My duty is to serve, and not to live; there is some one daily dying in his office." When at length the very sources of existence failed, and the firm brain wandered for a moment, he was once heard to say, "Let us go to S. Mark, for it is late.' The very last words he uttered, frequently repeated, but scarcely intelligible, were "Esto perpetuo,"—*May Venice last for ever.!* This was the dying prayer of the man who had consecrated his best faculties to the service of his country. But before he passed away into that half slumber which precedes death, he made confession to his accustomed spiritual father, received the Eucharist and Extreme Unction, and bade farewell to the Superior of the Servites in the following sentence:—"Go ye to rest, and I will return to God, from whom I came." With these words he closed his lips in silence, crossing his hands upon his breast, and fixing his eyes upon a crucifix that stood before him.'—*Symonds*, '*Renaissance in Italy.*'

Close to the ruins of the church is the *Scuola del Volto Santo*, built in 1360 by Lucchesi, established at Venice, and decorated in 1370 with a representation of the story of the Volto Santo at Lucca by *Nicolò Semitecolo.*

Returning to the Ponte senza Parapetti, and turning to the left, we find the **Church of S. Marziale** (Bishop of Limoges), dating from 1133, but rebuilt 1693–1721. It contains:—

L., 1*st Altar.*—**Titian.** Tobias and the Angel.

Tintoretto.—1. Glory of S. Marziale. 2. Ascension, 3. The Annunciation. 4. The Virgin. The first of these is the final work of the Master.

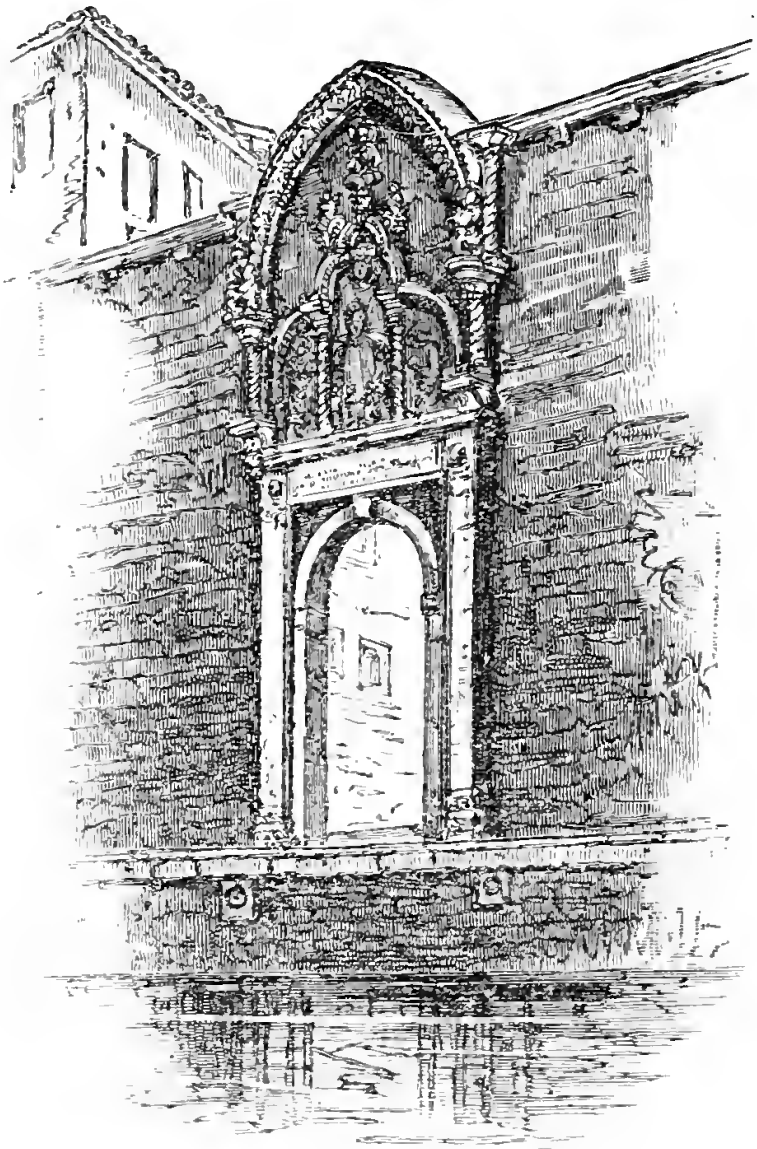
The Festa of S. Marziale (July 1) was always celebrated by the Republic, being the anniversary of three of its famous victories.

Crossing the neighbouring Ponte di S. Marziale, and turning to the right by the Fondamenta della Misericordia as far as the bridge, then turning to the left and crossing the wooden bridge of the Abbazia, we reach the **Abbazia dell' Misericordia**, dating from the tenth century, but modernised. The fourteenth-century scuola faces us, at right angles to the church. It has lost the tympanum and tracery of central door, but retains two lovely ogival windows. The cloister, though ruined, is fascinating. On the *Fondamenta Abbazia* is one of the most exquisite old gothic gateways in Venice.

A little beyond this, in Campo dei Mori, is the **House of Tintoret**, with an inscription and a rough-hewn figure, once regarded as the Pasquino of Venice—*Sior Antonio Rioba.*

In the mouth of Ser Rioba denunciations were formerly placed, as in the Bocca di Leone at the Palazzo Ducale.

The district is called *Fondamenta dei Mori*, from having been the residence of a family, which perhaps came from the



Porta della Abbazia della Misericordia.

Morea, and were on that account called Mori. Their palace, on the side of the canal opposite the Madonna dell' Orto, is adorned with a spirited relief of a Moor leading a laden camel. Murano is seen across the water.

Close by rises the **Church of La Madonna dell' Orto.**

Originally built in honour of S. Cristoforo by *Fra Tiberio da Parma*, General of the 'Umiliati,' who died in 1371. Its dedication was changed after the discovery of a rude image of the Virgin in a neighbouring kitchen-garden in 1377. In 1399 the church was almost rebuilt, and its façade was added in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and is attributed to Bartolommeo Bon; the statues on the lateral gables are certainly his. An attempt has been made to revive the old name of S. Cristoforo since the contemptible restoration of 1860.

'The doorway and rose windows are of red and white marble, and in the side windows the tracery and monials are of white marble, and the jambs alternately red and white. The rest of the wall is brick, but has been plastered and washed with pink. The windows at the end of the aisles are remarkable for transoms of tracery supported upon two heights of delicate marble shafts, and entirely independent of the glazing that is fixed in frames within them. This kind of arrangement, incongruous and unsatisfactory as it is here, is worth recollecting as being suggestive of an obvious opening for the use of traceried windows in domestic work; and it is a plan of most frequent occurrence in the best Italian ecclesiastical architecture.'—*Street.*

To see this church well it should be visited after 2 P.M. The interior is very handsome, the **nave** being carried on columns of veined Greek marble. It is almost entirely of brick. Luigi Orsini, strangled in prison by order of the Republic, after his murder of Vittoria Accoramboni, is buried here. Here also rest Alessandro Leopardi, Ramusio the geographer, and **Tintoretto** with his family.

'J'ai regretté de ne point trouver de traces du tombeau du Tintoret et de celui de Marietta Robusti, sa fille et son élève, qu'il eut la douleur de perdre dans un âge peu avancé; Marietta, grand peintre de portraits, était encore célèbre par les grâces de sa personne et ses talents comme musicienne et cantatrice, talents qu'elle devait aux leçons du Napolitain Jules Zacchino, le Cimarosa de son temps; invitée à se rendre à la cour de Philippe II., de l'Empereur Maximilien, et de l'Archiduc Ferdinand, son père ne put jamais se séparer de la fille dont il était si fier; il la maria à un joaillier Vénitien, homme de bon sens, désintéressé, et qui préférait que sa femme fît le portrait de ses confrères ou de ses amis au lieu de peindre les riches et les grands. La mort de Marietta fut à Venise une perte publique, et Tintoret voulut qu'elle reposât à Ste. Marie dell' Orto, au milieu de ses propres chefs-d'œuvre, qu'il semblait en quelque sorte lui consacrer.'—*Valery.*

The church used to contain:—

* **R. Aisle.** 1*st Altar.*—**Cima da Conegliano** (now in the Academy). The Baptist on a pedestal between SS. Mark and Peter, and SS. Jerome and Paul. Behind, a tree stands out against a clear sky, with beautiful drawing of leaves and branches, also of the flowers in the foreground.

'The type of S. John the Baptist was, perhaps, the best adapted to the genius of Cima, who has not only surpassed himself in it, but in the conception of the character has left the greatest painters of the age—Titian and Raffaelle included—far behind him. Cima's superiority in this respect must be admitted by all who see this his *chef-d'œuvre*, in which the spare form of the Baptist is represented clothed in a garment of camel's hair, his visage pale and hollow, and his eyes ecstatically raised towards heaven; he is mounted on a sort of pedestal, around which are ranged S. Mark, S. Jerome, S. Peter, with his inspired book, S. Paul, grasping with an air of authority the sword of the Word; the whole forming a group which will bear comparison with the most perfect productions of Christian Art in Venice.'—*Rio.*

3rd Altar.—Sansovino. Statue of the Madonna.

Tomb of Girolamo Cavazza, ambassador from the Republic to Spain, 1681, by *Sardi.*

4th Altar.—Daniel Vandyck. Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo.

On R. wall near the end.—Palma Vecchio. S. Stephen with group of Saints.

'S. Vincent stands in the centre on a kind of platform: he is habited in the deacon's robe, here of a deep glowing red, richly embroidered; he holds the palm, and has no other attribute; the face is divinely beautiful—mild, refined, and elevated to a degree uncommon in the Venetian school. Four saints stand around him; S. Helen, with her cross, a Dominican (I think S. Vincent Ferrer), a pope, and a martyr-saint whom I cannot name. This picture is almost, if not quite, equal to the famous S. Barbara of the same artist.'—*Jameson's 'Sacred Art,'* ii. 553.

Cappella di S. Mauro.—At the foot of the altar is the gravestone of Giovanni de Sanctis, 1392, a sculptor, who executed the Madonna over the door. The beautiful figure in low relief is probably from his own hand. On the left of that of De Sanctis is the gravestone which originally covered the ashes of **Tintoretto** and his family.

Sacristy.—*Gaspare Morazzone.* The head of S. Christopher (because his knee-cap is a relic over one of the altars). A curious set of pictures of the saints of Venice is preserved here.

Chapel, *R. of High Altar.—Gir. Santa Croce.* (?) SS. Augustine and Jerome.

Apse.—Flat tomb of Giovanni Grimani, 1512.

Tintoretto.—Worship of the Golden Calf. It is 50 feet high. The lowest portion is the least unsatisfactory.

'Note the way the clouds are wrapped about the distant Sinai.'—*Ruskin.*

Tintoretto.—The Last Judgment. An early work.

'By Tintoret only has this unimaginable event been grappled with in its verity; not typically nor symbolically, but as they may see it who shall not sleep, but be changed. Only one traditional circumstance he has received with Dante and Michelangelo, the Boat of the Condemned; but the impetuosity of his mind bursts out even in the adoption of this image; he has not stopped at the scowling ferryman of the one, nor at the sweeping blow and demon-dragging of the other, but, seized Hylas-like by the

limbs, and tearing up the earth in his agony, the victim is lashed into his destruction; nor is it the sluggish Lethe, or the fiery lake that bears the cursed vessel, but the oceans of the earth, and the waters of the firmament gathered into one white, ghastly cataract; the river of the wrath of God, roaring down into the gulf where the world has melted with its fervent heat, choked with the ruins of nations, and the limbs of its corpses tossed out of its whirling-like water-wheels. Bat-like, out of the holes and caverns and shadows of the earth the bones gather, and the clay heaps heave, rattling and adhering into half-kneaded anatomies, that crawl, and startle, and struggle up among the putrid weeds, with the clay clinging to their clotted hair, and their heavy eyes sealed by the earth-darkness, yet, like him of old who went his way unseeing to the Siloam Pool, shaking off one by one the dreams of the prison-house, hardly hearing the clangour of the trumpets of the armies of God, blinded yet more, as they awake, by the white light of the new heaven, until the great vortex of the four winds bears up their bodies to the judgment-seat: the firmament is all full of them, a very dust of human souls, that drifts, and floats, and falls in the interminable, inevitable light; the light clouds are darkened with them as with thick snow, currents of atom life in the arteries of heaven, now soaring up slowly, and higher and higher still, till the eye and the thought can follow no further, borne up, wingless, by their inward faith and by the angel powers invisible, now hurled in countless drifts of horror before the breath of their condemnation.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters*,' ii. 172.

Palma Giovane. The Annunciation. All the other pictures are by *Tintoretto.*

L. Aisle, *2nd Chapel* (Cappella Contarini). — **Tintoretto.** The Martyrdom of S. Agnes.

'The picture is a wonderful example of all that is best in Venetian Art.'—*J. B. S. Holborn.*

Before the Altar.—Tomb of Vincenzo Contarini, Ambassador of the Republic to England. The busts of Tommaso, General against the Turks, 1578, and of Cardinal Gaspare, 1542, are by *Alessandro Vittoria.*

'Ce dernier buste est considéré comme l'un des plus beaux, et le sentiment élevé qui guidait le ciseau des sculpteurs de l'antiqué semble animer l'artiste dans cette œuvre digne de l'art grec.—*Yriarte.*

In the middle of the Pavement.—The grave of Marco de' Vescovi, father-in-law of Tintoretto, and the latter's children, Domenico and Marietta.

2nd Chapel, R.—*Tintoretto.* **The Presentation of the Virgin.** The staircase introduced in this picture is thoroughly Venetian, and the effect of the figures in shadow admirable. The picture has been much repainted in recent times. Nothing can be more beautiful than the figure of the holy child, going forward alone, with rapid movement: a mother points her out to her own little girl as an example. The obelisk was a contemporary convention, not without meaning. It stood prophetically, for Egypt.

'Without leaving this church, a student can explore his genius in all its depth and breadth, and comprehend the enthusiasm he excites.'—*Symonds.*

L. *Palma Giovane.* The Crucifixion.

4th Chapel (*Morosini*).—*Dom. Tintoretto.* The Nativity.

5th Chapel.—**Giov. Bellini.** (?) Madonna and Child, painted, showing a background of gilt stamped leather. The head of the Madonna is the only beautiful part of this picture.

'There is a story told of how Tintoretto came to paint the frescoes in the church of the "Madonna dell' Orto." When a young man the artist was commissioned to paint the portrait of the doge, who, evidently vain of his personal appearance, refused the finished picture, saying that it was a caricature and did not in the least resemble him. Tintoretto must have been a wag, for he added two horns to the head and showed it to his friends, who at one recognised the likeness. The unhappily married doge on hearing of the painter's retaliation became very angry, and to escape his wrath Tintoretto hid himself in the church. The Franciscans, to whom the church belonged, implored the insulted doge to forgive the culprit for his little joke, which he thoroughly repented. Grimani promised to let him go free on condition that he painted the church walls from top to bottom and from one end to the other, the doge thinking that the enormous labour entailed would occupy the poor artist many years. But Tintoretto, with amazing facility, finished the work in six months, and the result was extraordinary. The hasty improvisation of the great task is shown in the time-worn and stained state of the paintings. Yet the portions remaining prove that it was a splendid artistic achievement, as well as a mighty physical effort. The doge, highly satisfied, gave Tintoretto five hundred silver pounds, which came to less than one silver pound the square yard.'

Artists will admire the expanse of shallow lagoon behind the Madonna dell' Orto.

'Devant cette plaine de lumière, toutes les contrariétés, tous les mécomptes s'oublient. On ne se lasse pas de la mer, de l'horizon infini, des petites bandes lointaines de terre qui émergent sous une verdure douteuse. Un vent léger ride les flaques luisantes, et les petites ondulations viennent mourir à chaque instant sur le sable uni. Le soleil couchant pose sur elles des teintes pourprées que le renflement de l'onde tantôt assombrit, tantôt fait chatoyer. Dans ce mouvement continu, tous les tons se transforment et se fondent. Les fonds noirâtres ou couleur de brique sont bleuis ou verdis par la mer qui les couvre ; selon les aspects du ciel, l'eau change elle-même, et tout cela se mêle parmi des ruissellements de lumière, sous des semis d'or qui paillettent les petits flots, sous des tortillons d'argent qui frangent les crêtes de l'eau tournoyante, sous de larges lueurs et des éclairs subits que la paroi d'un ondoiement renvoie. Le domaine et les habitudes de l'œil sont transformés et renouvelés. Le sens de la vision rencontre un autre monde. Au lieu des teintes fortes, nettes, sèches des terrains solides, c'est un miroitement, un amollissement, un éclat incessant de teintes fondues qui font un second ciel aussi lumineux, mais plus divers, plus changeant, plus riche, et plus intense que l'autre, formé de tons superposés dont l'alliance est une harmonie.'—*Taine.*

Facing the sea is the **Casa degli Spiriti,** where bodies used to rest for the night before they left Venice for S. Michele, and where a company of forgers long worked with impunity in

a house believed to be haunted. For it is said once to have been inhabited by a Venetian gentleman whose wife intrigued with his most intimate friend, who had also stood in the sacred relation of *compare di S. Zuan*, godfather to his first child. At the latter's sudden death, the lady pined away for grief, and when she was dying, bade her waiting-maid, who had been the confidante of her love, to allow no one to watch by her corpse but herself. The lady expired, and at midnight, while the maid was watching by the body, the *compare* came in, and upon his touching the corpse, her lady arose and dressed herself, and taking the arm of the visitor, signed to the maid to light them down the stairs. This she did, till they reached the lowest cellar, when the apparition dashed the light from the servant's hand and she fell down in a swoon.[1]

'Yonder square white house, standing out to sea, fronting Murano and the Alps, they call the Casa degli Spiriti. No one cares to inhabit it; for here, in old days, it was the wont of the Venetians to lay their dead for a night's rest before their final journey to the graveyard of S. Michele. So many generations of dead folk had made that house their inn, that it is now no fitting house for living men.'—*J. A. Symonds.*

A little west across the Rio di Zecchini we find S. Alvise.

The **Church of S. Alvise** (S. Luigi) dates from 1388, and was built by Antonia, daughter of the Doge Antonio Venier, in obedience to the Angevin Bishop S. Louis of Toulouse, whom she believed to have appeared to her. It contains several good pictures, including some Saints by *Palma Vecchio*, and some small paintings representing scenes in the Old Testament, attributed to *Carpaccio*, and possibly early works of the master; an Annunciation (over the pulpit) and Last Supper by *Bonifazio*, and the Scourging of Christ, a good work of the *Tiepolo*. There is a gallery for the nuns, with a fine iron-work grille.

Cannareggio is a quarter with distinctive customs, and some distinction of dialect. A wooing lover from Cannareggio thinks it necessary to apologise for the distant situation of his home—

'Butite sul balcon e dame un segno,
Ma no badar che sia da Cannaregio;
Ma no badar che la strada sia lunga,
Che un cuor che se vol ben presto se agionga.'

Beyond Cannareggio is the **Ghetto** (Borghetto), conceded to the Jews in 1416, after their expulsion from the city. In a document of 1458, says Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, the Ghetto is expressly described as walled, and as accessible only by a stone

[1] *Cf.* Horatio Brown, *Life on the Lagoons.*

stairway on the side of Canareggio. He, however, derives the word from '*Jactare*' (Low-Latin), which scarcely seems necessary. It was a little walled Borgo = Borghetto.

The Jews were banished in 1371 for political reasons, but it is doubtful how far the edict took effect. Two hundred years later, in 1571, an anti-Jewish demonstration resulted in a similar edict; but the effect seems to have soon evaporated. It was no doubt from the Venetian Ghetto that Paul IV. but a few years before this took his idea of shutting up within gates the Hebrews in Rome and put it into practice.

Either by the lagoon or by the Grand Canal or on foot, south-west, we may reach the **Canareggio**, at the west end of which is the **Church of S. Giobbe**, built 1462–71, and very rich in ornament.

'The **portal** is surmounted by a round arch, and has a broad architrave which rests upon two Corinthian pilasters covered with the most delicately sculptured convolvulus plants, upon whose winding stems sit all but living birds. The **architrave** is adorned with symmetrically arranged leaf-work; the capitals of the pilasters are composed of acanthus leaves and ox-skulls, from whose horns hang festoons which are twined about the flower-filled volutes; and the cornice and archivolt are enriched with architectural details borrowed from the antique. Statuettes of **SS. Francis, Bernardino of Siena,** and a **S. Louis** are placed on the arch and at the ends of the entablature, and the lunette is filled with a **bas-relief** representing **SS. Francis and Giobbe** kneeling in prayer on either side of a little mount, upon which rays of light descend from heaven. The more we regard these sculptures, the more we are convinced that they are the work of several hands; if the arabesques and architecture of the door, and perhaps the statuettes, are by Pietro, the bas-relief, which is dry and precise in its style and forms, can scarcely be his.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors.*'

The church contains a number of exquisite works by the Lombardi—bas-reliefs, arabesques on the pilasters, but especially remarkable are the refined and beautiful angels supporting medallions of the four Evangelists.

We should also observe:

On left of Entrance.—A beautiful little figure of S. Anthony of Padua, with the Infant Saviour.

R. *After 3rd Altar.*—Tomb of Renato d'Argenson, ambassador from Louis XIV. to the Republic—by Claude Perreau, 1651.

4th Altar—Paris Bordone. (?) S. Andrew on a pedestal, with SS. Nicholas and Peter.

Tomb of Paolo, Agostino, and Ermolao Nani, *c.* 1640.

Ante-Sacristy.—**Gir. Savoldo, 1540.** The Nativity—ruined by restoration.

Sacristy. *Altar.—Luigi Vivarini.* The Annunciation, with Saints.

Andrea Previtali (ascribed to Gio. Bellini). **Virgin and Child with SS. J. Baptist and Catherine.** This picture has been

proved by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to be by Previtali (see vol. i. 275). Its exact counterpart was in the collection of Sir C. Eastlake, whereon the signature of Bellini was forged, but when cleaned, disappeared, and showed the real signature, that of Cordeliaghi, with the date 1504.

Portrait of Doge Cristoforo Moro. Gentile Bellini. (?)

***Chancel.—Beautiful arch and friezes of sculpture** erected by Doge Cristoforo Moro in 1462. In the centre his tomb, of 1471, probably by *Pietro Lombardo*, and interesting as Cristoforo Moro is sometimes believed to be the original of 'Othello the *Moor* of Venice'—a story which Shakespeare is often supposed to have drawn from a printed lampoon directed against Moro; though others consider that a member of the Sanudo family was the original of Othello. Round the tomb appears the mulberry—*moro*—which was the family device. It will be remembered that the *gage d'amour* of Othello il Moro to Desdemona was 'a handkerchief spotted with strawberries' (mulberries). This Doge introduced printing at Venice.

L. Aisle, *2nd Chapel.*—Florentine altar. Antonio Rossellino.

L., *4th Chapel.*—Chequered tile-vaulting.

The formerly pretty Orto Botanico, close to this church, has been turned into a torpedo factory.

CHAPTER VI

WESTERN VENICE

S. Trovaso, S. Sebastiano, the Carmine, S. Pantaleone, S. Andrea, S. Nicolò da Tolentino, **S. Rocco, the Frari, S. Giacomo dall' Orio,** S. Maria Mater Domini, S. Cassiano, Palazzo Cappello, S. Aponal, S. Polo, S. Giovanni Evangelista.

Those who select should see S. Sebastiano, **the Carmine, S. Rocco, the Frari,** and S. Giovanni Evangelista.

A WIDE canal on the left beyond the Academy leads to the **Church of S. Trovaso** (or SS. Gervasio e Protasio), built 1590, which, with its campanile and the old brown warehouses and brilliant acacias and planes surrounding it, forms a subject which has often been painted. [Or, on foot, R., down Rio Terra della Carità, and thence down Calle del Pistor to Ponte Trovaso.] It contains—

R. Transept.—Altar of the *Lombardi*, 1501, with reliefs of angels.
**Palma Vecchio.* Madonna and Child.
Chapel, R. of High Altar.—Dom. Tintoretto. The Crucifixion.
Palma Vecchio. Christ bound.
L. of High Altar.—**J. Tintoretto.** The Temptation of S. Anthony.

'A carefully finished picture, but marvellously temperate and quiet in treatment, especially considering the subject, which one would have imagined likely to inspire the painter with one of his most fantastic visions. As if on purpose to disappoint us, both the effect and the conception of the figures are perfectly quiet, and appear the result much more of careful study than of vigorous imagination. The effect is one of plain daylight; there are a few clouds drifting in the distance, but with no wildness in them, nor is there any energy or heat in the flames which mantle about the waist of one of the figures. But for the noble workmanship, we might almost fancy it the production of a modern academy; yet as we begin to read the picture, the painter's mind becomes felt. S. Anthony is surrounded by four figures, one of which only has the form of a demon, and he is in the background, engaged in no more terrific act of violence towards S. Anthony than endeavouring to pull off his mantle; he has, however, a scourge over his shoulder, but this is probably intended for S. Anthony's weapon of self-discipline, which the fiend, with a very Protestant turn of mind, is carrying off. A broken staff, with a bell hanging to it, at the saint's feet, also expresses his interrupted devotion. The three other

figures beside him are bent on more cunning mischief; the woman on the left is one of Tintoret's best portraits of a young and bright-eyed Venetian beauty. It is curious that he should have given so attractive a countenance to a type apparently of the temptation to violate the vow of poverty, for this woman places one hand in a vase full of coins, and shakes golden chains with the other. On the opposite side of the saint, another woman, admirably painted, but of far less attractive countenance, is a type of the lusts of the flesh, yet there is nothing gross or immodest in her dress or gesture. She appears to have been baffled, and for the present to have given up addressing the saint; she lays one hand upon her breast, and might be taken for a very respectable person, but that there are flames playing about her loins. A recumbent figure on the ground is of a less intelligible character, but may perhaps be meant for Indolence: at all events, he has torn the saint's book to pieces.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' iii.

L. Transept.—Tintoretto. Last Supper—ill-restored. Altars in the style of Sansovino.

An altar in S. Trovaso is attributed to Donatello.

South of the church will be found the Campo, with a fine octagonal well.

S. Trovaso stands on neutral ground between the rival factions of the Castellani and Nicolotti, and with a door opening towards each. When a baby belonging to the Nicolotti is christened, if the godfather happens to be a Castellan, he will not go out with his *compare*, but each uses the door which belongs to his faction.[1] After all dogs and cats do the like!

A little pace farther north-west, along the Fondamenta Bonlini, we might visit the Church of Ognisanti. But the walk is more rewarding than the church, whose treasures are now in the Academy. Beyond it, however, in Rio dell' Avogaria, we may see a gondola factory, and witness all the many interesting operations belonging to this fascinating craft.

By the Ponte S. Trovaso and the Fondamenta Nani, if we turn east, we may reach the **Chiesa S. Nicolò degli Orfani,** a graceful little building of 1494–1524, and near it the eighteenth-century church of **S. Maria del Rosario,** sometimes called the *Gesuati*, because the Blessed Giov. Colombini established the company of the Gesuati close by in 1392; the church was built by *Giov. Massari* (1726–43). On the Fondamenta Briati, near the Ponte del Soccorso, is the **Palazzo Cicogna** *all' Angelo Raffaelle*, a most beautiful work of the fourteenth century.

'The whole design of this building is very irregular: a detached shaft at one angle supports a portion of the house which overhangs and forms a sort of open passage-way; to the right of this opening is a four-light shafted window, and then a plain wall pierced with two windows, each of

[1] See Horatio Brown, *Life on the Lagoons*—a most charming description of Venetian life and customs, which no one should visit Venice without reading.

a single ogee trefoiled light. The **upper storey** has two single windows over the others, whilst over the larger windows and the passage-way is a large window conspicuous for its size and the peculiarity of its tracery. It is of six lights divided by very good shafts, and properly arched with pure and good trefoiled arches; above these, and enclosed within the perpetual indented or billeted string-course, is a complicated system of intersecting circles pierced at regular intervals with quatrefoils. The whole elevation is finished with a shallow cornice supported upon corbels.'—*Street.*

Tintoretto. An exquisite Crucifixion: full of tender feeling.

In this district, near the Ponte Briati, is the *Palazzo Zenobio*, a handsome edifice of the eighteenth century, by *Antonio Gaspari.*

Hence if we coast the **Fondamenta delle Zattere** eastward, we find the neighbouring **Church of S. Spirito** containing the monument of Paolo Paruta, the historian (1558), and his brother and son. It was here that the murderers of Lorenzino de' Medici took sanctuary.

The neighbouring barrack, *Gl' Incurabili*, formerly a hospital, has an elegant portal by *Antonio da Ponte.* The church, designed by Sansovino, was pulled down in 1831.

Passing the *Palazzo Foscarini* from the Grand Canal and turn down Rio di Barnaba, we reach the **Church of S. Maria dei Carmini**, built 1208–1384, but modernised. It contains—

Over the Entrance.—Tomb of Jacopo Foscarini, 1602, a famous general of the State.

* **R.,** *2nd Altar.*—**Cima da Conegliano.** The Nativity.

'The virgin is kneeling in an attitude of the most graceful humility before the crib in which the Child is lying. On the right is Tobit, conducted by a beautiful angel; on the left, Joseph and two devout shepherds; farther in the picture are S. Helen and S. Catherine in conversation. The background consists of a steep rock overhung with trees, with a rich evening landscape, with towns in the distance.'—*Kugler.*

'The landscape is delightful. The subject is evidently borrowed from the Umbrian school; and it is the more interesting to discover this sympathy, because the total absence of pagan or mythological subjects in the works of Cima affords the strongest confirmation of it.'—*Rio.*

4th Altar.—Tomb of the oft-victorious general, Andrea Civran, 1572.

L., *3rd Altar.*—**Lorenzo Lotto,** 1520. S. Nicholas in glory with SS. Lucy and S. John Baptist. Below in a fine landscape S. George kills the Dragon. The artist's *capo-lavoro* in Venice.

Facing the entrance of the deserted cloister is a very interesting relief of the Madonna and Child, of 1340, bearing the name of the early Venetian sculptor, *Arduino Tagliapietra.* The picturesque Eastern porch with a canopy deeply-recessed is said to have been brought from Aquileja

and has several circular reliefs. On the right is the **Scuola dei Carmini**, decorated with pictures by *Tiepolo*, *Zanchi*, and *Lazzarini*. At the corner, near the west front of the church, is the so-called house of Othello, with a statue, probably by *Antonio Rizzo*, facing the canal, which is said to represent him. It is impossible to say why this palace, originally belonging to the family of Civran, has been connected with one of the masterpieces of Shakspeare, though it was an old Venetian story which he told. The principal authority for

Campo S. Margherita.

the play is the seventh novella of the third decade of Giovanni Battista Cinthio's collection of stories called the *Ecatomiti*. The name of the heroine is the same in the play and the novel, and some of the phrases are accurately paraphrased from the Italian. In the original, Iago recommends Othello to fill a stocking with sand and to strike Desdemona on the back, and kill her so.

'The day before yesterday, a Sanudo, living in the Rio della Croce, on the Guidecca, compelled his wife, a lady of the Cappello family, to go to confession, and the following night, towards the fifth hour, plunged a dagger into her heart and killed her. It is said that she had been unfaithful to him, but the voice of the neighbourhood proclaimed her a saint.'—*Letter of Bishop Bollani to Ser Vincenzo Dandolo, June* 1, 1602.

In the neighbouring vast **Campo S. Margherita** is a beautiful door carven with angels—one, in benediction, the other, holding a shield.

The **Church of S. Sebastiano** is a good specimen of 1506–18, by *F. da Castiglione* and *A. Scarpagnino*. [It can be reached on foot from Rio dell' Avogaria by Campiello dei Morti, thence R. down Fondamenta S. Basegio.] It is the burial-place of Paolo Veronese, and contains some of his best works, much injured by recent 'restoration.'

R., *1st Altar.*—**Titian.** S. Nicholas (executed in the artist's 86th year).

2nd Altar.—Paolo Veronese. Madonna.

3rd Altar.—Tommaso Lombardo. Statue of the Madonna with St. John.

4th Altar.—Paolo Veronese. The Crucifixion and the three Maries.

Jacopo Sansovino, 1556. Tomb of Livio Podacataro, Archbishop of Nicosia in Cyprus, the friend of Cardinal Bembo.

High Altar.—Paolo Veronese, 1558. Madonna and Saints. (Right) The Martyrdom of S. Sebastian. (Left) Martyrdom of SS. Marcus and Marcellinus(1565).

'This appeared to me one of the finest *dramatic* pictures I ever beheld, and preferable to any other work of the master. S. Sebastian stands on the summit of a flight of steps; his fine martial figure, in complete armour, is relieved against the blue sky; he waves a banner in his hand, and his whole air and expression are full of inspired faith and enthusiasm. Marcus and Marcellinus stand by his side as if irresolute, surrounded by their weeping friends. It struck me as a magnificent scene played before me—such a glow of light and life and movement and colour shed over it—such triumphant enthusiam in the martyrs—such variety of passionate energy and supplication and sympathy in the group of relatives and spectators.'—*Jameson*, '*Sacred and Legendary Art.*'

'A composition full of vigorous, spirited figures, in which the central ones are two young men leaving some splendid dwelling, on the steps of which stands the mother, pleading and remonstrating—a marvellous figure of an old woman with a bare neck.'—*George Eliot*, 1860.

The **Organ** has a picture of the Purification by **Paolo Veronese** on its outer shutters, and the Healing of the Paralytic within. Beneath is the Adoration of the Shepherds. On the left is a bust of P. Veronese by *Matteo Carnero*, and beneath it the **grave of the painter,** who died April 19, 1858.

L. Aisle, *4th Chapel.—Alessandro Vittoria.* Bust of the Procurator M. Ant. Grimani, 1546.

2nd Altar.—Schiavone. The Disciples of Emmaus.

3rd Altar.—Paolo Veronese. The Baptism in the Jordan.

The *Ceiling* is entirely by *Paolo Veronese.*

The **Sacristy** has a ceiling of the Coronation of the Virgin, with the four Evangelists, by *P. Veronese*, and is almost entirely surrounded by pictures by *Bonifazio*—Jacob's Dream, the Passage of the Red Sea, the Nativity, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Baptism in Jordan, the Agony in the Garden, the Resurrection, S. Sebastiano, the Crucifixion, S. Eustachio. **Tintoretto**, the Brazen Serpent.

The garlanded **well** of S. Sebastiano was sculptured by Marco Arian, 1349; it is the only known work of the sculptor, who has left his name upon it. The magnificent Paolo Veronese of the Supper in the Pharisee's House, now in the Brera at Milan, was brought from the adjoining convent.

From the Campo S. Margherita it is only a few steps northward, across a canal bridge to the **Church of S. Pantaleone** (the patron of physicians), built 1668–75 by *Francesco Comino*, with an unfinished façade of brick. It contains :—

R., 2nd Chapel.—*Paolo Veronese.* The Healing of a Boy by S. Pantaleone.

* **L. of High Altar.**—*Giovanni and Antonio da Murano*, 1444. Coronation of the Virgin,—an important gothic triptych. Of the same period is a richly decorated altar.

'This church is particularly interesting to those who love to study Venetian character. It is the parish church of a dense and populous neighbourhood, and I used to go there more for the sake of looking at the people—the picturesque mothers with their infants, their little children reciting their catechism—than to study art and pictures. The walls are covered with the beneficent actions of the patron saint, and with scriptural incidents which have reference to the healing art. None of these, however, are particularly good.'—*Jameson*' '*Sacred Art*,' ii. 568.

In the *Campiello Angaran*, near this, is a curious stone medallion of the ninth century in a wall, with a portrait of an Eastern Emperor. Not far off is the *Ponte dei Pugni*, where the mark of a shoe in the pavement is the spot where the combatants set their left foot in the fist-fights which from time immemorial took place here, the vanquished being hurled into the canal below. There are several other Ponti dei Pugni in Venice, but this is much the most celebrated.

The Ponte dei Pugni leads immediately south to the **Church of S. Barnaba**, rebuilt by Lorenzo Boschetti in 1749, but retaining a campanile of the thirteenth century. On account of the cheapness of rents, this was the centre around which Venetian nobles collected who were ruined by extravagance in the eighteenth century, obtaining hence the name of Barnabotti. They claimed support from the State, and especial privileges of begging were accorded to their daughters; nevertheless they retained their votes at the Great Council, and sometimes sold them.

From S. Pantaleone a long canal leads zig-zagging northwest to the lonely **Church of S. Andrea**, which is worth visiting for the sake of its grass-grown *Campo*, open to the lagoon and Alps, though the view is rather spoiled by the railway bridge. The church itself, built in 1475, is unimportant. Over the door

is a curious renaissance sculpture of S. Peter walking on the water; worthy of observation are its landscape and the oars of a gondola floating by S. Peter's boat. The Doge Giovanni Bembo and the ecclesiologist Flaminio Corner are buried in this church. We may also observe—

R.—*Paolo Veronese.* S. Jerome.
L.—*Paris Bordone.* S. Augustine.

Returning we may visit on our left the **Church of S. Niccolò da Tolentino,** which contains pictures by *Bonifazio* and *Palma Giovane*, but nothing of importance. It, however, is the resting-place of Doges Giovanni Cornaro (1629), Francesco Cornaro (1656), and Paolo Renier (the last Doge but one, 1789). The **Papadopoli Gardens,** rich in curious plants, occupy the site of a church of S. Croce, built in 774.

We should next land at the steps near the **Scuola di S. Rocco,** the sanctuary of **Tintoret,** which Ruskin calls 'one of the three most precious buildings in Italy.' It was one of the five Scuole which were not used for educational purposes, but were centres for the different charitable associations for fulfilling all the 'Temporal Works of Mercy' which abounded in ancient Venice.

S. Rocco was perhaps the richest and most interesting of these Scuole. It was founded before 1415, and its brotherhood having succeeded in 1485 in stealing the relics of S. Roch, erected buildings fit to receive them. From Antonio Grimani to the fall of the Republic, the Doges were always enrolled in the brotherhood of S. Roch, who were the chief patrons of art, especially of Tintoretto, who worked here for eighteen years. The buildings were begun in 1517 by *Bartolommeo Bon*, and finished in 1550 by *Antonio Scarpagnino.* They are an admirable specimen of the style of the Lombardi, and were long attributed to Santi Lombardo, who was, however, only thirteen at the time they were begun. The façade, enriched with plaques of porphyry and serpentino, is an example of renaissance decoration. It is in two storeys.

'In the year 1485 the Venetians, who from their commerce with the Levant were continually exposed to the visitation of the plague, determined to possess themselves of the relics of S. Roch. A kind of holy alliance was formed to commit this pious robbery. The conspirators sailed to Montpellier, under pretence of forming a pilgrimage, and carried off the body of the saint, with which they returned to Venice, and were received by the Doge, the senate, and the clergy, and all the people, with inexpressible joy. The magnificent church of S. Roch was built to receive the relics of the saint by a community already formed under his auspices for the purpose of tending the sick and poor, and par-

ticularly those who were stricken with infectious disorders, in which many of the chief nobility were proud to enrol themselves. Such was the origin of the famous *Scuola di San Rocco* at Venice, in the decoration of which Tintoretto and his scholars lavished their utmost skill.'—*Jameson*, '*Sacred Art*,' ii. 473.

The interior is a perfect gallery of the works of **Jacopo Tintoretto**, whose real name was *Robusti*, and who received his nickname from the trade of his father—a dyer, *tintore*. He was born in 1512, and showing an extraordinary aptitude for art, was placed in the studio of Titian, who, however, whether from his own jealousy, or from the inattention of his pupil, expelled him from his academy, saying that he 'would never be anything but a dauber.' Without losing heart, however, Tintoretto opened a studio of his own, inscribing on its walls as the guiding principle of his work—'Il disegno di Michelangelo; il colorito di Tiziano.' His wonderful conceptions, and the immense amount of *story* in his pictures—for he frequently drew without designs, composing as he went on with his picture—atone for his frequent coarseness of expression and violence of treatment.

'Whatever the traveller may miss in Venice, he should give unembarrassed attention and unbroken time to the Scuola di S. Rocco.'—*Ruskin*.

The **Lower Hall** of the Scuola, by *Girolamo Campagna*, which is closed by a statue of S. Roch, has eight large pictures by *Tintoretto*.

1. The Annunciation.

'Not in meek reception of the adoring messenger, but startled by the rush of his horizontal and rattling wings, the Virgin sits, not in the quiet loggia, not by the green pasture of the restored soul, but houseless, under the shelter of a palace vestibule, ruined and abandoned, with the noise of the axe and hammer in her ears, and the tumult of a city round about her desolation. The spectator turns away at first, revolted, from the central object of the picture forced painfully and coarsely forward, a mass of shattered brickwork, with the plaster mildewed away from it, and the mortar mouldering from its seams; and if he looks again, either at this or at the carpenter's tools beneath it, will perhaps see, in the one and the other, nothing more than such a study of scene as Tintoret could but too easily obtain among the ruins of his own Venice, chosen to give a coarse explanation of the calling and the condition of the husband of Mary. But there is more meant than this. When he looks at the composition of the picture, he will find the whole symmetry of it depending on the narrow line of light, the edge of a carpenter's square, which connects these unused tools with an object at the top of the brickwork, a white stone, four-square, the corner-stone of the old edifice, the base of the supporting column. This, I think, sufficiently explains the typical character of the whole. The ruined house is the Jewish dispensation; that obscurely

arising in the dawning of the sky is the Christian ; but the corner-stone of the old building remains, though the builder's tools lie idle beside it, and the stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner.' —*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters.*'

2. The Adoration of the Magi.

'In Tintoret's Adoration of the Magi, the Madonna is not an enthroned queen, but a fair girl, full of simplicity and almost childish sweetness. To her are opposed (as Magi) two of the noblest and most thoughtful of the Venetian senators in extreme old age—the utmost manly dignity in its decline, being set beside the utmost feminine simplicity in its dawn. The steep foreheads and refined features of the nobles are, again, opposed to the head of a negro servant and of an Indian, both, however, noble of their kind. On the other side of the picture, the delicacy of the Madonna is further enhanced by a largely-made farm-servant leaning on a basket. All these figures are in repose ; outside, the troop of the attendants of the Magi is seen coming up at the gallop.

'I bring forward this picture, not as an example of the ideal in conception of a religious subject, but of the general ideal treatment of the human form, in which the peculiarity is, that the beauty of each figure is displayed to the utmost, while yet, taken separately, the Madonna is an unaltered portrait of a Venetian girl, the Magi unaltered Venetian senators, and the figure with the basket an unaltered market-woman of Mestre.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters.*'

3. The Flight into Egypt.

'The expression of the Virgin's head is as sweet and as intense as that of any of Raffaelle's, its reality far greater.'—*Ruskin.*

4. The Massacre of the Innocents.

'Knowing or feeling that the expression of the human face was, in such circumstances, not to be rendered, and that the effort could only end in an ugly falsehood, Tintoret denies himself all aid from the features ; he feels that if he is to place himself or us in the midst of that maddened multitude, there can be no time allowed for watching expression. Still less does he depend on details of murder and ghastliness of death ; there is no blood, no stabbing or cutting, but there is an awful substitute for these in the chiaroscuro. The scene is the outer vestibule of a palace, the slippery marble floor is fearfully barred across by sanguine shadows, so that our eyes seem to become bloodshot and strained with strange horror and deadly vision ; a lake of life before them, like the burning sun of the doomed Moabites on the water that came by way of Edom ; a huge flight of stairs, without parapet, descends on the left ; down this rush a crowd of women mixed with the murderers ; the child in the arms of one has been seized by the limbs ; *she hurls herself over the edge, and falls head downwards, dragging the child out of the grasp by her weight ;*—she will be dashed dead in a second ;—close to us is the great struggle ; a heap of the mothers entangled in one mortal writhe with each other and the swords, one of the murderers dashed down and crushed beneath them, the sword of another caught by the blade, and dragged at by a woman's naked hand ; the youngest and fairest of the women, her child just torn away from a death grasp, and clasped to her breast with the grip of a steel vice, falls backwards helplessly over the heap, right on the sword

points; all knit together and hurled down in one hopeless, frenzied, furious abandonment of body and soul in the effort to save. Far back, at the bottom of the stairs, there is something in the shadow like a heap of clothes. It is a woman, sitting quiet—quite quiet—still as any stone; she looks down steadfastly on her dead child, laid along on the floor before her, and her hand is pressed softly upon her brow.'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters*.'

'One wild, horror-stricken rush of pure motherhood, reckless of all in its clutch at its babe.'—*J. R. Green*.

5. **S. Mary Magdalen.**

'The laurel-tree, with its leaves driven hither and thither among flakes of fiery cloud, has been probably one of the greatest achievements that Tintoret's hand performed in landscape; its roots are entangled in underwood, of which every leaf seems to be articulated, yet all is as wild as if it had grown there instead of having been painted.'—*Ruskin*.

6. S. Mary of Egypt.

7. **The Presentation in the Temple.**

'It is from the naked child that the light streams on the high priest's brow, on the weighty robe of purple and gold held up by stately forms like a vast banner behind him.'—*J. R. Green*, '*Stray Studies*.'

8. **The Assumption of the Virgin.**

A magnificent staircase (observe the admirable but simple ornament on the steps) has on its landing :—

Titian. **The Annunciation** (1525).

'A most precious Titian, full of grace and beauty.'—*Ruskin*.

Tintoretto. **The Salutation.**

'Exquisite in simplicity, unrivalled in vigour, well-preserved, and as a piece of painting certainly one of the most precious in Venice.'—*Ruskin*.

The **Upper Hall** where the confraternity used to assemble, has an altar with statues of the Baptist and S. Sebastian by *G. Campagna*, and a picture of S. Roch in glory by *Tintoretto*. The seven compartments of the **ceiling** are by *Tintoretto*. On the oak panelling are twenty subjects from the life of S. Roch, carved by *Giovanni Marchiori* and his pupils, in the last century. The pictures are all by Tintoretto; beginning from the right, they are :—

The Nativity. The Holy Family are represented as in a loft above a stable.

The Baptism in Jordan.

'The river flows fiercely under the shadow of a great rock. From its opposite shore, thickets of close, gloomy foliage rise against the rolling

chasm of heaven, through which breaks the brightness of the descending Spirit. Across these, dividing them asunder, is stretched a horizontal floor of flaky cloud, on which stand the hosts of heaven. Christ kneels upon the water, and does not sink; the figure of S. John is indistinct, but close behind his raised right arm there is a spectre in the black shade; the Fiend, harpy-shaped, hardly seen, glares down upon Christ with eyes of fire, waiting his time. Beneath this figure there comes out of the mist a dark hand, the arm unseen, extended to a net in the river, the spars of which are in the shape of a cross. Behind this the roots and under-stems of the trees are cut away by the cloud, and beneath it, and through them, is seen a vision of wild, melancholy, boundless light; the sweep of the desert, and the figure of Christ is seen therein alone, with His arms lifted up as if in supplication or ecstasy, borne of the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil.

'There are many circumstances which combine to give to this noble work a more than usually imaginative character. The symbolical use of the net, which is the cross net still used constantly in the canals of Venice, and common throughout Italy, is of the same character as that of the carpenter's tools in the Annunciation; but the introduction of the spectral figure is of bolder reach, and yet more, that vision of the after temptation which is expressly indicated as a subject of thought rather than of sight, because it is in a part of the scene which in *fact* must have been occupied by the trunks of the trees whose tops are seen above: and another circumstance completes the mystic character of the whole, that the flaky clouds which support the angelic hosts take on the right, where the light first falls upon them, the shape of the head of a fish, the well-known type both of the baptismal sacrament and of Christ.' — *Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters*.'

The Resurrection.
The Agony in the Garden.

'Judas points to Christ, but turns his head away as he does so, as unable to look at Him. That is a noble touch.'—*Ruskin*.

The Last Supper.

'A bustling supper-party, with attendants and sideboard accessories, in thoroughly Dutch fashion.'—*George Eliot*.

On the left are :—

The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes.

'The landscape has a very grand and far-away look.'—*Ruskin*.

The Resurrection of Lazarus.
The Ascension.
The Pool of Bethesda.
The Temptation.

'The painting of the stones in the background I have always thought the best piece of rock-drawing before Turner.'—*Ruskin*.

The portrait of the artist at the age of 66.

In the adjoining **Sala dell' Albergo**, so called because here the guests of the brotherhood were received, is the most celebrated work of **Tintoretto** (1565).

The Crucifixion.

'Tintoret here, as in all other cases, penetrating into the root and deep places of his subject, despising all outward and bodily appearances of pain, and seeking for some means of expressing, not the rack of nerve or sinew, but the fainting of the deserted Son of God before His Eloi cry; and yet feeling himself utterly unequal to the expression of this by the countenance, has, on the other hand, filled his picture with such various and impetuous muscular exertion that the body of the Crucified is, by comparison, in perfect repose, and, on the other, has cast the countenance altogether into shade. But the agony is told by this, and by this only: that though there yet remains a chasm of light on the mountain horizon, where the earthquake darkness closes upon the day, the broad and sunlight glory about the head of the Redeemer has become wan, *and of the colour of ashes.*

'But the great painter felt he had something more to do yet. Not only that agony of the Crucified, but the tumult of the people, that rage which invoked His blood upon them and their children. Not only the brutality of the soldier, the apathy of the centurion, nor any other merely instrumental cause of the Divine suffering, but the fury of His own people, the noise against Him of those for whom He died, were to be set before the eye of the understanding, if the power of the picture was to be complete. This rage, be it remembered, was one of disappointed pride; and disappointment dated essentially from the time when, but five days before, the King of Zion came, and was received with hosannahs, riding upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass. To this time, then, it was necessary to divert the thought, for therein are found both the cause and the character, the excitement of, and the witness against, this madness of the people. In the shadow behind the cross, a man, riding on an ass's colt, looks back to the multitude while he points with a rod to the Christ crucified. The ass is feeding on the *remnants of withered palm-leaves.*'—*Ruskin*, '*Modern Painters.*'

'It is true that in looking at this huge composition, you look at many pictures; it has not only a multitude of figures, but a wealth of episodes; surely no picture contains more of human life; there is everything in it, including the most exquisite beauty.'—*Henry James.*

This picture and that of the Last Supper were copied by Velasquez in 1628.

Other subjects in this room are:—

Christ before Pilate.

'Best seen on a dark day, when the white figure of Christ alone draws the eye, looking almost like a spirit.'—*Ruskin.*

The Cross-Bearing.

The Crowning with Thorns.

(*On the ceiling.*) **The Apotheosis of S. Roch.** In 1560 Paolo Veronese, Andrea Schiavone, Giuseppe del Salviati, Federigo Zuccaro, and

Tintoretto entered into competition for the design of this compartment of the ceiling, but whilst the others had only sketched their design, the last produced a finished picture. The Confraternity were unwilling to allow it to remain, but upon Tintoretto declaring it to be a gift to S. Rocco, they could not refuse an offering made to the saint.

The **Church of S. Rocco** was rebuilt 1725. Hither the Doge came annually on August 16 to implore S. Roch to avert the plague from the Republic. The church has a fine fifteenth-century altar from the design of *Bartolommeo Bon* (1495), and contains also—

R., 1st Altar.—*Tintoretto.* **The Pool of Bethesda.**

'A noble work, but eminently disagreeable.'—*Ruskin.*

Chapel R. of High Altar.—*Titian.* The Betrayal. A youthful work. Francesco Sansovino records that the number of offerings to this ('miraculous') picture of Titian had enriched the church, and Vasari says that it obtained more money in alms than both Titian and Giorgione by a lifetime of labour. In fact, it enabled the brethren to rebuild their 'Scuola.'

Choir.—*Tintoretto.* Four great pictures of the Charity of S. Roch.

Entrance to Sacristy. The fine tomb of the warrior Pellegrino Baselli Grilllo, 1517.

Pordenone. Fresco of S. Sebastian.

Left Wall.—Pordenone. S. Martin and the Beggar—a fresco removed from the façade of the old church on this site.

Immediately beyond the Scuola di S. Rocco rises the splendid gothic brick **Church of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari,** begun in 1250, for the Frati Minori di S. Francesco, who had been settled in Venice in 1227, and to whom the Frari belonged until it was seized by the Government in 1810. Nicola Pisano, without sufficient evidence, is said to have been the architect of the church. The magnificent **tower,** now being underpinned and spurred, was begun in 1361 by *Jacopo Celega* (delle Massegne), and finished in 1396 by his son Pietro Paolo, as is told by an inscription on its walls. It has sunk thirty centimètres since built, and leans c. 78. It is seventy mètres in height. Originally it was separate from the church. The view from it, with miles of brown-green lagoons and shining sea, is now unrivalled. The **Porta Maggiore** is very rich, but much later than the time of Pisano, to whom it was attributed by Cicognara. The exquisite outer door of the Cappella Corner deserves special notice. The **nave** of six bays is divided from the aisles by circular columns. In place of a beautiful gothic **clear-storey** (which may be traced), the present ugly lunette-lights were introduced in the seventeenth century. A feature of exceptional interest is the grand '**Pulpitum**' (1475) in two sections, four-

teen feet high, and crowned with statues of the Apostles, and centred by the **Rood**. Very rarely do we nowadays find this monastic feature in its place. Here it occurs at the fifth bay. In the Florentine S. Croce and S. Maria Novella it has entirely vanished. Behind this is the **Monk's Choir**, with its 124 stalls. The **transepts** extend two bays, having three chapels apiece. The rose (or 'tondo') window of the R. transept is closed. The effect of the tombs here is grandiose in the extreme. Originally the walls were patterned and frescoed, very different to their bare condition now.

'The internal effect of the church is much finer than its west front would lead one to expect. The plan is simple; a nave and aisles of six bays, transepts with three eastern chapels to each, and a choir of one bay with an apse of four bays projecting beyond the others. The tower is in the angle between the north transept and the nave, and a large sacristy with an eastern apse is built against the south transept. The nave and aisles measure about 230 feet by 104, and the transepts 160 feet by 48—magnificent dimensions undoubtedly. The columns are simple, cylindrical, and very lofty, their capitals carved with foliage, which looks late and poor in its execution, though grouped in the old way in regular tufts or balls of foliage. The arrangement of the wall above the main arcade is very similar to that of the Veronese, and indeed to that of most Italian gothic churches; a plain wall being carried up to the groining, relieved only by a small clerestory window at the highest point. One is apt to compare this arrangement with the artistic arrangement of clerestory and triforium in our own churches; but herein we do not act quite fairly to Nicola Pisano, who is said to have designed the Frari, and his brethren. They had to work in a country where light must be admitted very sparingly, and where therefore it is impossible for architects to revel in the rich traceries which fill the bays of the churches in the North; they lived among a nation of painters, and deemed, perhaps, that these plain surfaces of wall would one day glow with colour and with Scripture story. The real beauty of these interiors is owing, more than anything else, I believe, to the simplicity and beauty of the quadripartite groining which covers them in, and which, even where other features would seem to tell of debasement and absence of pure feeling, invariably calls us to a proper recollection of the infinite value of simplicity in this important feature—a point lost sight of in England after the thirteenth century, to the incalculable detriment of the beauty of some of our greatest churches.'—*Street.*

'It always causes a sensation to walk from the blazing sun and labouring life without into these solemn enclosures. Here are the tombs of the Doges resting from their rule. They seem pondering still as they lie carved in stately marble death, contemplating the past with their calm brows and their hooked noses. The great church is piled arch upon arch, tomb upon tomb; some of these monuments hang in the nave high over the heads of the people as they kneel; above the city and its cries, and its circling life, and the steps of the easy-going Venetians.'—*Miss Thackeray.*

This church abundantly attesting the popularity of the Order of Francis, may be regarded as the Pantheon of Venice.

Making the circuit of the **Interior** from the **Western door** (really north-east)—

R. (*on the holy-water stoup*).—*G. Campagna*, 1593. Statuette of S. Antonio.

After the 1st Altar.—Luigi and Pietro Zandomeneghi, 1838–52. The **monument of Titian,** erected by the Emperor of Austria. The painter is seated, surrounded by allegorical statues and reliefs from his best works. To the right of this is his grave, with a remnant of the inscription :—

'Qui giace il gran Tiziano de' Vecelli
Emulator de' Zeusi e degli Apelli.'

2nd Altar.—Salviati. The Presentation of the Virgin.

The monument erected by the Senate to Almerigo d'Este, son of Francesco I. of Modena, whom Cardinal Mazarin intended to be his heir and the husband of his niece, Hortensia Mancini. He was general of the Republic during the Candian war, and died at the island of Paros in 1660. His monument was erected at the expense of the Republic.

3rd Altar.—**Alessandro Vittoria. Statue of S. Jerome,** considered to be the masterpiece of the artist in sculpture, and to represent Titian in his ninetieth year. Extraordinary knowledge of anatomy is shown in the muscles, the arms, hands, and feet of the old man. *Cf.* his own bust in San Zaccaria.

Monument of **Jacopo Barbaro, 1511,** general of the Republic in the war of 1480 against the Turks, in the style of the Lombardi.

4th Altar.—Palma Giovane. Martyrdom of S. Catherine—a picture which was so unsatisfactory to the Frari, that they reproached Aless. Vittoria, who had recommended the artist.

Monument of Marco Zen, Bishop of Torcello, 1691.

Monument of Benedetto Brugnolo da Legnago, 1505, with an admirable portrait bust.

Over the door.—A rude wooden sarcophagus, containing the remains of a Della Torre, but possibly that intended for the ill-fated condottiere, Francesco Bussone, Count of Carmagnola. As general of the Republic in the war against Milan, he gained the battle of Macalò and took Bergamo. Suffering a defeat on the Po in 1431, he was rightly accused of treason, beguiled back to the Venice he had betrayed, and tortured and then beheaded 'between the pillars' in 1432, by order of the Senate. His body, buried at first in S. Francesco della Vigna, was, after many years, removed to the church of S. Francesco Grande at Milan, and laid by that of his wife, Antonietta Visconti.

R. Transept. Tomb of Jacopo Marcello, 1484, a beautiful and very rich work of the Lombard school.

Bartolommeo Vivarini, 1482. Altar-piece. Christ on the Cross above, and, below, the Virgin with SS. Peter and Paul, Andrew and Nicholas.

Beautiful gothic **tomb of Fra Pacifico** (Scipione Bon), 1437, under whom the Church of the Frari was completed. The family of Bon raised this monument a century after the death of the Frate, who was enrolled amongst the 'Beati.'

Forming the Entrance to the **Sacristy.**—**Tomb** of the Venetian Admiral **Benedetto Pesaro,** 1510, by *Lorenzo Bregno.* The statue of Mars on the right is by *Baccio da Montelupo.* (?)

'L'architecture et la sculpture ont fait de cette tombe un véritable arc de triomphe, où tous les emblèmes qui rappellent la carrière du grand capitaine se trouvent rassemblés.'—*Yriarte.*

Sacristy in three bays, with apside. A richly-moulded reliquary of the seventeenth century, with marble reliefs by *Cabianca.* A little altar of the fifteenth century with a relief of the Entombment of Christ, with angels, and statuettes of S. Antonio and the Baptist, the former attributed to the rare sculptor Marco Citrini, the latter by *Francesco Belli.* Here is also a beautiful Piscina by Sansovino, joined on to a rougher one.

Giovanni Bellini, 1488. An altar-piece of the **Madonna and saints,** in three divisions.

'The figure of the Virgin, and those of the saints by whom she is surrounded, have all the imposing gravity of a religious composition, while the angels equal the most charming miniatures for freshness of colouring and *naïveté* of expression: it is a work which may boldly take its place beside the finest mystical productions of the Umbrian school. It seems as if a foretaste of celestial beatitude had beamed on the soul of the aged painter while occupied with this work; he has thrown aside that veil of melancholy in which he loved to wrap the countenance of the Virgin; it is no longer the Mother of the Seven Sorrows which he has painted, but rather the source of his joy—*causa nostrae laetitiae*—to whom he has addressed this short prayer:—

"Janua certa poli, duc mentem, dirige vitam,
Quae peragam commissa tuae sint omnia curae."'—*Rio.*

'Au fond d'une chapelle, au-dessus de l'autel, dans une petite architecture d'or, la Vierge, en grand manteau bleu, siège sur un trône. Elle est bonne et simple comme une paisible et simple paysanne. A ses pieds, deux petits anges en courte veste semblent des enfants de chœur, et leurs cuisses potelées, enfantines, ont la plus belle couleur de la chair saine. Sur les deux côtés, dans les compartiments, sont deux couples de saints, personnages immobiles, en habits de moine et d'évêque, debout pour toujours dans l'attitude hiératique, figures réelles qui font penser aux pêcheurs bronzés de l'Adriatique. Toutes ces figures ont vécu; la fidèle qui s'agenouillait devant elles y apercevait les traits qu'il rencontrait autour de lui dans sa barque et dans ses ruelles, le ton rouge et brun des visages hâlés par le vent de la mer, la large carnation claire des fraîches filles élevées dans l'air humide, la chape damasquinée du prélat qui commandait les processions, les petites jambes nues des enfants qui le soir pêchaient les crabes. On ne pouvait s'empêcher de croire en eux; une vérité si locale et si complète conduisait à l'allusion.—*Taine.*

'We fancy this to have been the gem before which Cima stood, imprinting its beauties on his memory and striving to revive them, as Francia might have done after contemplating a Madonna by Perugino. Every part of the picture is a natural complement of the rest.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Returning to the **R. Transept.** The tomb, with a remarkable equestrian statue of Paoli Savelli, general of the Republic, who died fighting against Francesco di Carrara, 1405

1st Chapel, R. of Choir.—Two tombs of the Bernardo family, 1500. Entrance to the vault of Andrea Bernardo, 1363.

2nd Chapel.—Tomb of Duccio degli Alberti, Ambassador of Florence, as the ally of the Republic against Mastino of Verona, 1336. Tomb of an unknown warrior, 1337.

'An early fourteenth, or perhaps late thirteenth century tomb, an exquisite example of the perfect gothic form. It is a knight's; but there is no inscription upon it, and his name is unknown. It consists of a sarcophagus, raised against the chapel wall, bearing the recumbent figure, protected by a simple canopy in the form of a pointed arch, pinnacled by the knight's crest; beneath which the shadowy space is painted dark blue and strewn with stars. The statue itself is rudely carved; but its lines, as seen from the intended distance, are both tender and masterly. The knight is laid in his mail, only the hands and face being bare. The hauberk and helmet are of chain-mail, the armour for the limbs of jointed steel; a tunic, fitting close to the breast, and marking the swell of it by the narrow embroidered lines, is worn over the mail; his dagger is at his right side; his long cross-belted sword, not seen by the spectator from below, at his feet. His feet rest on a hound (the hound being his crest), which looks up towards its master. The face is turned away from the spectator towards the depth of the arch; for there, just above the warrior's breast, is carved a small image of S. Joseph bearing the infant Christ, who looks down upon the resting figure; and to this image its countenance is turned. The appearance of the entire tomb is as if the warrior had seen the vision of Christ in his dying moments, and had fallen back peacefully upon his pillow, with his eyes still turned to it, and his hands clasped in prayer.—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*.'

The **Apse** forms a beautiful composition in itself, and presents a design of six facets with two tiers of traceried lights divided by a transome also traceried; its graceful rib-shafts ascending to unite in the crown of the vaulting. To enjoy the loveliness of this work a tour of the exterior should be made, especially as by the clearing away now taking place of certain mean tenements, the full value of the apsidal chapels is becoming revealed. The **high-altar,** of 1516, has an Assumption by *Salviati*. It belonged to the church of the Servi, and was brought here to replace the 'Assumption' by **Titian** (erected in May 19, 1519), now in the Accademia. Sir Joshua Reynolds saw it here in 1752: 'terribly dark, but nobly painted.'

R.—The tomb of the unhappy Doge Francesco Foscari (refer Foscari Palace), 1457, by *Ant. Rizzo*. Beneath the tomb is a slab relating that a descendant named Alvise Foscari ordered his heart to be buried here in 1720.

L.—Immense tomb of Doge Nicolò Tron (1476), under whom the Venetians took Smyrna, by *Antonio Rizzo*. He is represented in life and death. This was the last Doge whose effigy appears on the coinage. At his death it was ordained that no Doge should be represented on Venetian coins except as kneeling at the feet of S. Mark.

Choir (in the nave west of the transepts, as in Westminster Abbey and in the Spanish cathedrals), 124 **Stalls** of *tarsia* work, by *Marco da Vincenza*, 1458–68, distributed in three successive tiers. A curious orologio in a cypress frame carven with Zodiac, warriors, cupids, and Death. Several paintings by Tiepolo are temporarily placed here.

1st Chapel, L. *of* **Choir.**—*Bernardino da Pordenone*. Madonna enthroned with saints.

2nd Chapel.—Tomb of Melchior Trevisan, a general of the Republic who died in Cephalonia, 1500, by *Ant. Dentone*.

On the Altar.—S. John Baptist, in wood, by *Donatello*, 1428.

3rd Chapel (*dei Milanesi*).—S. Ambrose in glory with saints; an altar-piece, begun by *Bart. Vivarini*, finished by *Marco Basaiti*. Under a stone in the centre of the floor rests the musician Claudio Monteverde (1568–1643), the great reformer of ecclesiastical and theatrical music.

Over the entrance of the next, or thrown-out, chapel—**Cappella Corner**—is an angel in marble, by *Jacopo da Padova*. The beautiful **portal** is a work of the Masegne. The stained glass of 1335 is by *Marco Pittore*. This fills six lights, representing in the centre the Madonna and Child, with on the sides S. Catherine, S. John, S. Gregory.

L. Transept.—*Bart Vivarini*, 1474. Altar-piece of S. Mark and other saints.

Monument of Generosa Orsini, wife of Luca Zen, procurator of S. Mark, and of Maffeo Zen.

Cappella di S. Pietro. A beautiful gothic altar, with statuettes of the school of the Masegne. Tomb of Pietro Miani, a learned Bishop of Vicenza, 1464.

Font, on which is a seated figure of the Baptist, by *Jacopo Sansovino*, 1554.

L. Aisle. Tomb of Jacopo Pesaro (1547), Bishop of Pafo in Cyprus, and general against the Turks under Alexander VI.—'ex nobili inter Venetas ad nobiliorem inter angelos familiam delatus, nobilissimam in illa die coronam, justo judice reddente, hic situs expectat!'

*__Titian.__ Altar-piece, called **La Pala dei Pesari.** Madonna with saints and members of the Pesaro family, ordered by Jacopo Pesarno in 1519. The artist received 96 ducats for his work, the most magnificent *ex-voto* picture in the world. The flag being unfurled is that of the Borgia.

'A work of quite unfathomable beauty.'—*Burckhardt.*

'A work of the finest truth and life.'—*Kugler.*

'In every sense grandiose. . . . The Virgin sits on her throne, bending down in a kindly, graceful way, and directs her glance towards the kneeling "Baffo" (Jacopo Pesaro, Bishop of Paphos), her white veil falling over one shoulder, and caught on the other by the Infant Christ, who peeps with delightful glee from beneath it at S. Francis, behind whom in the background, is S. Anthony of Padua. . . . To the left front of the throne S. Peter at a desk interrupts his reading, and marks the line with his finger as he turns to look down at Baffo. In the rear, between both, an armed knight, with the standard of the Church unfurled, and a captive Turk bound by a rope, symbolises the victory of the Pesari. Below, to the right, are Benedetto Pesaro and the members of his family.' *Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

The enormous **tomb** of **Doge Giovanni Pesaro,** by *Baldassare Longhena* and *Melchiorre Barthel*, 1669. Pesaro sustained many difficult embassies for the Republic to various European courts, and by his influence in the Senate prevented it from accepting a dishonourable peace from the Turks, by which much-disputed Candia would have been lost. Elected Doge in 1658, his single year of sovereignty was marked by a defeat of the fleet of the Sultan and ravaging of the coasts of Anatolia.

The **Tomb of Canova,** erected 'principi sculptorum aetatis suae,

1827—a pyramid, with allegorical figures by his scholars. His heart only lies here, the Accademia has a finger, and the rest of him is at Possagno (1822).

'Consummate in science, intolerable in affectation, ridiculous in conception, null and void to the uttermost in invention and feeling.'—*Ruskin.*

'Jamais le talent n'a reçu un plus vast hommage: Angleterre a fourni le quart de la dépense qui s'est élevée à 8000 sequins (102,000 frs.); la France, l'Allemagne, ont contribué pour un autre quart; l'Amérique (celle du sud, et non l'Amérique industrielle et marchande du nord) a souscrit pour 40 sequins; l'Italie, et principalement les villes vénitiennes, ont fait le reste; malgré l'exaggération ordinaire des inscriptions de monuments, l'inscription de celui-ci *ex consolatione Europae universae*, est un peu au-dessous de la vérité; il est réellement érigé aux frais de l'univers.'—*Valery.*

Urn of Simeone Dandolo, one of the senators who voted the death of Marino Faliero, 1360.

Tomb of Pietro Bernardo, 1558, by *Aless. Leopardi*, Quite incomparable in design and delicacy of sculpture.

The pavement of the church is composed of red and white Verona marble as at S. Stefano.

The **Monastery** *of S. Maria Gloriosa dei Frari* contains enormous collections of the **Public Archives.** Above three hundred chambers are filled with these treasures, which include the interesting correspondence of the Republic with foreign States—with Oliver and Richard Cromwell, the Emperor Charles V., François I., and Henri IV. of France, Andrea Doria, &c. A number of the more curious autographs are shown in the room called *Sala della Regina Margherita.* The courts of the ancient convent are stately, and beautiful in colour.

'The little Campiello San Rocco is entered by a sotto-portico, behind the church of the Frari. Looking back the upper traceries of the magnificent apse are seen towering above the irregular roofs and chimneys of the little square; and our lost Prout was enabled to bring the whole subject into an exquisitely picturesque composition by the fortunate occurrence of four quaint trefoiled windows in one of the houses on the right. These trefoils are amongst the most ancient efforts of gothic art in Venice, and are most valuable as showing the way in which the humblest houses, in the noble times, followed out the system of the larger palaces, as far as they could, in their rude materials. It is not often that dwellings of the lower orders are preserved to us from the thirteenth century.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' ii. 7.

In July 1903, in clearing away some wretched tenements behind the apsidal chapels came to light some beautiful

sarcophagi belonging to the Bredolani of Cremona, dated 1321, in situ.

At the **Ponte S. Tomà**, between the Frari and the Grand Canal, is a doorway quite worthy of a visit.

'It has the usual square opening of reddish marble, and above this a pointed arch of moulded brick; the tympanum is filled in with a square carved centre panel, and the ground beyond this with quatrefoils of brick or tile very prettily disposed.'—*Street.*

But two hundred yards due south of the Frari stands the **Church of S. Tomà** (S. Tommaso), rebuilt 1652 by Baldassare Longhena, and again in 1742, contains statues of SS. Tommaso and Pietro by *Gir. Campagna* (1616). In the adjoining *Oratory* is a wonderful collection of relics and autographs of SS. Lorenzo Giustiniani and Luigi Gonzaga. Opposite the church is the **Scuola de' Calzolai.** At the side opens the Campiello. At the entrance of the Calle Centani is the **Palazzo Centani** (Zentani), a beautiful building of the fourteenth century. It has an admirable gothic staircase. Here a bust and inscription record the birth of **Carlo Goldoni,** the great Italian dramatist, 1707.

'Dear king of comedy,
Be honoured! Thou, that didst love Venice so,
Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!'
Robert Browning.

Returning to our gondola, and making north for Rio S. Giovanni, we may now visit the **Church of S. Giacomo dell' Orio**, founded 555, but dating internally from 1225, and repeatedly modernised. It retains its timber roof. In the right transept is a beautiful Ionic column of verde-antico, a relic of some ancient building. Near the side door on the right is a curious holy-water basin, which served for the baptism of infants as long as the rite of immersion lasted. We may also notice :—

R. *of door.—Buonconsigli.* SS. Sebastiano, Lorenzo, and Rocco.
Left of Side Door.—Francesco Bassano. The Preaching of the Baptist.
Over Sacristy Door.—*Paolo Veronese.* Faith, Hope, and Charity.
Chapel left of High Altar.—**Lorenzo Lotto,** 1546. Madonna enthroned, receiving the homage of SS. James, Andrew, and Cosmo and Damian.
The *Pulpit*, of a kind rare in Italy, but common in Belgium, is most fantastically designed.
After Last Altar.—Paolo Veronese. SS. Lorenzo, Girolamo, and Nicolò.

In the Campiello della Strope, close to this church, is a beautiful example of the fifth order of Venetian windows.

It is remarkable for its purity of curve, and is of very early date, as its mouldings indicate.

The neighbouring **Church of S. Maria Mater Domini**, due east of it, designed (1510) by *Pietro Lombardo*, with a façade of 1540 by *J. Sansovino*, contains :—

R., *above* **1st Altar.**—*Lorenzo Bregno* and *Ant. Minello de' Bardi*, 1500-1510. Three statues—SS. Andrew, Peter, and Paul.

2nd Altar.—*Vincenzo di Biagio*, usually called *Catena*, 1520. The Vision of our Lord to S. Cristina—a very lovely picture. The saint is represented standing upon the border of the lake of Bolsena, with angels supporting the millstone suspended round her neck.

'No subject could be better adapted to the kind of charm which this artist-poet knew how to throw over his compositions; indeed it may be called his *chef d'œuvre*, and that which most completely justifies the enthusiasm of the senator Marc-Antonio Michele, who entreats a certain Marsilio, to whom he wrote at Rome in 1521, with all the solicitude of patriotism and friendship, to watch over the life of Catena; because death, he says, seems to delight in cutting off the greatest painters, having already thrown his dart at Raffaelle and holding his scythe ready to strike Michelangelo.'—*Rio*, '*Christian Art.*'

R. Transept—Tintoretto. The Finding of the Cross. Exceptionally beautiful.

Chapel left of High Altar. A beautiful fifteenth-century altar.

L. Transept.—*Bonifazio.* The Last Supper—very fine in colour,

Last Altar.—*Fr. Bissolo*, 1512. The Transfiguration—much repainted.

In the adjoining **Campo** is an example of a house in which a cross is introduced between each window.

In the same Campo is a beautiful example of an early gothic window, 'where the reversed curve at the head of the pointed arch is just perceptible and no more.'

'A most interesting little piazza, surrounded by early gothic houses.'—*Ruskin.*

The **Church of S. Cassiano**, still eastward, contains :—

R., *1st Altar.*—**Palma Vecchio.** The Baptist and four saints. This takes the place of a famous picture by Antonello da Messina, which made the reputation of that artist.

3rd Altar.—*Leandro Bassano.* The Visitation.

Chapel **R.** *of* **High Altar.**—*L. Bassano.* Birth of the Virgin, and Zacharias.

Apse.—Tintoretto. The Crucifixion, The Descent into Hades, 1568, and the **Resurrection**, 1565 (much concealed by masonry).

'The Crucifixion is one of the finest Tintorets in Europe. . . . The horizon is so low, that the spectator must fancy himself lying at full length on the grass, or rather among the brambles and luxuriant weeds, of which

the foreground is entirely composed. Among these the seamless robe of Christ has fallen at the foot of the Cross; the rambling briars and wild grapes thrown here and there over its folds of rich but pale crimson.'—*Ruskin.*

'It is not a painting of the Resurrection, but of Roman Catholic saints *thinking* about the Resurrection.'—*Ruskin.*

At the Ponte del Corner, near S. Cassiano, is 'a noble fourteenth-century house, in which the spandrils of the windows are filled by the emblems of the Four Evangelists, sculptured in deep relief, and touching the edges of the arches with their expanded wings.'[1]

Near this, on the *Fondamenta Pesaro*, is an especially stately fourteenth-century palace.

Turning due south we soon reach the **Church of S. Aponal** (S. Apollinare), founded in 1034 by some natives of Ravenna in honour of their patron saint. It was rebuilt in the fifteenth century. The tower is of the fourteenth. The fine renaissance portal was brought from S. Elena in Isola. The sculpture above it represents Vittore Cappello (ancestor of Bianca) kneeling at the feet of S. Elena, and is probably by *Antonio Dentone* (1480). Above is a Byzantine cross. On the exterior of the apse are curious reliefs of 1294. The church contains a S. Ferdinand by *Princess Victor Hohenlohe.*

Looking at the façade of the Church, a Calle on our left leads to the Ponte Storto, on the left side of which rises, beyond the Rio, a fifteenth-century palace which was the bank of the Salviati of Florence in 1563. On the right is the **Palazzo Cappello**—of the beginning of the sixteenth century, where Bianca Cappello was born in 1548, and whence, in 1573, she fled to Florence with Pietro Bonaventura, an employé in the Salviati bank. There she afterwards married the Grand Duke Francesco de' Medici (1578), who is said to have poisoned not only Bonaventura, but his own wife, Giovanna d'Austria, in order to bring about this result. The time-serving Republic of Venice declared the new Grand Duchess its daughter, and she reigned till October 20, 1587, when she died, a few hours after her husband, with strong suspicion of poison.

Returning to the Campo di S. Aponal, the Calle del Perdon, the Campiello dei Melloni, and the Ponte della Madonnetta, lead to the spacious Campo S. Polo (S. Paolo), on the east side of which observe a rich gothic door. The **Church of S. Polo**, founded by Doge Pietro Tradonico in 837, was modernised in 1804, when an ancient chapel covered with mosaics was

[1] Ruskin, *Stones of Venice.*

destroyed, and a silver Byzantine altar-front lost. The tower is of 1375. The church contains some large pictures by *Salviati*. At the sides of the high altar are :—

Aless. Vittoria. SS. Paul and Antonio Abbate, in bronze.

In the external wall of the apse is a Madonna and Child between SS. Peter and Paul—a relief of the twelfth century.

It was after he had passed through this church, and come out from its southern door, that Lorenzino de' Medici (the assassin of Duke Alessandro) was murdered by the bravi Cecco Bibboni and Bebo da Volterra. They had long watched him from a cobbler's shop opposite his palace on the Campo, and studied his movements ; but he died, as Varchi describes, more by his own carelessness than the watchful hatred of his enemies.

'Lorenzo had crossed from the western side of the piazza, and entered the church by what is technically called its northern door. Bebo, stationed at the southern door, could see him when he pushed the heavy *stoia* or leathern curtain aside, and at the same time could observe the movements of Bibboni, in the shop of a cobbler, which commanded the Campo. Meanwhile, Lorenzo walked across the church, and came to the same door where Bebo had been standing. "I saw him issue from the church (narrates Cecco) and take the main street ; then came (his uncle) Alessandro Soderini, and I walked last of all ; and when we reached the point we had determined on, I jumped in front of Alessandro with the poniard in my hand, crying, 'Hold hard, Alessandro, and get along with you, in God's name, for we are not here for you!' He then threw himself around my waist, and grasped my arms, and kept on calling out. Seeing how wrong I had been to try to spare his life, I wrenched myself as well as I could from his grip, and with my lifted poniard struck him, as God willed, above the eyebrow, and a little blood trickled from the wound. He, in high fury, gave me such a thrust that I fell backward, and the ground besides was slippery from its having rained a little. Then Alessandro drew his sword, which he carried in its scabbard, and thrust at me in front, and struck me on the corselet, which for my good fortune was of double mail. Before I could get ready, I received three passes, which, had I worn a doublet instead of that mailed corselet, would certainly have run me through. At the fourth pass I had regained my strength and spirit, and closed with him, and stabbed him four times in the head, and, being so close, he could not use his sword, but tried to parry with his hand and hilt, and I, as God willed, struck him at the wrist, below the sleeve of mail, and cut his hand off clean, and gave him then one last stroke on his head. Thereupon he begged me for God's sake to spare his life, and I, in trouble about Bebo, left him in the arms of a Venetian nobleman, who held him back from jumping into the canal . . . When I turned I found Lorenzo on his knees. He raised himself, and I, in anger, gave him a great cut across the head, which split it in two pieces, and laid him at my feet, and he never rose again."'—*Symonds*, '*Renaissance in Italy*.'

Opposite the Campanile is the *Oratorio del Crocifisso*, with stations and a ceiling by Domenico Tiepolo (1749).

On the right of the Ponte S. Polo is the **Palazzo Corner Mocenigo**, now Revedin, a beautiful work of 1548, by *Michele Sammichele*. On the other side of the Campo S. Polo, near Ponte Bernardo, is the **Palazzo Bernardo**, on the Canale Pesaro, a gothic building of 1350–1400; its façade was once painted by *G. Salviati*, and it is quite superb in picturesqueness and colour.

Following the Calle della Scaletta to the end, and turning

Venetian Pozzo.

to the left, we reach the **Campo di S. Agostino**, where an inscription let into the wall of an ancient house records that there Aldo Pio Manuzio—'Aldo il Vecchio'—established his famous printing-press. Over the door was then an inscription in which Aldus besought his visitors, whoever they might be, to state their business in as few words as possible, and leave a busy man in peace. Behind the suppressed **Church of S. Agostino** (founded in the tenth century and rebuilt in 1634) stood a pillar commemorating the house of Bajamonte Tiepolo, destroyed by

decree of the Senate in 1314, after his conspiracy. The pillar is now in the garden of Villa Melzi on the Lake of Como. Its inscription is one of the earliest in the Venetian dialect.[1]

Passing the Ponte Donà in front of S. Agostino, and crossing the **Campo di S. Stin**, the Calle del Tabacco leads to the **Scuola di S. Giovanni Evangelista**, where the *Dottrina Christiana* was first taught in Venice in 1307.

Its court has a handsome **screen** of 1481, of grey and white marble and black slatestone, with an eagle surmounting the entrance. From the hall an exquisite **staircase** attributed to *Pietro Lombardi*, leads to the church, decorated with pictures by *Dom. Tintoretto*. Over the side door is the urn of Gian-Andrea Badoer (by *Danese Cattaneo*, 1561), a member of the family who first founded a hospice here for twelve poor persons. A curious reliquary is said to contain a piece of the true Cross. The winter chapel is decorated with paintings by *Palma Giovane*.

'Beautiful the place is, even in its squalid misery. As long as it is left alone, in its shafts and capitals you will see on the whole the most characteristic example in Venice of the Architecture that Carpaccio, Cima, and Bellini loved.'—*Ruskin*.

'Lights flash from the upper windows of the tall palaces, balconies start overhead marked upon the sky. Now it is a palace to let, with wooden shutters swinging in shadow; now we pass the yawning vaults of great warehouses piled with saffron and crimson dyes, where barges are moored and workmen strain at the rolling barrels. Now it is the brown wall of some garden terrace; a garland has crept over the brick, and droops almost to the water; one little spray encircles a rusty ring hanging there with its shadow. Now we touch palace walls, and with a hollow jar start off once more. Now comes a snatch of song through an old archway; here are boats and voices, the gondolier's earrings twinkle in the sun; here are vine wreaths, and steps where children, those untiring spectators of life, are clustering; more barges with heavy fruit and golden treasure go by. A little brown-faced boy is lying with his brown legs in the sun on the very edge of a barge, dreaming over into the green water; he lazily raises his head to look, and falls back again; now a black boat passes like a ghost, its slender points start upwards in a line with the curve of yonder spire; now it is out of all this swing of shadow and confusion that we cross a broad sweet breadth of sunlight, and come into the Grand Canal.'—*Miss Thackeray*.

[1] De Baiamonte fo questo tereno
E mo per lo so iniquo tradimento
S' e posto in chomun per altrui spavento
Et per mostrar a tutte sempre seno.

CHAPTER VII

SUBURBAN VENICE

THE GIUDECCA AND IL REDENTORE — S. GIORGIO — THE ARMENIAN CONVENT—S. ELENA, AND THE LIDO

WE must now direct our gondola up the wide canal of **La Giudecca**, or Zecca Nuova, which, like a broad river, separates that largest of the islands on the south-west from the rest of the city.

'Véritablement on nage dans la lumière. Le ciel la verse, l'eau la colore, les reflets la centuplent ; il n'y a pas jusqu'aux maisons blanches et roses qui ne la renvoient, et la poésie des formes vient achever la poésie du jour. En vain le canal de la Giudecca, presque vide, semble attendre des flottes pour peupler son noble port : on ne songe qu'aux couleurs et aux lignes. Trois lignes et trois couleurs font tout le spectacle : le large cristal mouvant, glauque et sombre, que tourne avec une dure couleur luisante ; au-dessus, détachée en vif relief, la file des bâtisses qui suit sa courbure ; plus haut enfin le ciel clair, infini, presque pâle.'—*Taine.*

Originally called 'Spinalonga,' its present name (according to some authors) dates from the settlement here of the Jews.

The most important building on La Giudecca is the great Capuchin **Church of Il Redentore**, built by *Palladio* (1577) as the votive offering of the Venetians, after the cessation of the appalling plague of 1576, in which about 50,000 persons died in the city.

'Une fois le genre admis, l'église du Rédempteur fait assez belle figure au bord du canal, où elle se mire avec son grand escalier monumental de dix-sept marches de marbre, son fronton triangulaire, ses colonnes corinthiennes, sa porte et ses statues de bronze, ses deux pyramidions et sa coupole blanche, qui fait un si bel effet dans les couchers de soleil, quand on se promène au large en gondole entre les jardins publics et Saint-Georges.'—*Théophile Gautier.*

'The **nave** is a great hall, 50 feet wide by 105 in length, with narrow side chapels, between which ranges a Corinthian order, of great beauty in itself, and standing on the floor without pedestals. It is merely an ornament, however, and has no architectural connection with the plain flat

elliptical vault of the church, which is most disagreeably cut into by the windows that give light to the nave. A worse defect of the design is that, instead of the church expanding at the intersections, the supports of the dome actually contract it ; and though the dome is of the same width as the nave, and has a semicircular tribune on each side, the arrangement is such that it looks smaller and more contracted than the nave that leads to it. If we add to these defeets of design that, both here and at San Giorgio, no marble or colour is used—nothing but plain cold stone and whitewash—it will be understood how very unsatisfactory these interiors are, and how disappointing, after all the praise that has been lavished on them.'—*Fergusson.*

The Crucifix over the high altar is by *Gir. Campagna.* The pictures in the church are unimportant, but in the sacristy are three of the most exquisite pictures in Venice — by *Francesco Bissolo* and *A. Vivarini:* Madonna with SS. John the Evangelist and Catherine; Madonna with SS. Jerome and Francis; Madonna in a red robe with the sleeping Child and two serenading cherubs by **Lazzaro Sebastiani,** who greatly influenced **Carpaccio.** Here also is a fine Baptism of Christ by **Paolo Veronese.**

On the *Festa del Redentore* (the third Sunday in July), a bridge of boats used to be formed from the Piazza S. Marco across the Giudecca to the church, and was crossed night and day by vast throngs of people, singing, dancing, and eating cakes and fruit, which were sold in booths before the church. On this occasion every column in the piazza was twined with the favourite laurel, bells rang, and drums, trumpets, and songs filled the air.

West of the church are the **Fondamenta di S. Biagio,** where it would be difficult to gather vervain, in spite of the verses—

'A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Vous étiez, vous étiez bien aise
A Saint-Blaise.
A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Nous étions bien là.

Mais de vous en souvenir
Prendrez vous la peine?
Mais de vous en souvenir
Et d'y revenir.

A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Dans les prés fleuris cueillir la verveine ;
A Saint-Blaise, à la Zuecca,
Vivre et mourir là.'—*Alfred de Musset.*

The **Church of S. Giorgio Maggiore,** conspicuous in most of the distant views of Venice, draws attention to an island at the eastern point of the Giudecca. Recent excavations and the discovery of Roman remains at a great depth prove

that this island was inhabited several centuries before the foundation of the city. It was called Isola dei Cipressi before the first church of S. Giorgio was built in 790, near which a Benedictine monastery was erected in 983. Thrown down by earthquake in 1223, it was rebuilt by the Doge Pietro Ziani, who died there as a friar. After the death of Pius VI. in exile it received in 1800 the wandering College of Cardinals, who met there in the conclave which elected Barnaba Chiaramonti to the papal throne as Pius VII. In 1110, during the reign of Ordelaffo Falier, the body of S. Stephen was brought to Venice from Constantinople, and the Doge himself assisted to bear the coffin on his shoulders to the high altar of this church, which was always visited in state by his successors on Christmas Eve and the morning of Christmas Day—a very beautiful and striking ceremonial.

It was for centuries the venerated custom for the Doges on the evening of Christmas to make a magnificent procession from the Ducal Palace across to S. Giorgio accompanied by the Council and the heads of the Forty, preceded by illuminated boats, the pathway marked out by floating lanterns. This national Festival was instituted originally in honour of the bringing thither the body of S. Stephen from Constantinople A.D. 1009 (?). This was the sole occasion on which the Doge appeared in public by night, and a splendid spectacle it must have formed. Arrived on the island he was received by the picturesque Dalmatian Guard with music and flying banners, and led along to the door of the church, where the mitred abbot of the monastery received and greeted him, and conducted him into the sacred edifice ablaze with candles, and crowded by the Venetian ladies dressed in black, but wearing all their oriental jewellery and happy smiles. After mass the magnificent return was made over the enchanted and blazing waters, and Venice slept but little, for very joy, that night.

The noble church is one of the masterpieces of Palladio (1565–1610).

'S. Giorgio Maggiore has a success beyond all reason. It is a success of position, of colour, of the immense detached campanile, tipped with a tall gold angel. I know not whether it is because S. Giorgio is conspicuous, and because it has a great deal of worn, faded-looking brickwork; but for many persons the whole place has a kind of suffusion of rosiness.' —*Henry James.*

The interior, of grand proportions, contains :—

R.—Monument of Lorenzo Venier, procurator and general, 1667.

1*st Altar.*—*Jacopo Bassano.* The Nativity.

2*nd Altar.*—A crucifix, believed to have been sculptured in 1433 by *Michelozzo Michelozzi*, who accompanied Cosimo de' Medici in his exile from Florence, when the monks of S. Giorgio gave hospitality to the prince.

3*rd Altar.*—*Tintoretto.* SS. Cosmo and Damian.

4th Altar.—Tintoretto. The Coronation of the Virgin, with SS. Benedict and Gregory.

Presbytery. R. Wall. ***Tintoretto,** 1564. **The Last Supper.** Observe 'the ghostly flight of angels and the weird play of lights on the beautiful attendants.'

'In the **Last Supper,** the apostles are peasants; the low, mean life of the people is there, but hushed and transfigured by the tall standing figure of the Master, who bends to give bread to the disciple by His side. And above and around crowd in the legions of heaven, cherubim and seraphim mingling their radiance with the purer radiance from the halo of their Lord; while amid all this conflict of celestial light the twinkling candles upon the board burn on, and the damsel who enters bearing food, bathed as she is in the very glory of heaven, is busy, unconscious—a serving-maid, and nothing more.'—*J. R. Green*, '*Stray Studies.*'

L. Wall.—Tintoretto. The Fall of Manna in the Wilderness.

'One of Tintoret's most remarkable landscapes. Another painter would have made the congregation hurrying to gather the manna, and wondering at it. Tintoret at once makes us remember that they have been fed with it "by the space of forty years."'—*Ruskin.*

The **choir** has magnificently carved stalls representing scenes in the life of S. Benedict, by *Albert de Brule*, a Fleming, 1598. Two bronze statuettes, SS. George and Stephen, are by *Roccatagliata.*

High Altar.—*Girolamo Campagna*, 1593. The Almighty upon the globe, supported by the Evangelists. A magnificent group in bronze.

Splendid candelabra by *Cesare Groppo* and *Nicolini Roccatagliata* of Genoa, 1596.

In a *Corridor near the High Altar* is the Tomb of the great Doge Domenico Michiel, the work of *Baldassare Longhena.* This Doge assisted in the crusade of S. Bernard and Godfrey de Bouillon—who was the conqueror of Jaffa, Jerusalem, Tyre, and Ascalon—and brought back to Venice the granite columns of the piazza and the bodies of S. Isidoro and S. Donato. He abdicated in the eleventh year of his reign, and died soon after as a monk in the adjoining convent. His epitaph consists of the appropriate words:—

'Terror Graecorum jacet hic.'

N. Transept.—Tintoretto. The Martyrdom of S. Stephen.

'In the midst of the stones, at the Saint's right hand, there is a book lying, crushed, but open, two or three stones which have torn one of its leaves lying upon it. The freedom and ease with which the leaf is crumpled is just as characteristic of the master as any of the grander features.'—*Ruskin.*

L., 1st Altar.—Tintoretto. The Resurrection, with portraits of the Morosini family.

Last Altar.—Leandro Bassano. Martyrdom of S. Lucia.

The tomb of Doge Marcantonio Memmo, 1615.

Above the Principal Entrance.—The monument of Doge Leonardo Dona, 1606-12, the friend of Galileo, a great protector of arts and literature, who ruled admirably in difficult times, during the disputes of the Republic with Paul V.

Several of the gravestones in relief deserve attention, especially that of Bonincontro de' Boaterii, Bishop of Torcello, 1380, who is represented in his episcopal robes ; and that of Tommaso Tomasini, Bishop of Feltre, 1446.

In a chapel belonging to the Monastery of S. Giorgio is a wonderful **Entombment** by **Tintoretto.** S. Giorgio also possesses a fine *Carpaccio* of S. George, but it is seldom shown for fear of its being seized by the Government. Here also is the tombstone of Doge Pietro Ziani (1228). In the refectory was the great Paolo Veronese of the Feast of Cana, now in the Louvre. According to ancient custom, the urn containing the ashes of S. Gerardo Sagredo are brought hither every hundredth anniversary from Murano, with solemn pomp, to pass one night in the church whence he started as a missionary to Hungary. On this occasion (the last was September 23, 1900), many Hungarian prelates attend the ceremony, and the procession crossing the lagoon on a bright morning is a memorable sight.

Now we must embark in our gondola for a rather longer voyage than those we have hitherto taken, when, freed from musty churches and sometimes wearisome pictures, we may enjoy the full glory of this wonderful water-land. We may imagine the young Giorgione floating in his gondola, accompanying his 'divine voice' with his lute, fresh from his studies under Gian Bellini.

'As I floated down the lagunes in the full sunshine, and observed how the figures of the gondoliers in their motley costume, moving lightly as they rowed, above the sides of the gondola, stood out against the bright green water and the blue sky, I caught the best and freshest possible type of the Venetian school. The sunshine brought out the local colours with dazzling brilliancy, and even the shadows were so luminous, that they, in their turn, might serve as lights. The same may be said of the reflection from the sea-green water. All was painted "chiaro nel chiaro," so that foaming waves and lightning flashes were necessary to give it grandeur.' **—Goethe.**

'The two great constituents of the Venetian landscape, the sea and the sky, are precisely the two features in Nature which undergo the most incessant change. The cloud-wreaths of this evening's sunset will never be repeated again ; the bold and buttressed piles of those cloud-mountains will never be built again just so for us ; the grain of orange and crimson that stains the water before our prow, we cannot be sure that we shall look upon its like again. The revolution of the seasons will, no doubt, repeat certain effects : spring will chill the waters to a cold, hard green ; summer will spread its breadth of golden light on palace front and waterway ; autumn will come with its pearly grey scirocco days, and sunsets

flaming with a myriad hues; the stars of a cloudless winter night, the whole vast dome of heaven, will be reflected in the mirrors of the still lagoon. But in spite of this general order of the seasons, one day is less like another day in Venice than anywhere else; the lagoon wears a different aspect each morning when you rise, the sky offers a varied composition of cloud each evening as the sun sets. Words cannot describe Venice, nor brush portray her ever-fleeting, ever-varying charm. Venice is to be felt, not reproduced; to live there is to live a poem.'—*Horatio F. Brown*, '*Venetian Studies.*'

In the direction of the Lido is the **Island of S. Lazzaro.** Here is the **Armenian Convent** which has obtained a small celebrity through Byron, who studied here for six months.

On December 5, 1816, Byron wrote to Moore:—

'By way of divertissement I am studying daily, at an Armenian monastery, the Armenian language. I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this, as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement, I have chosen, to torture me into attention. It is a rich language, however, and would amply repay any one the trouble of learning it. I try, and shall go on; but I answer for nothing, least of all for my intentions or my success. There are some very curious MSS. in the monastery, as well as books; translations also from Greek originals, now lost, and from Persian and Syriac, &c.; besides works of their own people. Four years ago the French instituted an Armenian professorship. Twenty pupils presented themselves on Monday morning, full of noble ardour, ingenuous youth, and impregnable industry. They persevered, with a courage worthy of the nation and of universal conquest, till Thursday; when *fifteen* of the *twenty* succumbed to the six-and-twentieth letter of the alphabet. It is, to be sure, a Waterloo of an alphabet—that must be said for them.'

The Convent was founded in the eighteenth century, and possesses an excellent library and a printing-press. Its continued existence is due to its being under the protection of Turkey.

'The society of the Convent of S. Lazarus appears to unite all the advantages of the monastic institution without any of its vices.

'The neatness, the comfort, the gentleness, the unaffected devotion, the accomplishments, and the virtues of the brethren of the order are well fitted to strike a man of the world with the conviction that "there is another and a better," even in this life.

'The men are the priesthood of an oppressed and noble nation, which has partaken of the proscription and bondage of the Jews and of the Greeks, without the sullenness of the former or the servility of the latter. The people have attained riches without usury, and all the honours that can be awarded to slavery without intrigue. But they have long occupied, nevertheless, a part of "the House of Bondage," who has lately multiplied her many mansions. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find the annals of a nation less stained with crimes than those of the Armenians, whose virtues have been those of peace, and their vices those of compulsion. But whatever may have been their destiny—and it has been bitter—whatever it may

be in future, their country must ever be one of the most interesting on the globe; and perhaps their language only requires to be more studied to become more attractive. If the Scriptures are rightly understood, it was in Armenia that Paradise was placed—Armenia, which has paid as dearly as the descendants of Adam for that fleeting participation of its soil in the happiness of him who was created from its dust. It was in Armenia that the flood first abated and the dove alighted. But with the disappearance of Paradise itself may be dated almost the unhappiness of the country; for, though long a powerful kingdom, it was scarcely ever an independent one, and the satraps of Persia and the pashas of Turkey have alike desolated the region where God created man in his own image.'—*Byron, Preface to the Armenian Grammar, found amongst his papers.*

The once lovely **Island of S. Elena**, 'insularum ocellus,' is only a short distance beyond the Public Gardens. It was occupied by a large convent, now desecrated, and a church full of graves of the Giustiniani and Loredano families, which was the traditional burial-place of S. Helena (said to have been brought here in 1211), and until lately was full of poetic beauty. There was here until 1880 a gothic cloister, where the roses and jessamine poured masses of blossom over the parapets, and a large garden with exquisite views, especially at low water, toward S. Pietro and Murano. Artists always gave up a day to S. Elena, so lovely even in desolation, though it ever seemed to say to the lapping waters—

'Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.'

It was vainly offered to an English family for £800; now it is ruined by a hideous iron-foundry erected 1880–82, and the island itself. once a great ornament of Venice, enlarged and stripped of all verdure, is now its greatest blemish.

'A sacred and beautiful feature of Venice has perished in the desecration of Sant' Elena. For the island church, besides containing the tombs of many famous Venetians of the Giustiniani and Loredano families, was held to be the resting-place of an empress saint, no less a person than Helen, mother of Constantine the Great. To Englishmen this disturbance of the imperial tomb should be distasteful; for Helen, if we may trust the dim and dubious outline of her story, was an Englishwoman, born at Colchester. To be at once an empress and a saint, mother of Constantine, and inventor of the Cross—for it was this which won for Helen her exalted rank in the Church—is a conjunction of honours that can hardly be paralleled. Yet all this lustre has barely sufficed to rescue her name from oblivion; no one now would keep St. Helen's day, August 18, and few remember who St. Helen was, who gives her name to the beautiful island of the Lagoons.'—*Horatio F. Brown.*

'We enter the dark untenanted hall of the once wealthy monastery, and through a little door opposite we catch the light of purpling leaves. and a sombre cypress in the forsaken cloister. Thence we pass out into a wilderness of wild flowers away to the water-fringing walls, whence, from beneath some twisted pomegranate trees, we can watch the sun becoming shrouded in resplendent crimson, and the great city of the sea growing mysteriously dim. Far off west the Euganean hills—that "clump of peakèd isles,"—are clustered and darkened to deep plum-colour. As he passes us, the sea-mew making for the open sea wears roselight upon his wings; a mere breath of Autumn waves the closing flowers along the wall. The shadows rapidly deepen, and the bark and cones of the few solemn pines near us are lined and crested with fire. The wisps of cirrus far above blaze like silken banners of old in the mighty days of Venetian triumph.'—*St. C. B.* (Nov. 1879).

The Lido is a name sometimes applied to the whole strip of shore (formed by three islands), which, seven miles in length and half a mile in breadth, extends along the mouth of the lagoon, and forms the outer bulwark of Venice against the Adriatic; but, in its common acceptation, the name refers to that portion of the barrier which is nearest to Venice, and whither its people resort to ride on the sands or to bathe in the sea. Steamers leave the Schiavoni constantly for the Lido, returning every hour, and it is a very pleasant excursion on late summer evenings, and worth taking even for the beauty of the return to Venice, when all her lights are reflected in the still waters The lonely sands, however, where Byron rode, and which travellers of a few years ago will remember, have now disappeared, and a pergola of vines, with a tramway, leads from the lagoon to the sea (about seven minutes' walk).

'In Venice I winter, transporting my horses to the Lido, bordering the Adriatic (where the fort is), so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco, when in health.'—*Byron*, '*Letters.*'

Still, the view is the same as Shelley describes :—

'I rode one evening with Count Maddalo
Upon the bank of sand which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand
Of hillocks heaped from ever-shifting sand,
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
In this; an uninhabited seaside,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes

A narrow space of level sand thereon,
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore,
More barren than its billows. . . .
. . . . . .

As those who pause on some delightful way
Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore,
Paved with the image of the sky: the hoar
And aëry Alps, towards the north, appeared
Thro' mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark, reared
Between the east and west; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep West into a wondrous hue,
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many-folded hills; they were
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido through the harbour's piles,
The likeness of a clump of peakèd isles—
And then,—as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame,
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent. "Ere it fade,"
Said my companion, "I will show you soon
A better station." So, o'er the lagune
We glided, and from that funereal bark
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles, in evening's gleam,
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven.'

'*Julian and Maddalo.*'

Turning to the left along the lagoon towards S. Nicolò, we may reach the sea by skirting the Jewish cemetery.

'A tract of land swept by the salt sea-foam,
Fringed with acacia flowers, and billowy-deep
In meadow-grasses, where tall poppies sleep,
And bees athirst for wilding honey roam.
How many a bleeding heart hath found its home
Under those hillocks which the sea-mews sweep!
Here knelt an outcast race to curse and weep,
Age after age, 'neath heaven's unanswering dome!

Sad is the place, and solemn. Grave by grave,
Lost in the dunes, with rank weeds overgrown,
Pines in abandonment; as though unknown,
Uncared for, lay the dead, whose records pave
This path neglected; each forgotten stone
Wept by no mourner but the moaning wave.'

J. A. Symonds.

Many pretty ornaments sold in Venice are made of the pearl shells of Lido, 'flowers,' *fior di mare*, the Venetians call them; they have no others. It was to the *Porto di Lido* that the Doge went forth annually for the ceremony of the **espousal of Venice with the Adriatic**, and cast the ring into the sea from the Bucentaur.

'I happened to be at Venice thrice, at the **great sea-triumph,** or feast of the **Ascension,** which was performed thus. About our eight in the morning, the Senators in their scarlet robes meet at the Doge's Pallace, and there taking him up, they walk with him processionally unto the shoare where the **Bucentauro** lies waiting for him. Then, ascending into it by a hansome bridge throwne out to the shoare, the Doge sitts at the end of it in a chair of State made a purpose for him; with the Pope's nuncio on one hand of him, and the Patriarch of Venice on the other; the Senators sitting round about the deck of this Galley to the number of two or three hundred. The Senate being placed, the anker is weighed, and the slaves being warned by the summons of trumpets, begin to strike all at once, and to make Bucentoro march gravely upon the water, as if she allso went upon "cioppini." Thus they steere for two miles upon the sea, whiles the musick sings Epithalamiums all the way long, and makes Neptune jealous to heare Hymen called upon in his dominions. Round about the Bucentoro flock a thousand or two of Piottas and Gondolas richly covered with velvet, satin, and such-like canopies, fringed deep with fringes of gold, or rich gold lace; and rowed by watermen clad in rich liveries, with trumpeters in the same livery. Thus forrain Ambassadors, and noblemen of the country, as well as strangers, wait upon the Doge's Galley all the way long both comeing and going. At last, the Doge being arrived at the appointed place, he throwes a ring into the sea without any other ceremony than by saying, "Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum perpetui dominii"; and so returnes to the Church of S. Nicolas in Lio (an island hard by) where he assists at high Masse with the Senate. This done he returnes home again in the same posture he went out, and invites those that accompanied him in his Galley to a great dinnar, the preparation of which we saw before the Doge was got home. This ceremony of marrying the sea is ancient, and performed yearly, in memory of the grant of Pope **Alexander III.,** who having been restored by the Venetians unto his seat again, granted them power over the Adriatic Sea, as a man hath power over his wife, and the Venetians to expresse this, and to keep the possession of this grant, make every year this watery "Cavalcata." I confesse this sight is very stately, and a poet would sweare that Neptune himself were going to be married to some sea-nymph.'—(*MS.*) *R. L.*, 1642.

'Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West: the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.
She was a maiden city, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great has passed away.'

W. Wordsworth.

The **Castello di S. Andrea** was built by *Michele Sanmichele* in 1544. The **Church of S. Nicolo** contains, over the door, the tomb of Doge Domenico Contarini (1070).

Venice, wearied with a constant failure in her attempt to obtain the relics of the popular Bishop of Myra from Bari, at length composed a fiction as to her possession of them, and built this church in their honour in 1044. It was rebuilt in 1626, and May 9, the day of the Saint's imaginary translation to Venice, is always kept here as a *festa*. Outgoing crews used to land here to ask a blessing on their voyage, and to return thanks on their safe return. The church is believed by Venetians to contain 'due corpi di San Nicolo'—that of the great Bishop, which Doge Vitale Michiel affirmed that he had found and carried off from Myra, and that of his uncle, a minor S. Nicolo.

When in 1170, the Venetians were at war with Manuel I., the whole of the Giustiniani followed the Doge to the Levant, except one youtò, Nicolò who was a monk in the convent which was then attached to the church on the Lido. All the Giustiniani perished by war or pestilence except this young man. To avoid the public calamity of so noble a family becoming extinct, the Pope released him from his vows, and he married the Doge's daughter, by whom he had nine sons and three daughters. Having thus provided for his country,[1] Nicolò returned to his convent; his wife Anna retired to a monastery on an island near Torcello, and after their death they were both beatified.

Near S. Nicolò, and the entrance of the fort, is all that remains of the *Old Protestant Cemetery*, composed of four or

[1] See Horatio Brown, *Life on the Lagoons*, p. 210.

five moss-grown English and German tombs of the last century, including those of envoys to the Republic and consuls. Sir Francis Vincent, last British Ambassador but one to the Republic at Venice, is buried here. It is a quaint picturesque spot, and very little known.

CHAPTER VIII

SOUTH OF VENICE

CHIOGGIA, MALAMOCCO (MATAMAUCUS, THE MEDOACUS OF STRABO), AND THE BRENTA

THE delightful excursion to **Chioggia** will occupy a day. The steamer usually leaves at 9½ A.M., and arrives at Venice again it 6½ P.M., allowing five hours at Chioggia. This expedition is the best means of seeing the general features of the natural bulwarks of Venice and the lagoon, which is far from stagnant, being kept in constant motion by the action of currents and tides. The sea flows into and ebbs away from the lagoon with the tide through the four mouths of Chioggia, Malamocco, Lido, and Tre Porti. But the most feeble sailors will only find it rough for a few minutes in crossing the bars of Malamocco and Chioggia.

Crossing the lagoon, we pass on the right the *Island of* **S. Servolo**, where the Emperor Otho II. stayed when he came to visit Venice in the time of Doge Pietro Orseolo, and stood godfather to his daughter. It contains the great *Lunatic Asylum*, built 1725, by *Giov. Scalfurotto.*

> 'I looked, and saw between us and the sun
> A building on an island; such a one
> As age to age might add, for uses vile,—
> A windowless, deformed, and dreary pile;
> And on the top an open tower, where hung
> A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung;
> We could just hear its coarse and iron tongue:
> The broad sun sank behind it, and it tolled
> In strong and black relief. "What we behold
> Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower,"
> Said Maddalo, "and even at this hour,
> Those who may cross the water hear that bell,
> Which calls the maniacs, each one from his cell,
> To vespers."'
>
> *Shelley, 'Julian and Maddalo.'*

Honour aright the philosophic thought,
That they who, by the trouble of the brain
Or heart, for usual life are over-wrought,
Hither should come to discipline their pain.
A single convent on a shoaly plain
Of waters never changing their dull face
But by the sparkles of the thick-falling rain
Or lines of puny waves,—such is the place.
Strong medicine enters by the ear and eye;
That low unaltering dash against the wall
May lull the angriest dream to vacancy;
And Melancholy, finding nothing strange
For her poor self to jar upon at all,
Frees her sad-centred thoughts, and gives them pleasant range.'—*Monckton Milnes.*

Our route is now like a highway across the sea, an avenue of posts—*pali* (piles, palings)—and their shadows, marking the deep water on either side. On the right is the green **Island of Poveglia**, with its rows of lazzaretto huts. The outer bulwark of the lagoon is formed by three islands. That which ends to the north in the castle of S. Andrea, and to the south in the fort of *Alberoni*, is called *Littorale di Malamocco.* The original island of Malamocco, on which the fugitives from Padua took refuge from Attila in 452, and which was the seat of government and residence of the Doges from 742 to 810, was submerged in 1107.

'The lagoon is a complex of four water-systems quite distinct from one another, each with its channels and tributary streams. It is the Lido that determines this peculiar internal structure of the lagoon-basin, and makes it neither marsh nor lake, nor sea, but something different from any of these. In the line of the Lido there are four breaches or ports, which give passage to the water between the lagoon and the open sea; they are the ports of Chioggia, **Malamocco,** Lido, and the Tre Porti. . . . The sub-lagoon of Malamocco possesses two dry channels which separate the one to the right and the other to the left, immediately inside the port. The water then comes in by the port of Malamocco, and turning to the right past the town spreads itself through the many smaller canals which are connected with the main channel as tributaries are with their main stream.'—*H. Brown.*

'The original Malamocco was an island near the mainland, which, on Pepin's Day (809) was the actual seat of the Ducal Government, and was able to resist Pepin's invasion. The Bishops of Malamocco were then "pastors of all the Lagoon settlements that had been colonies of Padua. But in 774 the group of islands inside the lagoon behind Malamocco, of which Rivoalto and Olivolo were the chief, had grown important enough to demand a bishop of their own, and leave was obtained of Hadrian I. to establish a Bishop of Olivolo (San Pietro in Castello), whose cathedral church continued the Episcopal church through all the ages of Venetian greatness.'"—*E. C. Hodgson, 'The Early History of Venice.'*

As we glide out in the gondola, or swifter sandolo, we first pass a small walled islet, where a rude much-weathered 'Madonna and Child' is set in a refuge for fishermen's boats. Further southward the fruit trees in blossom look forth on the rippling azure over another wall festooned with brilliant ivy. A schooner comes flying along beautifully, with yellow sails patched with strips of raw Sienna. Venice is now well behind us, and the Campanile of Malamocco stands out against the palest of horizons. We have passed San Clemente, where we could hear the mad women wrangling and chattering, and S. Servolo on our left, whence we thought we could hear a solitary bass voice bellowing out a song, and we glide by one of those characteristic little shrines of Madonna, built on poles—to keep off 'temporali.' Then we pass the Lazzaretto island of Poveglia, where we descry the health-officers and their huts. In another quarter of an hour we land at Malamocco, and find just enough to look at to make the excursion memorable, including an old well-head bearing one of the many Pisani coats-of-arms, The larks are singing gaily above us all the time.

The *Littorale di Pelestrina* is guarded by the *Castello di S. Pietro* and the *Forte di Caroman*. The southern, *Littorale di Sotto Marina*, forms the bulwark of Chioggia. Both are defended by the strong sea-walls, called *I Murazzi*, erected 1774–82, being 4603 yards long on the coast of Pelestrina, and 1522 yards on that of Sotto Marina. They cost 20,000,000 lire Venete. On the side toward the lagoon they are perpendicular, but they descend in three terraces toward the sea. As we coast along the shores we have an opportunity of seeing how their many villages have all the same peculiar characteristics;—the tall campanile; the white-washed houses with Venetian gothic windows; the miniature piazza with the lions borne on tall staffs; the bronze Giorgione figures lounging over the little piers green with sea-weed; the strip of shore with reed fences protecting the gardens from the salt winds, and the feathery tamarisks hanging over them. On the breeze is constantly borne the song of the gondoliers—'One sombre sweet Venetian slumberous tune,' as Symonds calls it.

The female population is almost entirely occupied in lace-making and spinning, especially at Malamocco and Pelestrina, and it is characteristic of the Venetian character that till a few years ago all the lace-stitches had religious names, 'Aves,' 'Paters,' &c.

The islands, and the views across the sparkling lagoon—broken here and there into strips of the brightest emerald green—to the beautiful Euganean hills, 'like a clump of peaked isles,' will occupy us till we reach **Chioggia** (Hotel *Luna*), where a considerable town occupies the whole of one of the larger islands. Its chief features are one immensely broad street, and one wide canal, which perfectly blazes with colour—orange, yellow, crimson, and red—from the sails of its fishing-

boats, which have the most extraordinary vanes at the top of their masts, wrought into the quaintest possible designs. When all these boats set forth and skim over the lagoon, it is like the flight of a swarm of butterflies. The people of Chioggia, too (Chiozzotti), retain all the finest characteristics of the old Venetian type, and painters who can survive the mosquitoes, still find their best models here.

Chioggia was formerly called Clugia, probably from the Fossa Claudia, one of the canals dug by the Romans connecting Ravenna with the northern Adriatic. It formed the depôt for goods coming from the Po and Adige, and became

Street of Chioggia.

the focus of the dramatic war of the League against Venice, in which Austria and Genoa were the leading allies animated by the desire of extinguishing Venetian liberty and obtaining her trade. In 1379, after five unsuccessful attempts, the Genoese, under Pietro Doria, took and pillaged the city; but five months later, the Venetians, under Carlo Zeno and Vittore Pisani, drove them out again. The place, however, was so ruined and brought low after the war, that in 1385 other communities were invited to help to repopulate the city.

The dramatist **Goldoni** went to reside at Chioggia with his family when very young, and he has left an interesting account of his life there in his Memoirs. His 'Baruffe

Chiozzotte' gives an amusing picture of the quarrels in which the women of Chioggia indulge, and for which they are still celebrated.

'The Chiozzotte are the only women of this part of Italy who still preserve a semblance of **national costume;** and this remnant of more picturesque times consists merely of a skirt of white, which, being open in front, is drawn from the waist over the head and gathered in the hand under the chin, giving to the flashing black eyes and swarthy features of the youthful wearer a look of very dangerous shyness and cunning. The dialect of the Chiozzotte is said to be that of the early Venetians, with an admixture of Greek, and it is infinitely more sweet and musical than the dialect now spoken at Venice.'—*Howells.*

Chioggia was the residence of the painter Rosalba Carrera, and of the sixteenth-century composer Giuseppe Zerlino.

Cut off from the rest of the world by water, the life here is still the life of centuries ago, and Ariosto is even now (1900) read publicly in the evenings in the principal street, by a regular reader, to a large and delighted audience.

'In questo paese si divide tutta la populazione in due classi: ricchi, e poveri. Quelli che portano una parrucca ed un mantello, sono i ricchi; quelli che non hanno che un berretto ed un cappotto, sono i poveri; ben spesso questi ultimi hanno quattro volte più danaro degli altri.'—*Goldoni.*

Few visitors will care to go building-hunting at Chioggia. There is a **Granary** of A.D. 1322, resting upon sixty-four pillars, now used as a fish-market. The **Cathedral** was built 1633–74, by *Baldassare Longhena*, and has some good reliefs by *Bonasso* at the altar of S. Agnes and on the pulpit. The **Oratory of S. Martino**, of 1393, has an altar of 1394. The **Church of S. Andrea** has an altar by *Sansovino.* Chioggia is joined to the island of Brondolo (a continuation of the Lido) by a bridge of forty-three arches.

Beautiful are the effects of sunset on the still lagoon, and still more perhaps the effects of moonlight, enjoyed by those who return in the evening from Chioggia.

'On ne nous avait certainement pas assez vanté la beauté du ciel et les délices des nuits de Venise. La lagune est si calme dans les beaux soirs que les étoiles n'y tremblent pas. Quand on est au milieu, elle est si blanche, si unie, que l'œil ne saisit plus la ligne de l'horizon, et que l'eau et le ciel ne font plus qu'un voile d'azur, où la rêverie se perd et s'endort.' —*George Sand.*

'Now am I also one of the birds of the Adriatic Sea, as every Venetian feels himself to be while reclining in his gondola. All that surrounds me is dignified—a grand venerable work of combined human energies, a noble monument, not of a ruler, but of a people. And if their lagunes are

gradually filling up, if unwholesome vapours are floating over the marsh, if their trade is declining and their power has passed away, still the great place and its essential character will not for a moment be less venerable.'—**Goethe.**

'La notte xè la mare dei pensieri.'—*Venetian Song.*

The approach to Venice—'citta nobilissima singolare,' as an old writer calls it—seen in coming from Trieste on this side, affords one of the most beautiful and striking views of the water-city.

'Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and gleaming waves.
Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marbled shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spake of old.'—*Shelley.*

Steamers start four times daily opposite Danieli's Hotel for **Fusina.** Return tickets to Strà or Padua may be taken at the Office opposite the starting-place.

A delightful afternoon excursion may be made to Strà. The steamer glides under the solitary islet of **S. Giorgio in Alga** (S. George of the Seaweed), with remains of a church, A.D. 1228, and Carmelite Convent, now closed and guarded as a powder magazine, and, at the angle of the wall, a quaint statue of the Madonna, watching the fishing-boats from beneath a great green parasol. Pope Eugenius IV. (Condolmieri, 1431–1447) lived here in the monastery as a monk.

'When he was a simple monk, Gabriel Condulmier took his turn to act as porter at the monastery gate. One day a hermit came, and was kindly welcomed by Condulmier, who accompanied him into the church

and joined in his devotions. As they returned, the hermit said, "You will be made Cardinal, and then Pope; in your pontificate you will suffer much adversity." Then he departed, and was seen no more.'—*Creighton*, '*The Papacy during the Reformation.*'

Fusina was once almost as much used as Mestre for the embarkation of travellers to Venice, but now it is nearly deserted, and it is only famous for its melons, the glory of its views, and the sunsets over Venice and her background of Dolomites. Portia intended to reach Venice from Belmont

Il Palazzo della Malcontenta.

(Montebello beyond Vicenza ?) by the ferry-boat from Fusina—'the common ferry which trades to Venice.'[1] At the back of the little wine-shop and custom-house we find a train waiting, which follows close upon the course of the Brenta, whose waters supply the wells of Venice, conveyed across the lagoon from Moranzana in long boats, so heavily laden that they are almost level with the water. The rich flat water-meadows are a sheet of flowers in spring, and the vines are arcaded out in many directions from the trees by which they are planted. It is

[1] *Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. Sc. iv.

'fruitful Lombardy, the pleasant gardens,' of Shakspeare. Near the Brenta are frequent villages and endless gaily-painted but dilapidated villas, with little gardens, all resembling one another, dusty and parched in summer, when the owners, in *villeggiatura*, sit all through the sunny day under the shade of their few trees ; but desolate and most forlorn in their winter abandonment. Finest of the villas, and really grand and stately in its desolation, is **Malcontenta**, its noble portico reflected in the still water. It is said to derive its name from a discontented heiress, never satisfied, even when her father built this palace to gratify her desire. **Dolo**, the capital of the lower Brenta, is a place without much character, but the line soon skirts on the right the walls which enclose the park of Strà.

The village of **Strà** (a good caffè near the station) is like the background of a ballet in its trimmed trees, its gaily decorated houses, and little pyramids and statues. The great quadrangular palace, built early in the last century by the famous Venetian family of the Pisani, was purchased by Napoleon I. and given to Prince Eugène, Viceroy of Lombardy, who made it his residence. From him it passed to the Austrian Grand-Dukes, who took away all it contained of value when Venice was annexed to Italy. The villa itself was given to General Corzkowski, one of Radetsky's lieutenants, during the siege of Venice, and he died there and is buried in the garden.

The interior (50 c.) is shown. In the centre is a huge hall, painted for the Pisani by *Tiepolo*. A few Pisani portraits by *Longhi* still hang on the faded silk walls of the endless and featureless rooms. All the furniture is of the time of the Empire, and the rooms of Napoleon and Prince Eugène are preserved as when used by them. The so-called gardens, fragrant with thousands of scented orchis in spring, consist of unkempt lawns, moss-grown walls, avenues, and statues : there is no beauty in them.

'We can people these halls and gardens with their eighteenth-century crowd of hooped and brocaded ladies and powdered, laced, lackadaisical men ; and with the help of Gózzi, Zanétti, and Goldoni, we may, in a measure, reconstruct the life they led—a curious, aimless life, that sought its greatest pleasure in chocolate and gossip.'—*H. Brown.*

The great charm of the excursion consists in the return across the still lagoon—the *Mare Morto*—to Venice, flushed with crimson and gold in the sunset, whilst beyond the arches of the long bridge are seen the faint shadowy peaks of the Alpine range—possibly, the mighty Antelao himself.

CHAPTER IX

MURANO AND TORCELLO

Steamers ply to the islands, stopping **1 hour** at **Murano,** 2 hours at Burano, 1 hour at **Torcello,** thus wasting the longer time at an uninteresting place. **Gondolas** take 1½ hours to **Torcello ;** there is a humble inn on the island. On reaching Burano, a gondola should at once be taken for the short distance to Torcello.

A WHOLE day should be given to this delightful excursion, and, in a gondola, a calm sea should be chosen. It is sometimes rough in the neighbourhood of Murano.

Emerging from the narrow canals of Venice at the Fondamenta Nuove, we find ourselves in the open lagoon. The nearest island, to which boat-funerals are gliding stealthily with black flags, is that of **S. Michele**, occupied by the *Cemetery*.

'As we go by the Cemetery of S. Michele, Piero the gondolier and Giovanna improve us with a little solemn pleasantry.

'"It is a small place," says Piero, "but there is room enough for all Venice in it."

'"It is true," assents Giovanna, "and here we poor folks become landowners at last."'—*Howells, 'Venetian Life.'*

In the old Protestant cemetery is buried the once popular and well-known English novelist *G. P. R. James* (d. 1860), and in the new one the artist *Frédéric Nerly* (1878) and the celebrated and unfortunate French painter *Léopold Robert*, who died at Venice by his own hand, March 20, 1835. He has lately been removed from the island of S. Cristoforo to this his last resting-place, and a monument with a portrait in bronze erected to his memory: 'Sa mort ne fut pas délibération de sa raison, mais un accès de défaillance qui anéantit la raison. Où Michel Ange aurait survécu, Léopold Robert succomba.'[1]

The handsome church beside the burial-ground dates from the fifteenth century, and its pentagonal *Cappella Emiliana*, near the landing-place, is the work of Guglielmo Bergamasco,

[1] Lamartine.

and is covered with delicate bas-reliefs. In the church, above the main entrance, is the tomb of Giovanni Dolfin, Bishop of Vicenza (1622), with statues by Bernini, and, near this, in the pavement, the gravestone of **Fra Paolo Sarpi.** The screen is exquisitely wrought in the style of the Lombardi, and a monument high on the left wall is a beautiful specimen of the same decoration. Amongst the monks of the Camaldolese convent were the learned Placido Zurla, afterwards cardinal, and Mauro Cappellari, who, in 1831, mounted the Papal throne as Gregory XVI. Of the convent in the past time Chateaubriand wrote: 'Donnez-moi là, je vous prie, une cellule pour achever mes mémoires.'

By a picturesque cloister we reach the wide open green space used as a cemetery, but the dead are only allowed to rest for ten years; then, unless an annual fee is paid, the bones are taken up and thrown, without distinction, into a vast common pit at the end of the island. The municipality exacts a fee of five francs for every name inscribed upon their tiny gravestones. As the guide truly says: 'Per i morti bisogna molti quattrini.' The vault of the Papadopoli family has a beautiful angel of the Resurrection by L. Ferrari.

Murano, with her two towers, lies yonder on our right about a mile distant, and that bare wall near is the wall of the Cemetery-island belonging to the archangel, whose flaming sword is only the sunset after all. See how the posts (groups of them here and there) along the water-ways and the edges of the taller houses on shore, as we remove from the city, cast their reflections on the waves. For, on issuing from the canal by S. Lazzaro dei Mendicanti, we glide out into glittering azure and golden ripples, facing no longer the field of cypress, but only its long brick wall with its central entrance of three arches. Far off, the edges of the lagunes are softened off by the line of tender green, where trees are breaking into leaf, beneath dim purples of the massive girdle of the mountains, above which white clouds pause in streaks and little broken groups. As we skirt the old western side wall of the Cemetery, we find festoons of ivy falling over it, and red Valerian here and there jutting forth; while further along some slender cypresses look forth over to Venice, as it were greeting the funeral parties that keep arriving on their sad duties; and the quiet spring-breeze whispers over all. . . . Then, Murano becomes an island to itself and us, and presently we shoot into its long canal, busy on both sides with mosaic works, glass-blowers—and 'Birrerie.' We now pass beneath a bridge with the winged lion on its key-stone, and another upon a column near by, and soon even another, though modern, overlooking a garden blooming with pink horse-chestnuts.

'The pure cumuli of cloud lie crowded and leaning against one another, rank beyond rank, far over the shining water, each cut away at its foundation by a level line, trenchant and clear, till they sink to the horizon like a flight of marble steps, except where the mountains meet them, and are lost in them, barred across by the grey terraces of those cloud foundations, and reduced into one crestless bank of blue, spotted here and there with

strange flakes of wan, aerial, greenish light, strewed upon them like snow. And underneath is the long dark line of the mainland, fringed with low trees; and then the wide waving surface of the burnished lagoon trembling slowly, and shaking out into forked bands of lengthening light, the images of the towers of cloud above. To the north, there is first the great cemetery wall, then the long stray buildings of Murano, and the island villages beyond, glittering in intense crystalline vermilion, like so much jewellery scattered on a mirror, their towers poised apparently in the air a little above the horizon, and their reflections, as sharp and vivid and substantial as themselves, thrown on the vacancy between them and the sea. And thus the villages seem standing on the air; and, to the east, there is a cluster of ships that seem sailing on the land: for the sandy line of the Lido stretches itself between us and them, and we can see the tall white sails moving beyond it, but not the sea; only there is a sense of the great sea being indeed there, and a solemn strength of gleaming light in the sky above.

'The most discordant feature in the whole scene is the cloud which hovers above the glass furnaces of Murano, but this we may not regret, as it is one of the last signs left of human exertion among the ruinous villages which surround us. The silent gliding of the gondola brings it nearer to us every moment; we pass the cemetery, and a deep sea-channel which separates it from Murano, and finally enter a narrow water-street, with a paved footpath on each side, raised three or four feet above the canal, and forming a kind of quay between the water and the doors of the houses. These latter are, for the most part, low, but built with massy doors and windows of marble or Istrian stone, square set, and barred with iron; buildings evidently once of no mean order, though now only inhabited by the poor. Here and there an ogee window of the fourteenth century, or a doorway deeply enriched with cable mouldings, shows itself in the midst of more ordinary features; and several houses, consisting of one story only carried on square pillars, forming a short arcade along the quay, have windows sustained on shafts of red Verona marble, of singular grace and delicacy. All now in vain; little care is there for their delicacy or grace among the rough fishermen sauntering on the quay with their jackets hanging loose from their shoulders, jacket and cap and hair all of the same dark-greenish sea-grey. But there is some life in the scene, more than is usual in Venice; the women are sitting at their doors knitting busily, and various workmen of the glass-houses sifting glass dust upon the pavement, and strange cries coming from one side of the canal to the other, and ringing far along the crowded water, from vendors of figs and grapes, and gourds and shell-fish; cries partly descriptive of the eatables in question, but interspersed with others of a character unintelligible in proportion to their violence—and fortunately so, if we may judge by a sentence which is stencilled in black, within a garland, on the white-washed walls of nearly every other house in the street, but which, how often soever written, no one seems to regard: "Bestemmi non più. Lodate Gesù."

'We push our way between large barges laden with fresh water from Fusina, in round white tubs seven feet across, and complicated boats full of all manner of nets, that look as if they could never be disentangled, hanging from their masts and over their sides; and presently pass under the bridge with the lion of S. Mark on its archivolt, and another on a pillar at the end of the parapet, a small red lion with much of the puppy in his face, looking vacantly up into the air (in passing we may note that, instead of feathers, his wings are covered with hair, and in several other points the

manner of his sculpture is not uninteresting). Presently the canal turns a little to the left, and thereupon becomes more quiet, the main bustle of the water-street being usually confined to the first straight reach of it, some quarter of a mile long, the Cheapside of Murano. We pass a considerable church on the left, S. Pietro, and a little square opposite to it with a few acacia trees, and then find our boat suddenly seized by a strong green eddy, and whirled into the tideway of one of the main channels of the lagoon, which divides the town of Murano into two parts by a deep stream some fifty yards over, crossed only by one wooden bridge. We let ourselves drift some way down the current, looking at the low line of cottages on the other side of it, hardly knowing if there be more cheerfulness or melancholy in the way the sunshine glows on their ruinous but whitewashed walls, and sparkles on the rushing of the green water by the grass-grown quay. It needs a strong stroke of the oar to bring us into the mouth of another quiet canal on the other side of the tideway, and we are still somewhat giddy when we run the head of the gondola into the sand on the left-hand side of this more sluggish stream, and land under the east end of the Church of San Donato, the "Matrice" or "Mother" church of Murano.

'It stands, it and the heavy campanile detached from it a few yards, in a small triangular field of somewhat fresher grass than is usual near Venice, traversed by a paved walk with green mosaic of short grass between the rude squares of its stones, bounded on one side by ruinous garden walls, on another by a line of low cottages, on the third, the base of the triangle, by the shallow canal from which we have just landed. Near the point of the triangular space is a simple well, bearing date 1502; in its widest part, between the canal and the campanile, is a four-square hollow pillar, each side formed by a separate slab of stone, to which the iron hasps are still attached that once secured the Venetian standard.

'The cathedral itself occupies the northern angle of the field, encumbered with modern buildings, small outhouse-like chapels, and wastes of white wall with blank square windows, and itself utterly defaced in the whole body of it, nothing but the apse having been spared; the original plan is only discoverable by careful examination, and even then but partially. The whole impression and effect of the building are irretrievably lost, but the fragments of it are still most precious.'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

Murano, the seat of the Venetian Glass Factory from the fourteenth century, formerly coined its own money, and had its own 'Golden Book' of aristocratic descents. According to legend, the foundation of the Duomo is due to Otho the Great, to whom the Virgin appeared in a vision, showing him this very triangular meadow overgrown with scarlet lilies, and desiring him to build a church there in her honour. In 1125 S. Donato was joined with the Virgin as patron of the church, which was henceforth called by his name, and to which his body, carried off from Cephalonia, was presented by the Doge Domenico Michiel. It is believed that on the acquisition of this treasure the whole church was rebuilt. Gally Knight supposes that the best part of the existing remains is of the twelfth century. The **semicircular apse** is the most remarkable feature. It

has two tiers of round arches, intersected by a double band of marbles of wondrous delicacy in sculpture. Many of these marbles are coloured, and Ruskin teaches us that in no case was their arrangement without the most careful intention. 'The subtlety and perfection of artistical feeling in all this are so redundant, that in the building itself the eye can rest upon this coloured chain with the same kind of delight that it has in a piece of the embroidery of Paul Veronese.' The **balustrade** round the upper gallery is also a remarkable feature. The lower stage is mainly arcaded in red brick.

The interior of the church has been grievously modernised, and is dismal and bare in the extreme; but it retains the old basilica form, the beautiful uneven **inlaid pavement** of 1140, some of the delicately wrought ancient capitals, and, in the apse, a sad-looking Byzantine **mosaic** of the Madonna, rather gaunt and affected, but with graceful and elaborate drapery of deep blue. Beneath it is, in Latin, the inscription :—

'Whom Eve destroyed, the pious Virgin Mary redeemed;
All praise her, who rejoice in the grace of Christ.'

'At Murano the mosaic in the tribune of the Duomo, executed about the middle of the twelfth century, is one of the most remarkable of the Byzantine revival—a single figure only, the Virgin, the Greek type—standing on a cushion of cloth of gold, alone in the field, and completely enveloped in her long blue robe; her hands are held forth appealingly towards the spectator, two large tear-drops hang on her cheek, settled sorrow dwells on every feature: the very spirit of the "Stabat Mater" breathes through this affecting portraiture—the silent searching look for sympathy is irresistible. The face not beautiful, but impressive and dignified; there is a feeling of elegance in the attitude, finished with care, evidently by one of the best artists of the time.'—*Lord Lindsay*, '*Christian Art*.'

The **Church of the Angeli** dates from 1187, but was rebuilt in 1520. It contains (covered) a set of extremely old and admirable tapestries. Doge Sebastiano Venier was buried here in 1578. On the gate of the courtyard is a graceful Annunciation by pupils of Donatello. The **Church of S. Pietro,** of the sixteenth century, contains an exceptionally noble **Giovanni Bellini** of the Madonna and S. Augustine, with the donor, Doge A. Barbarigo, 1488. The picture was formerly in the convent of S. Maria degli Angeli, of which Barbarigo had been the administrator, and where two of his daughters were nuns.

'Who that has visited Murano does not know that beautiful canvas with its tasteless frame of the seventeenth century, on which the Prince of

Venice, introduced by S. Mark and S. Augustine, kneels in all the pomp of orange and ermine, yet with all the humility of a sinner, before the Virgin? Who has not been delighted by the lovely calm of that Virgin, with the boy on her knee, imparting the benediction to the sound of viol and guitar? What charm dwells in those two children or that wonderful row of cherubs' heads that hang on cloudlets about the purple curtain; what attractiveness in the vegetation of the landscape and its beds of weeds and flowers, in which the crane, the peacock, and partridge alike elect to congregate! How noble the proportions of the saints, how grand and real the portrait of the Doge! It is here that large contrasts of light and shade are united with bright and blended tone; that the atmosphere is playing round these people, and helping them to live and move before us, and nature is ennobled by thought and skill.'—*Crowe and Cavalcaselle.*

Another fine work here, brought from the same convent, is an Assumption by *Marco* **Basaiti**, having eight saints gazing up at her placed in a semicircle below in a landscape with a castle and a dead tree.

In the vanished Church of S. Cipriano, the Doges Pietro Polani (1148) and Pietro Gradenigo (1310), who quenched the rebellion of Bajamonte Tiepolo, were buried.

Travellers should not leave Murano without visiting *Salviati's Glass Manufactory*, and seeing his wonderful imitations both of the ancient mosaics and of old Venetian glass, varied in a thousand forms, and tinted with the exquisite and delicate colours known as girasole (opal), lattime, rubino, alabastro, giallo d'oro, acqua marina, &c.

'They say here, that although one should transplant a glass-furnace from Murano to Venice herself, or to any of the little assembly of islands about her, or to any other part of the earth besides, and use the same materials, the same workmen, the same fuel, the self-same ingredients every way, yet they cannot make crystal-glass in that perfection, for beauty and lustre, as in Murano. Some impute it to the quality of the circumambient air, that hangs over the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of so many fires as are in those furnaces night and day perpetually, for they are like the vestal-fire, which never goes out. And it is well known that some airs make more qualifying impressions than others.'—*Familiar Letters*, 1621.

Girolamo Magnati di Murano, in 1605, first discovered the way of colouring glass without destroying its transparency.

'When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here, I thought upon the complement which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who, having five or six comely daughters, said, *he never in his life saw such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses;* the complement proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here, *that the first handsome woman that ever was made was made of Venice glass*, which implies beauty, but britleness withall (and Venice is not unprovided with some of that mould, for no place abounds more with lasses and glasses). . . . But

when I pry'd into the materials, and observed the furnaces and the calcinations, the transubstantiations and the liquefactions that are incident to their art, my thoughts were raised to a higher speculation, that if this small furnace-fire hath vertue to convert such a small lump of dark dust and sand into such a precious clear body as crystal, surely that grand universal-fire, which shall happen at the day of Judgment, may by its violent ardour *vitrify* and turn to one lump of crystal the whole body of the earth; nor am I the first that fell upon this conceit.'—*Familiar Letters*, 1621.

A path in the sea, marked at intervals with posts, leads picturesquely across the shallow lagoon to the **Island of Burano** (Boreanum), seven miles from Venice (E.), where the Buranei are fishermen and the Buranelle make beautiful lace ('a punto in aria'), and where the musician Baldassare Galuppi ('Il Buranello') was born.

'The Buranelli are quick, brusque, rough, with something of the saltness and pungency of the sea on which they live. The streets are noisy and dirty. You will hear plenty of abuse on all sides. The boys are audacious, persistent, and tormenting as flies. There is something fine and bronze-like about the men of Burano. They are chiefly engaged in fishing and towing; and the women are not idle, though the noise they make would lead a stranger to think it. In their mouth Venetian, the Ionic of the Italian group of dialects, has been mollified until the ribs of the language, the consonants, are on the verge of disappearing altogether. —*H. Brown.*

No lady visiting these conjoined parts should omit a visit to the *Lace Manufactory* (*Fabbrica di Merletti di Burano*), where, under the judicious protection of Countess Marcello, the celebrated *point de Burano* has been successfully revived, its old patterns being adopted. Hundreds of young girls (whose almost universal beauty will certainly strike a stranger) find daily employment here, to the relief of their families and the general profit of their desolate and indigent island.

In the church of S. Martino the sacristan should be asked to show some admirable examples of antique Venetian altar-lace, representing scriptural scenes, &c. These pieces are of great value, some of the finest in existence, and interesting as never having left the church for which they were manufactured.

Beyond Burano we reach the *Island of* **Mazzorbo** (*major urbs*, the greater city), all gardens—a vast kitchen-garden for the inhabitants of Venice, of which Rialto is the market. Here there is an interesting gothic doorway, with the figure of our Lord and kneeling figures, under an ogee canopy, dated A.D. 1368.

Beautiful are the effects, in passing through the canal

which divides these islands, of these low-lying reaches of wind-stricken shore, with a tall campanile and lonely cypress, Again a wide space of open lagoon, and, between banks of samphire and low lilac bushes, we enter the canal of **Torcello.**

'Seven miles to the north of Venice, the banks of sand, which near the city rise little above low-water mark, attain by degrees a higher level, and hoist themselves at last into fields of salt morass, raised here and there into shapeless mounds, and interrupted by narrow creeks of sea. One of the feeblest of these inlets, after winding for some time among buried fragments of masonry, and knots of sunburnt weeds whitened with webs of fucus, stays itself in an utterly stagnant pool beside a plot of greener grass covered with ground-ivy and violets. On this mound is built a rude brick campanile, of the commonest Lombardic type, which if we ascend towards evening (and there are none to hinder us, the door of its ruinous staircase swinging idly on its hinges), we may command from it one of the most notable scenes in this wide world of ours. Far as the eye can reach, a waste of wild sea-moor, of a lurid ashen-grey; not like our northern moors with their jet-black pools and purple heath, but lifeless, the colour of sackcloth, with the corrupted sea-water soaking through the roots of its acrid weeds, and gleaming hither and thither through its snaky channels. No gathering of fantastic myths, nor coursing of clouds across it; but melancholy clearness of space in the warm sunset, oppressive, reaching to the horizon of its level gloom. To the very horizon, on the north-east; but to the north and west, there is a blue line of higher land along the border of it, and above this, but farther back, a misty band of mountains, touched with snow. To the east, the paleness and roar of the Adriatic, louder at momentary intervals as the surf breaks on the bar of sand; to the south, the widening branches of the calm lagoon, alternately purple and pale green, as they reflect the evening clouds or twilight sky; and almost beneath our feet, on the same field which sustains the tower we gaze from, a group of four buildings, two of them little larger than cottages (though built of stone, and one adorned by a quaint belfry), the third an octagonal chapel, of which we can see but little more than the flat red roof with its rayed tiling, the fourth, a considerable church with nave and aisles, but of which, in like manner, we can see little but the long central ridge and lateral slopes of roof, which the sunlight separates in one glowing mass from the green field beneath and grey moor beyond. There are no living creatures near the buildings, nor any vestige of village or city round about them. They lie like a little company of ships becalmed on a far-away sea.

'Then look farther to the south. Beyond the widening branches of the lagoon, and rising out of the bright lake into which they gather, there are a multitude of towers, dark, and scattered among square-set shapes of clustered palaces, a long irregular line fretting the southern sky.

'Mother and daughter, you behold them both in their widowhood,—Torcello and Venice.

'Thirteen hundred years ago, the grey moorland looked as it does this day, and the purple mountains stood as radiantly in the deep distances of evening; but on the line of the horizon there were strange fires mixed with the light of sunset, and the lament of many human voices mixed with the fretting of the waves on their ridges of sand. The flames

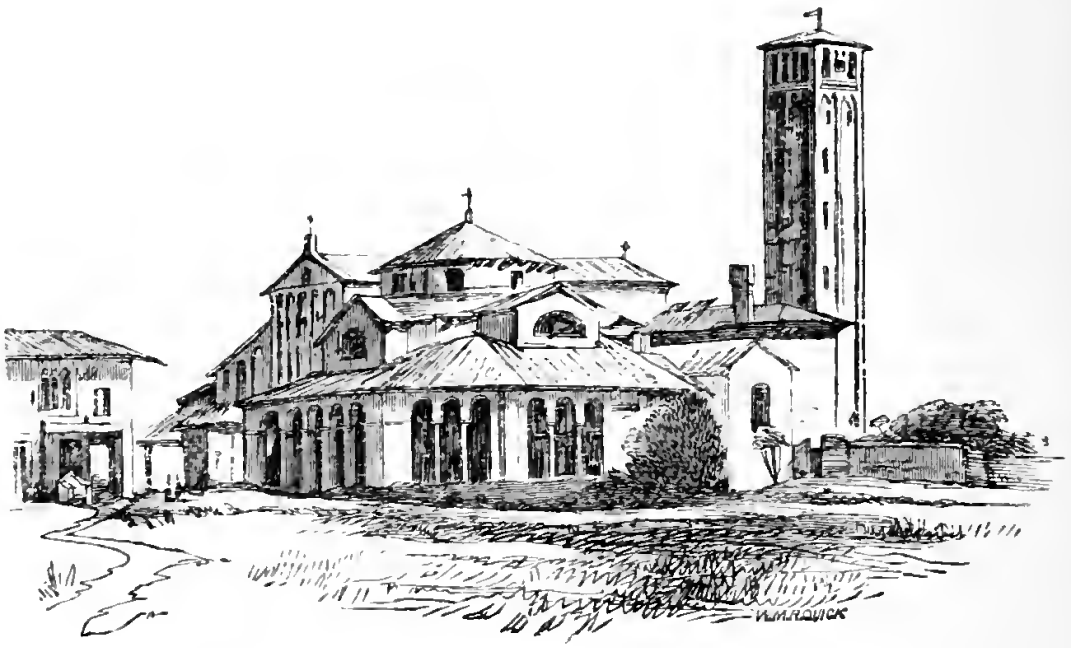
rose from the ruins of **Altinum**; the lament from the multitude of its people, seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea.

'The cattle are feeding and resting upon the site of the city that they left; the mower's scythe swept this day at dawn over the chief street of the city that they built, and the swathes of soft grass are now sending up their scent into the night air, the only incense that fills the temple of their ancient worship. Let us go down into that little space of meadow-land.

'The inlet which runs nearest to the base of the campanile is not that by which Torcello is commonly approached. Another, somewhat broader and overhung by alder copse, winds out of the main channel of the lagoon up to the very edge of the little meadow which was once the plaza of the city, and there, stayed by a few grey stones which present some semblance of a quay, forms its boundary at one extremity. Hardly larger than an English farmyard, and roughly enclosed on each side by broken palings and hedges of honeysuckle and briar, the narrow field retires from the water's edge, traversed by a scarcely traceable footpath, for some forty or fifty paces, and then expanding into the form of a small square, with buildings on three sides of it, the fourth being that which opens to the water. Two of these, that on our left and that in front of us as we approach from the canal, are so small that they might well be taken for the out-houses of the farm, though the first is a conventual building, and the other aspires to the title of the "Palazzo Pubblico," both dating as far back as the beginning of the fourteenth century; the third, the octagonal church of **Santa Fosca,** is far more ancient than either, yet hardly on a larger scale. Though the pillars of the portico which surrounds it are of pure Greek marble, and their capitals are enriched with delicate sculpture, they, and the arches they sustain, together only raise the roof to the height of a cattle-shed; and the first strong impression which the spectator receives from the whole scene is that whatever sin it may have been which has on this spot been visited with so utter a desolation, it could not at least have been ambition. Nor will this impression be diminished as we approach or enter the larger church, to which the whole group of building is subordinate. It has evidently been built by men in flight and distress, who sought in the hurried erection of their island church such a shelter for their earnest and sorrowful worship as, on the one hand, would not attract the eyes of their enemies by its splendour and yet, on the other, might not awaken too bitter feelings by its contrast with the churches which they had seen destroyed. There is visible everywhere a simple and tender effort to recover some of the form of the temples which they had loved, and to do honour to God by that which they were erecting, while distress and humiliation prevented the desire, and prudence precluded the admission, either of luxury of ornament or magnificence of plan. The **exterior** is absolutely devoid of decoration, with the exception only of the western entrance and the lateral door, of which the former has carved side-posts and architrave, and the latter crosses of rich sculpture; while the massy stone shutters of the windows, turning on huge rings of stone, which answer the double purpose of stanchions and brackets, cause the whole building rather to resemble a refuge from Alpine storm than the cathedral of a populous city; and **internally,** the two solemn mosaics of the eastern and western extremities—one representing the Last Judgment, the other the Madonna, her tears falling as her hands are raised to bless—and the noble range of pillars which enclose the space between, terminated by the high throne for the pastor and the semicircular raised seats

for the superior clergy, are expressive at once of the deep sorrow and the sacred courage of men who had no home left them upon earth, but who looked for one to come, of men "persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed."'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice*,' ii. 2.

'Two hundred years after the invasion of Attila had driven many of the inhabitants of Aquileja and Altinum from their homes, the province was desolated by the Lombards. The Altinese, alarmed at their approach, anxiously deliberated whether they should remain to face this "Australis plaga," or seek safety in flight, when they beheld vast flocks of birds, with their fledglings in their beaks, take flight from the city walls and towers and direct their course seaward. Regarding this as a sign from heaven,



Torcello.

some departed to Ravenna, some to Pentapolis, and others to Istria, leaving behind them a band of devout persons, who, in order to obtain a more direct manifestation of the will of heaven, determined to fast and pray for three days, according to the advice of their bishop, Paulus. At the end of that time they heard a voice like thunder, saying, "Ascend into the city tower and look at the stars." They beheld a vision of boats, and ships, and islands; and taking this as an indication that their course should be directed seaward, they removed their most precious possessions to the island of Torcello. . . . Paulus, Bishop of Altinum, migrated with his flock, their relics, and treasure, to Torcello and the neighbouring islands, A.D. 641.'—*Perkins*, '*Italian Sculptors*.'

The town, which was called in the twelfth century by Porphyogenitos 'Magnum Emporium Torcellanorum,' is now a

desolate hamlet of some 150 peasant inhabitants. Amongst the external features of Torcello is the marble seat—low-lying amongst the rye-grass—called *Attila's Throne.*

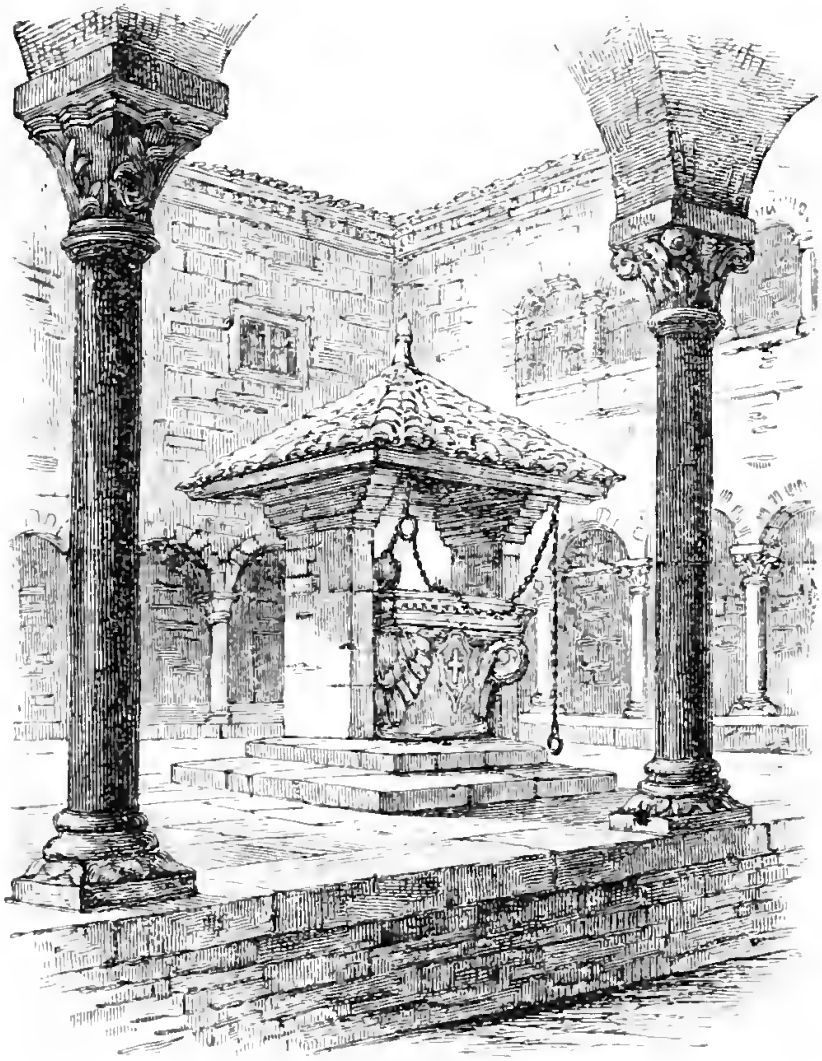
The **Cathedral** (S. Maria) was rebuilt, evidently in the form of an earlier church, in A.D. 1008, by Orso the patriarch (son of the popular Doge Pietro Orseolo II.), who lived to see the spoliation and exile of his family. The building contains many curious mosaics of the same date, and probably by the same artist as that at Murano. It has three parallel naves of ten bays, with terminal apses. The **stone shutters** of the windows are almost unique. The eighteen columns dividing the principal nave from its aisles are of veined marble, with exquisitely foliated neo-Byzantine capitals, excepting five, which are of 1170, and one of (*c.*) 550. The **holy-water stoup** is of the tenth century. The **crypt** is probably a remnant of a building of the seventh century. The **choir** is fenced off by a marble screen (Pluteus), 'the prototype of that at S. Mark's,' and is adorned with sculptures of lions, peacocks, and conventional foliage-scrolls. The **façade** is adorned with mosaics representing Death ; Judgment ; Hell ; Heaven.

'North-west of the **rood-screen** stands the marble **ambon**—a pulpit of two divisions, one (circular) facing south, the other (square) facing west. This and the staircase leading to it are full of delicate and good carved work. The arrangement has an absurd likeness to many a modern English scheme of pulpit and reading-pew, and there is certainly force in the observation that such an arrangement would never have been thought of, unless the Gospel was to be understood by the people. Now they do not understand it, it is no longer said from an ambon, and ambons seem to be much less useful to the Romans than rood-screens are to us.' —*Street.*

In the twelfth century the presbytery was badly used by restorers; and the cathedral was again greatly injured and its exterior modernised during hasty repairs under the Austrians, when the new roof was put on. Most unique is the arrangement for seating of the clergy in the tribune, provided for by semicircular seats rising in tiers and centred by an episcopal throne enriched with mosaic and approached by stairs. On it rest now two little graceful columns with good capitals.

'There is one circumstance which we ought to remember as giving peculiar significance to the position which the **episcopal throne** occupies in the island church, namely, that in the minds of all early Christians the Church itself was most frequently symbolised under the image of a ship, of which the bishop was the pilot. Consider the force which this symbol would assume in the imaginations of men to whom the spiritual Church had become an ark of refuge in the midst of a destruction hardly less terrible than that from which the eight souls were saved of old—a

destruction in which the wrath of man had become as broad as the earth and as merciless as the sea, and who saw the actual and literal edifice of the Church raised up, itself like an ark in the midst of the waters. No marvel if with the surf of the Adriatic rolling between them and the shores of their birth, from which they were separated for ever, they should have looked upon each other as the disciples did when the storm came down



At S. Francesco del Deserto.

on Tiberias Lake, and have yielded ready and loving obedience to those who ruled them in His name who had there rebuked the winds and commanded stillness to the sea. And if the stranger would yet learn in what spirit it was that the dominion of Venice was begun, and in what strength she went forth conquering and to conquer, let him not seek to estimate the wealth of her arsenals or numbers of her armies; nor look upon the pageantry of her palaces; nor enter into the secrets of her councils; but let him ascend the highest tier of the stern ledges that sweep round the

altar of Torcello, and then looking as the pilot did of old along the marble ribs of the goodly temple-ship, let him re-people its ruined deck with the shadows of its dead mariners, and strive to feel in himself the strength of heart that was kindled within them, when first, after the pillars of it had settled in the sand, and the roof of it had been closed against the angry sky that was still reddened by the fires of their homesteads – first, within the shelter of its knitted walls, amidst the murmur of the waste of waves and the beating of the wings of the sea-birds round the rock that was strange to them—rose that ancient hymn, in the power of their gathered voices:—"*The sea is His, and He made it: and His hands prepared the dry land.*"'—*Ruskin*, '*Stones of Venice.*'

The *Baptistery* or **Church of S. Fosca** is connected with the cathedral by a most picturesque little cloister. It is in the form of a Greek cross. The high-altar is raised above the relics of the virgin martyr Fosca, who suffered under Decius (A.D. 250). Successive restorations have irretrievably injured the original character of the church.

'There are **three eastern apses,** and the western side is screened by an open cloister, which is **octagonal** in plan. The square centre is domed on very simple pendentives, and the capitals are similar in character to those in the cathedral. The best detail is to be seen outside the east end, where there are some good arcading and an enriched band of chevron ornament, formed by recessing the brickwork, and a mixture of red and buff brickwork, which is very effective.'—*Street.*

'At Torcello everything is on the tiniest scale; you can touch with your hand the capitals of the columns that support the roof, and though the basilica be a respectably-sized parish church, its title Duomo prepares one to expect a building of far greater magnitude. The contrast is striking, too, in other respects. The spot once so populous is now almost utterly abandoned. The two churches, the baptistery, and steeple, an isolated marble column, an ancient **well,** sculptured with the Greek cross, the **Archivio** and **Tribunal** (such no longer)—these, and one or two dilapidated buildings, all closely adjacent, are the sole remains of the ancient town, and form now the centre of a wilderness; the piazza which they encircled is completely overgrown with grass and encircled by hedgerows—a narrow pathway is the only street; the little birds sing amid the profound silence—and on finishing your survey, you will probably find yourself leaning against the marble pillars which once sustained the flagstaff of the Republic, long before those of her tributary principalities, Cyprus and Candia, waved in the breeze. I know nothing in its way like Torcello; it is a scene *sui generis* for simplicity and solitude—and yet not melancholy, for they are not the ruins of fallen greatness; the emotions excited are akin rather to those one experiences in visiting the source of some mighty river, or gazing at the portrait of a hero in his childhood.'—*Lindsay*, '*Christian Art.*'

The detached **Campanile,** of the eleventh century, is well worth ascending for the sake of the singular view.

'The churches here were rich enough to supply Venice with pilferings for three centuries, until in 1424–41 serious penalties were exacted from

any one convicted of plundering above eight ducats' worth of materials. Such a one was scourged in public, and he who received the stolen stuff was deprived of an eye.'—*C. Cantu.*

In the Museum are important neo-Byzantine fragments of a ciborium, window cornices, &c.

In the north-eastern lagoon, to the right of the way to Torcello, is an islet conspicuous for its umbrella pine and two grand cypresses. This is the Sanctuary of **S. Francesco del Deserto**, a lonely islet monastery, still inhabited by thirty Franciscan monks. Here S. Francis sojourned with his companion on his way back from Syria and Egypt (1220), and found the birds agressively noisy. The boat lands in a quiet creek in front of the building. An inscription on the wall at the entrance informs us that games, dancing, bad language, and loud voices are prohibited to all who visit the sacred place. There are two cloisters, one with a beautiful arcade and well. The penitential cell of the saint is shown, and the stone coffin in which he used to acclimatise himself to death. A tree is pointed out as having sprung from the staff of S. Francis, which took root, like the spear of Romulus, when he drove it into the ground! There is a pleasant garden, but during the summer heats the air often becomes dangerous to the monks. The islet is wild and desolate, but a supremely attractive spot.

The excursion to Torcello forms a fitting close to a stay at Venice, which no one who has stayed long enough to enjoy its melancholy beauty can leave without regret.

'Prime model of a Christian commonwealth,
Thou wise simplicity, which present men
Calumniate, not conceiving—joy is mine,
That I have read and learnt thee as I ought,
Not in the rude compiler's painted shell,
But in thine own memorials of live stone,
And in the pictures of thy kneeling princes,
And in the lofty words on lofty tombs,
And in the breath of ancient chroniclers,
And in the music of the outer sea.'—*Monckton Milnes.*

'La campagna me consola,
Ma Venezia zè la sola
Che me posa contentar,
O Venezia benedetta,
No le vogio più lasar.'
—*Venetian Barcarolle.*

INDEX

VENETIAN ARCHITECT-SCULPTORS

GIOVANNI DI BERTUCCI BON, 1442.

BARTOLOMEO (1), 1464.

PANTALEONE
BARTOLOMEO (2), died 1529 } Sons.

MARTINO LOMBARDI (from Carona on Lago di Lugano).

PIETRO DI MARTINO LOMBARDI, died 1515.

TULLIO, died (*circa*) 1559
ANTONIO, died (*circa*) 1516 } Sons.

MORO LOMBARDI.

ANTONIO RIZZO, 1499.

MAURO CODUCCI, 1504.

LORENZO BRIGNONO, 1524.

ANTONIO ABBONDI (lo Scarpagnino), 1549.

FRA GIOCONDO, 1453 (?)–1515.

A. SANSOVINO, 1460–1529.

J. SANSOVINO, 1486–1570.

GIOVANNI GANDI, 1496.

M. SANMICHELE, 1484–1559.

A. PALLADIO, 1518–1580.

V. SCAMOZZI, 1552–1616.

B. LONGHENA, 1604–1675.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
Edinburgh & London

CO-OPERATIVE ITALIAN TOURS

ORGANISED BY DR. LUNN AND MR. C. PEROWNE

THE system of Co-operative Tours to Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, and other parts of Italy, introduced by Dr. Lunn and Mr. Perowne at prices never previously contemplated by the general public, has tended, in conjunction with our Italian tours, to break down the prejudice against travelling in groups. However, there are still many who shrink from availing themselves of the facilities which we have created, through the traditional prejudice against the old-fashioned conducted tours, in which, before our system was inaugurated, passengers were bound together "for better for worse" with uncongenial fellow travellers for an entire tour. The truth, however, is that no one who goes to Italy takes a special train for his own benefit, and our travellers have no disabilities beyond those of the ordinary tourist, save only that they have to travel by certain specified trains on the outward journey, while on reaching Italy they are at perfect liberty to spend their time as they like, and to return as they like, singly or with members of the party, within the validity of the tickets.

By guaranteeing to the railway companies a certain number of passengers, Dr. Lunn is enabled to offer a Ten-Guinea Tour to Rome, which includes a day at a first-class hotel in Turin or Genoa, and six days in Rome in excellent *pensions*, together with a second-class railway ticket by the Dover-Calais route. A similar tour, with first-class hotel accommodation for seven days in Rome, meals on the outward journey, and other advantages, costs Thirteen Guineas on this system.

The series of optional excursions enables the traveller to visit Naples, Florence, or Venice, or to return by the Riviera, as he desires.

At each of the principal centres Dr. Lunn has a representative fully qualified to give information and assistance in visiting the many objects of historical and artistic interest with which the Italian cities abound, while the members of the party are as free to make their own arrangements as if they were travelling with independent tickets, the economy at the same time being very great.

Full particulars will be forwarded on application to the SECRETARY, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

WORKS BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

WALKS IN ROME. *Sixteenth Edition.* Revised by the AUTHOR and ST. CLAIR BADDELEY. With 3 Plans and Illustrations showing recent discoveries. 2 vols., fcap. 8vo, Cloth limp, 10*s.* 6*d.*

"The best handbook of the city and environs of Rome ever published. . . . Cannot be too much commended."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"This book is sure to be very useful. It is thoroughly practical, and is the best guide that has yet been offered."—*Daily News.*

"Mr. Hare's book fills a real void, and gives to the tourist all the latest discoveries and the fullest information bearing on that most inexhaustible of subjects, the city of Rome. . . . It is much fuller than 'Murray,' and any one who chooses may know how Rome really looks in sun or shade."—*Spectator.*

DAYS NEAR ROME. With more than 100 Illustrations by the Author. *Third Edition.* 2 vols., crown 8vo, Cloth, 12*s.* 6*d.*

CITIES OF SOUTHERN ITALY AND SICILY. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

"Mr. Hare's name will be a sufficient passport for the popularity of his work. His books on the Cities of Italy are fast becoming as indispensable to the traveller in that part of the country as the guide-books of Murray or of Baedeker. . . . His book is one which I should advise all future travellers in Southern Italy and Sicily to find room for in their portmanteaus."—*Academy.*

CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY. *Second Edition.* With Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, Cloth, 12*s.* 6*d.*

"We can imagine no better way of spending a wet day in Florence or Venice than in reading all that Mr. Hare has to say and quote about the history, arts, and famous people of those cities. These volumes come under the class of volumes not to borrow, but to buy."—*Morning Post.*

CITIES OF CENTRAL ITALY. *Second Edition.* With Illustrations. 2 vols., crown 8vo, Cloth, 12*s.* 6*d.*

FLORENCE. *Sixth Edition.* Revised by the AUTHOR and W. ST. CLAIR BADDELEY. Fcap. 8vo, Cloth limp, 3*s.* With Plan and 32 Illustrations.

VENICE. *Sixth Edition.* Revised by the AUTHOR and W. ST. CLAIR BADDELEY. Fcap. 8vo, Cloth limp, 3*s.* With Plan and 19 Illustrations.

"The plan of these little volumes is excellent. . . . Anything more perfectly fulfilling the idea of a guide-book we have never seen."—*Scottish Review.*

VENICE.

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI.

On the Grand Canal and Riva degli Schiavoni.

(***Finest View of the Town.***)

This First-Class Establishment enjoys the reputation of being one of the Best-Kept Houses on the Continent. It has been entirely refitted, and is now replete with all modern comforts. New apartments with private bath-rooms.

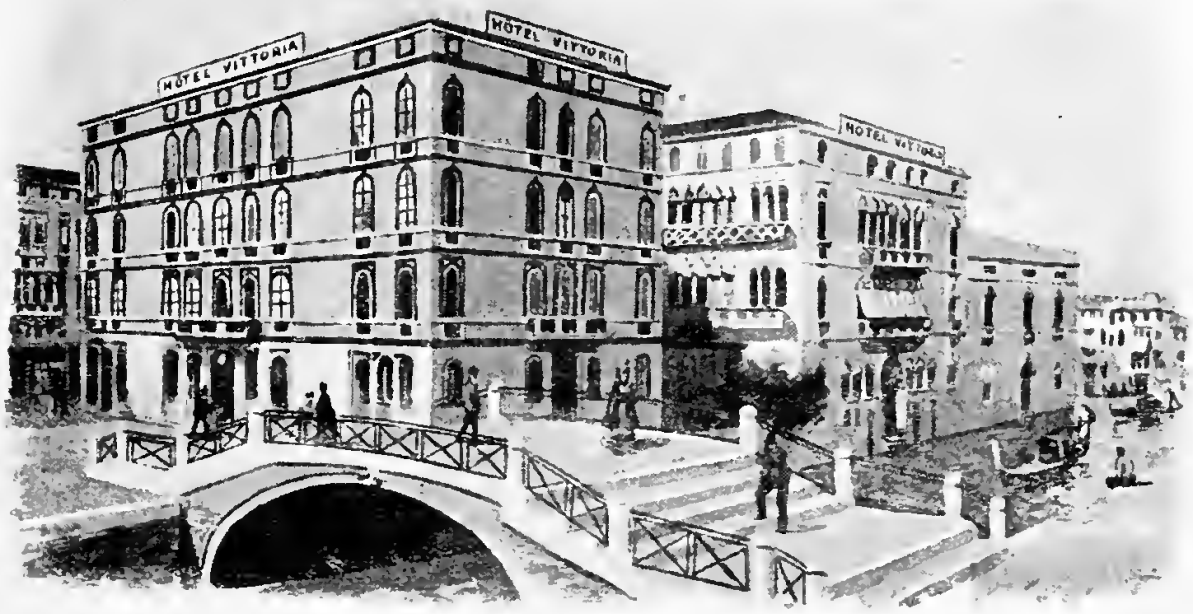
Railway Ticket and Booking Office on the Premises.

A. BOZZI, *Manager.*

*

VENICE.

GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA.



SITUATED IN THE MOST CENTRAL PART OF THE TOWN, NEAR ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

200 ROOMS.

ENTIRELY REFITTED WITH ALL THE MODERN COMFORTS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN EVERY ROOM.

LIFT, CENTRAL HEATING, BATHS AND PERFECT SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS.

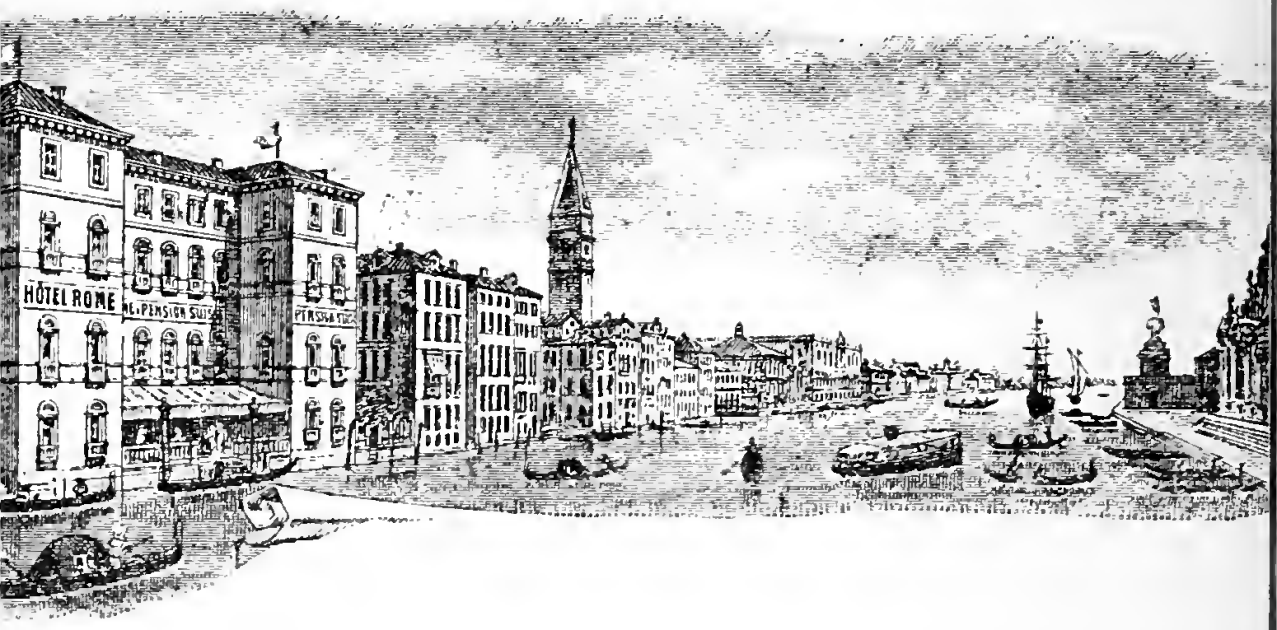
THE FINE RESTAURANT

Is also at the Disposal of Visitors not Residing in the Hotel.

Omnibus at the Station. ***Very Moderate Charges.***

VENICE.

HOTEL ROME AND PENSION SUISSE.



SITUATED ON ONE OF THE FINEST POSITIONS OF THE GRAND CANAL, AT A FEW MINUTES' WALK FROM ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

It has recently been entirely rebuilt and refurnished, and now stands amongst the most complete of modern hotels, combined with its usual moderate charges.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

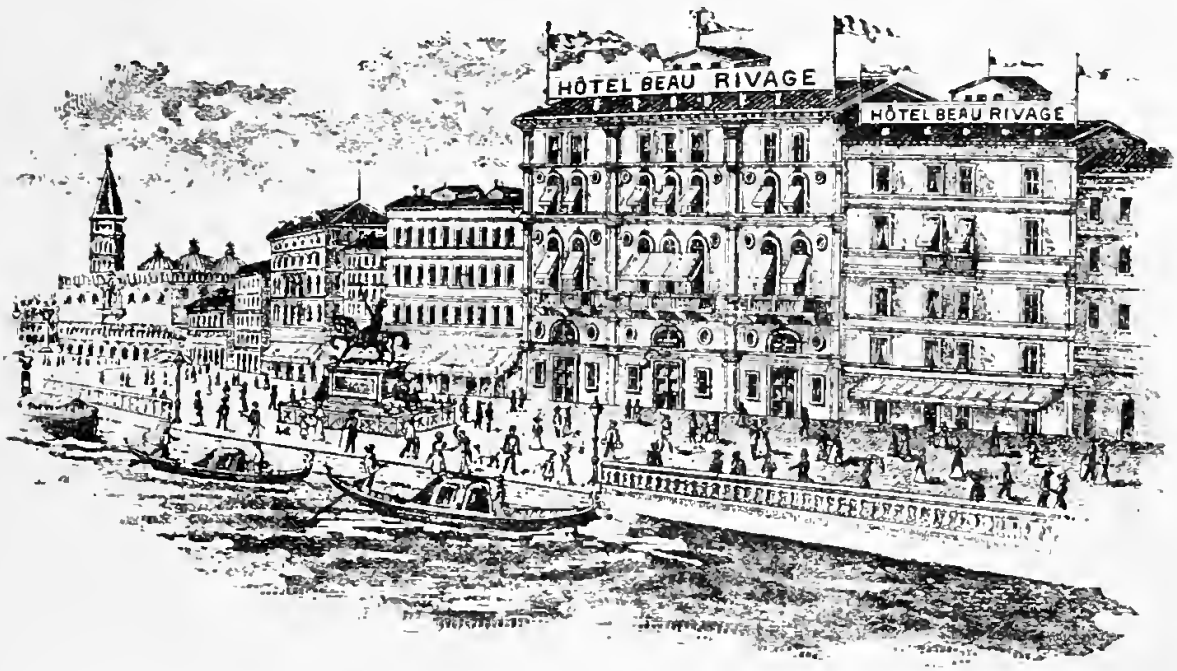
BATHS. STEAM-HEATING.

ELECTRIC LIFT.

A spacious terrace in full south. All its windows overlooking either the Grand Canal or the private garden, makes of this residence a perfect home.

VENICE.

HOTEL AND PENSION
BEAU RIVAGE.



SITUATED ON THE RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI,
NEAR THE DOGE'S PALACE AND ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

FROM ITS WINDOWS ONE ENJOYS THE FINEST VIEW OF THE TOWN.

Recently Entirely Refitted with all Modern Comforts.

THIS HIGH-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE
Is Most Convenient for a Prolonged Stay.

MODERATE CHARGES.

THE

VENICE ART GALLERY,

1473—SAN MOISÈ—1473

VENICE.

SUCCESSORS OF THE FAMOUS HOUSE OF

A. MARCATO.

ANTIQUITIES,

OBJECTS OF ART,

AND OLD FURNITURE.

GOBELIN TAPESTRY, PAINTINGS, MARBLES, BRONZES, STUFFS, FAIENCE, LACE.

GREAT CHOICE OF MARBLES FOR GARDEN DECORATION.